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WITHDRAWN

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Courtesy Union Pacific

The Wall of Windows, Bryce Canyon, Utah

Who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?

PICTURESQUE AMERICA

ITS PARKS AND PLAYGROUNDS

*An illustrated volume
with special articles con-
tributed for park and
playground sections and
numerous selections from
the works of well known
authors expressing the
varied appeal of out-
doors in America*

EDITED BY
JOHN FRANCIS KANE

New York
RESORTS and PLAYGROUNDS of AMERICA
VANDERBILT AVENUE BUILDING
51 EAST FORTY-SECOND STREET

1925

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By J. F. KANE

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FREDERICK GUMBRECHT,
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Foreword

THE proposal to present in a generously illustrated book as adequate an idea as possible of the picturesque beauty of America, originated in a casual meeting of some outdoor men and women in the Glacier National Park of Montana, in the summer of 1924.

This group was discussing the unexcelled opportunities for outdoor enjoyment in the National Parks, Forests and other Playgrounds of the United States, and of Canada. One, a retired English jurist, had just spent his fifth consecutive summer in the Selkirks and Rocky Mountains, exploring at sixty years of age new and difficult mountain passes. The second, a Canadian business man, had just completed the Park-to-Park Tour of the United States, and had been for years a regular visitor to other winter and summer playgrounds of the United States. Others in the group were from various sections, many of them seeing the Rocky Mountains for the first time.

The wish was expressed by one of the party that the pleasures of her recent trip to California and visit to the Grand Canyon might be shared by all her friends. Another spoke of his long-standing desire to assist in bringing home to those, not yet fully appreciating it, a better realization of the opportunity for travel and outdoor enjoyment in America, and of the importance of preserving this, in its entirety, for future generations.

An opportunity existed, it was suggested, to supplement what was already being done by those now fostering an interest in the subject. With the excellent photographic material now available, a publisher should be able to compile an interesting book or series of books, possibly of some educational and inspirational value for the American boy and girl.

Foreword

He would also supply a want, long felt among travelers, at home and from abroad, for a publication giving a general idea of the scenic beauty to be found in all sections of the country. Such a work might help many Americans to discover their own country, especially those who must take most of their trips in books or in their favorite magazine. For those already knowing its scenic beauty, such books should be pleasant reminders of enjoyable days spent in travel and outdoors.

One of the group referred to the interesting talks given by the Rangers, at the informal evening gatherings at many of the Park Chalets. He considered that similar authoritative appreciations of the parks and playgrounds, written as if they were delivered informally to small groups of people, would be a most acceptable text accompaniment to the illustrations.

Another, who had been riding for several weeks in the Yellowstone and the Rockies of Wyoming, admitted that his enjoyment of outdoors had increased since he had learned to recall, on occasion, the thoughts of others, who have given us in poetry or in prose, the call of the mountain and sea, the appeal of the forest and stream. He was not alone in his hope that the books might, to some extent, encourage more general understanding between ourselves and nature.

Before this delightful association had come to an end, it was agreed to carry on with these suggestions, and to undertake immediately the preparation of the first of a possible series of books along the lines proposed.

NEW YORK
AUGUST 1925

THE EDITOR

The Appeal of Our National Parks

By STEPHEN T. MATHER

Director National Park Service

THAT the national parks are making a tremendous appeal to the American people is demonstrated by the increasingly large number of people visiting them, and by the ever-growing tendency on the part of park visitors to seize the opportunities offered for the study of the natural sciences. No longer are people content merely to view the beautiful, or spectacular, or awe-inspiring works of nature contained in the parks, and then go on their way unthinkingly, as was the case a few years ago; now they want to understand the various forces of nature that combined to bring these scenic features into existence. They realize that greater understanding means deeper enjoyment.

At present the development of educational facilities is principally along the lines of nature guide work and museum expansion. Under the former on field trips conducted by nature guides the various natural history subjects observed along the trailside are explained, and camp-fire lectures are given on the flora and fauna, geology, and other phases of nature exemplified in the park areas. The establishment of museums is going forward slowly, but with increasing momentum, and even in the parks where no museum exists at the present time, material to form the nucleus of museum exhibits is being collected. These collections will be systematically arranged in such a way as to tell, simply and clearly, the true story of the park.

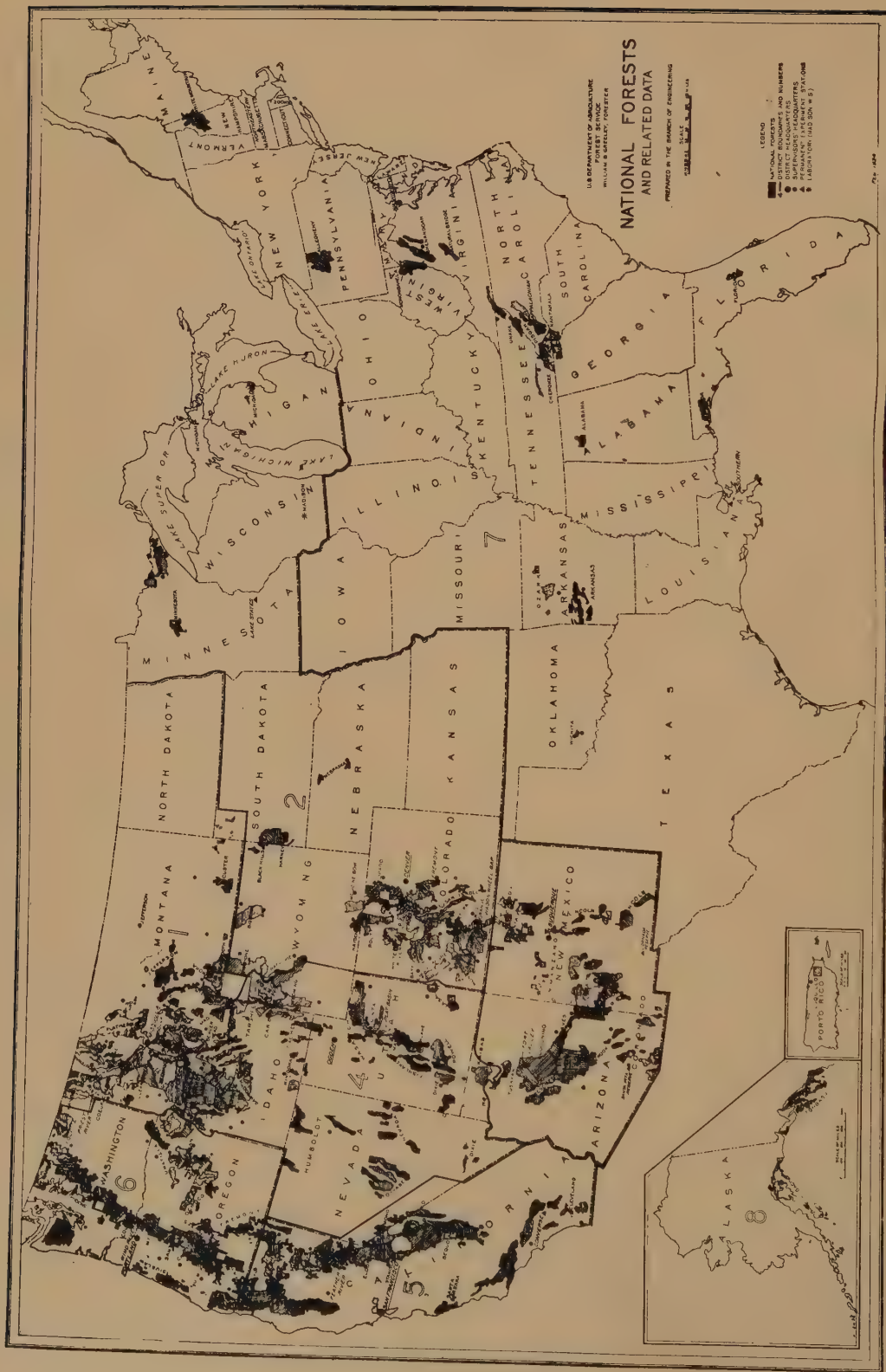
While studying the sciences in the parks, which are nature's own workshops, the student has at the same time an unexcelled opportunity for outdoor recreation, and this is an essential factor in preserving our national health and prosperity.

The Call of the National Forests

By OVID M. BUTLER

SCATTERED over twenty-six states of the Union and covering especially large areas in the eleven western states, abounding in dense, cool, forests, deep well-watered canyons and rugged mountains, dotted with hotels, summer homes, camps, industries and small communities,—these are our National Forests. Every year their attractions call more than ten million Americans who motor, tramp, camp and explore these great tracts managed by the federal government for the production of timber, forage water and hundreds of minor benefits. And what is it that this great company of Americans is seeking? Rest, health, pleasure and along with these the thrill of exploration.

In 1915 an Act was passed which authorizes the issuance of term occupancy permits “for the construction of summer homes, hotels, stores or other structures needed for recreation or public convenience.” This is why the traveler through a western National Forest finds himself driving sometimes into a little community of quaint summer cabins and pulling up in front of a rustic camp headquarters or a hotel where he can replenish his stock of provisions, or spend the night around a great camp fire exchanging stories of adventure with other khaki-clad and well-behaved vagabonds of kindred spirit. People from the hot valleys and from cities like Denver, Portland and Los Angeles have spent happy months and possibly years building their own little National Forest summer camps. Think of experiencing the thrill of climbing down to the cache by the cool stream to retrieve the supply of butter hidden for the next meal, or at four o'clock some fragrant morning joining the more ambitious members of the crowd to reach the summit of Mt. Baldy (there are at least 42 Mt. Baldy's



...The most unsentimental inventory of the National Forests would have to set down recreational assets scarcely less valuable than their economic resources. The land which contains a third or more of the virgin timber still left to us includes of necessity a thousand woodland spots whose special charm or proximity to route of travel or nearness to urban population stamp them with an outstanding value for recreation.

The Call of the National Forests

in the west) in time to see the sunrise. Possibly by noon you will be back to camp with enough huckleberries for a pie. When dark comes on, part of this exploring crowd will be dancing at the open floor near the hotel; others, none the less active, will have wandered off to the point where the lights of seven cities lay spread out like so many trays of sparkling jewels. And then, after the busy hours, there awaits such rest as only the odor of pines and the music of the streams can bring. Such mountain home communities, built on land held under permit, are largely confined to the western National Forests. The National Forests in the White Mountains and the Appalachians are so near the greater centers of population, and so much smaller in proportion to the number of recreation-seekers, that they serve most frequently to furnish sites for club and association camps. Here, the traveler will more commonly drive by a Boy or Girl Scout camp or a public camp ground with crude but convenient arrangements for cooking, or a hotel concession built in rustic fashion on land held under permit from the Forest Service. Travelers have come to appreciate these camp grounds, of which there are more than fifteen hundred, scattered throughout the eastern and western National Forests.

The seasoned mountain Rambler, remembering the pleasure with which he drove into one of these spots, will leave the same inviting condition which he found for his fellow-camper who is to follow. Perhaps he will stay for several days, taking side trips to some good fishing streams—some natural wonder, or hunting ground. No doubt he will fall into conversation with the local ranger, that interesting American figure, whose prowess as a fire fighter, timber cruiser, rough-and-ready engineer, takes nothing from his charm as the man who knows the woods and the mountains, and who loves them. Though somewhat lacking in the wonderful attributes credited to his prehistoric lumberjack friend, Paul Bunyan, who is said to have logged off South Dakota and to have helped Puget to dig his sound, the forest ranger has accomplished wonders hardly less notable. It is he who has found the spots where the lookout can view the widest stretch of country and has constructed towers and shelters to help these eyes of the forest in guarding our resources from fire. It is he who has built hundreds of miles of trail, enlisted the help of those who use the resources of the national forests, opened up inaccessible ranges for thousands of cattle and sheep, put in long, gruelling hours on the

The Call of the National Forests

fire line to save the riches which the careless smoker, camper, settler or logger would so lightly consign to flame.

It is this forest ranger and ten or twelve men like him who have under their care a great unit of wild mountain land which if rectangular would measure forty miles on a side. It is heavily timbered, dotted with old burns, windfalls and high meadows, gashed by deep canyons and perhaps cut in two by a towering mountain range. It is a National Forest.

Among his friends he counts one particular type of mountain lover to whom the National Forests have a profound appeal. This is the hardy hiker or horseman who yearns for the back country where the odor of gasoline has not yet penetrated. Here nestle the sanctuaries, here he finds great stretches of little-explored country, spaces which are stern in their demands upon the traveler, but generous and kindly in their return of inspiration and vigor. It is due this hardy voyager that hundreds of such places be kept inviolate, and, happily, the system by which our natural resources are managed on National Forests assures a wise balance between recreation and the more strictly economic uses.

But National Forests are not composed entirely of scenery. No surprise can equal that which greets the traveler as he comes out of the dark wilderness of trees, into a clearing to view the buildings of a prosperous mountain ranch, a trim, efficient power-plant, a modern sawmill, a gigantic irrigation dam or a picturesque fish hatchery,—these are the unexpected evidences that back of the beauty, majesty and charm of our National Forests lies a careful and well thought-out plan for a *sustained* yield of the benefits unconsciously demanded by every American. Perhaps recreation is a by-product of the maintenance of these great resources,—and yet who shall say that the man who turns the sunshine, shade, fresh air and beauty of the forests into renewed human energy, to be used in accomplishing the work of the world, is not gaining the highest economic benefit?

After all, the finest product of a National Forest is not lumber, waterpower, forage or game, but the deep, lasting, patriotic reverence and love of country which comes from intimate acquaintance with its mountains, its streams, its trees. Is it any wonder, that ten million people each year answer the call of the National Forests?

Introduction

*I*N the volume *Picturesque America, its Parks and Playgrounds*, the publishers have endeavored to carry the reader in the illustrated pages over the Park-to-Park trips of the United States and Canada, and on similar journeys elsewhere in America, as indicated in the order of the Table of Contents. Although special attention has been given to the National Parks, the reader is shown views of the National Forests and Monuments, of State Parks, of outdoor pageants and of other distinctive scenes in each section, particularly in the vicinity of these reservations.

An effort has been made, by including views with features less subject to change, to present an approximate idea of what will be seen on actual visit. Certain photographs, showing buildings or other variable features, were reproduced because of their picturesque settings or other special interest. As far as possible, the illustrations have been arranged in geographical sequence, distinguishing landscape features being retained to indicate the genuineness of the view and to verify its proper location in the book. Considerable latitude, within a Park or any section, however, was allowed, the pictorial effect desired seeming to offset the advantage of an exact correspondence between the views and the text pages. The groupings of States and Provinces into sections do not follow any accepted geographical divisions, but are so arranged for the purposes of this publication.

The maps will assist the reader in locating principal points of interest mentioned in this book. The illustrated pages, captions and accompanying text together are intended to give some impressions of the picturesque beauty of America and of its varied appeal to those who heed its call.

Introduction

The title "Picturesque America" was used by William Cullen Bryant for a similar work published in 1872. It was only after careful consideration, and in view of the excellent material brought together in this experiment in co-operation, that decision was made to dignify this volume with the same name.

In applying the term "America" to the countries covered in this volume, the publishers were again guided by the spirit of neighborliness and understanding, characterizing the outdoor group, through whose suggestion this work was undertaken. To know the picturesque beauty of America, one must visit Florida and Cuba as well as Maine; Glacier of British Columbia as well as Glacier of Montana; Estes-Rocky Mountain Park of Colorado as well as Banff-Rocky Mountains Park of Alberta; Jasper as well as Yellowstone.

They were also influenced by the close harmony and friendly relationship existing between departments and the governments of North America, working almost as a unit in fostering public interest in the picturesque beauty of America, regardless of territorial and geographical divisions.

Acknowledgement is made here of the invaluable assistance given by more than two hundred collaborators, who have assisted in the choice of text and views appearing in this volume. A special debt of gratitude is due Mr. Robert Sterling Yard, Executive Secretary, The National Parks Association, for his series of articles on the National Parks; to Mr. J. B. Harkin, Commissioner, The National Parks of Canada, for his delightful appreciations of the Canadian Parks; to Colonel W. B. Greely, Chief, U. S. Forest Service; and to the many other contributors. Credit is due Ethel C. McDonald for the captions as well as for material aid in the preparation of the Canadian section.

A publication of this sort would not have been possible without the generous assistance of officials in the Park and Forest Services of the United States and Canada, to whom this volume is dedicated. To them and to all, whose cooperation is represented in the following pages, may the publishers again express their appreciation.

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D O M O F C A N A D A



The Pacific Northwest



RAINIER NATIONAL PARK CO.

Mount Rainier

A lake is the landscape's most beautiful and expressive feature. It is earth's eye, looking into which the beholder measures the depth of his own nature. — Mountain Lakes—THE



The Columbia River Highway is noted for its scenic beauty.



UNION PAC. FIG.

Twilights linger long in the Columbia River Valley, as if the day were loath to give place to the night.

The Pacific Northwest

A LAND of allurement and mystery in the opening years of the nineteenth century—a vague, far place where unnamed water-courses bore their burdens to the blue Pacific, where vast forests grew and tremendous mountains were linked in the fellowship of unexplored ranges—such was the Oregon Country when Captain Meriwether Lewis and his comrade, William Clark, left the known for the unknown and blazed the first American trail overland to an empire.

Compassed within the Oregon Country were the future states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, with their challenge to the spirit and hardihood of the pioneers. And the contented dwellers of the East laughed at the folly of those valiant men and women who took the western trail and set the frontier of civilization by another sea.

The mystery is gone—but the allurement remains. Within its boundaries are grouped majestic mountains, lakes, rivers, cataracts, canyons, primeval forests, fjords, inviting glens, and picturesque resorts without number.

The forest giants were aged when Captain Gray turned his ship's prow up the Columbia.

Historically, the Oregon Country, comprising the Pacific Northwest, is an epic in the annals of America. It was Captain Gray, Yankee skipper of a Yankee ship, who discovered the Columbia River in 1792, setting at rest the controversy that affirmed and denied the existence of the mighty stream. President Thomas Jefferson sent Lewis and Clark to explore that unknown land "where rolls the Oregon."

They journeyed overland through the hunting grounds of wild tribes, and won their way to the Pacific. And they were Americans who cast the die for America at Champoege, in 1843, and by the establishment of an American provisional government made certain the nationality of the new empire.

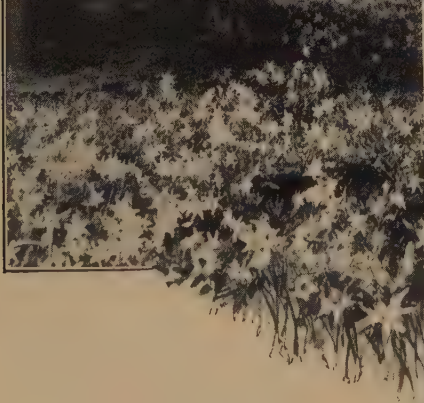


COURTESY RAINIER NATIONAL PARK CO.

"Of all the Fire Mountains which, like beacons, once blazed along the Pacific Coast, Mount Rainier is the noblest."—JOHN MUIR.



A veritable carpet of flowers is spread beneath the Nisqually Glacier through July and August. Among the flowers are blue lupine, Indian paint brush, purple asters, dock and the giant helibore



Glacier lilies—flowers of beauty found at snow line in profusion at Mount Rainier. "The Alpine belt that surrounds this wonder mountain," John Muir said, "constitutes what is, beyond question, the greatest wild flower field in the world."



Mount Rainier National Park

By ROBERT STERLING YARD

OF all the fire mountains which, like beacons, once blazed along the Pacific Coast, Mount Rainier is the noblest."

Thus wrote John Muir one year before Congress created the Mount Rainier National Park in 1899. It is, in fact, one of the noblest mountains in the wide world, not because of bulk or altitude, but because of its compelling personality and imperial bearing, its rich isolated beauty, and the magnificence of the flounced and fluted ermine mantle which it wears with an air of majesty unexcelled.

Crowned with a gleaming half globe of snow, Mount Rainier carries from his shoulders twenty-eight glaciers. There is no single-peak glacier system in the world which can compare in the least with this.

Besides, it is peculiarly interesting that so heavy a plating of ice should cover a living volcano. Mount Rainier is the largest in the volcanic range of the Cascade Mountains and it still carries internal fires. There are areas on its flanks where the snow melts, and there are hot springs near its base.

To these two remarkable characteristics, we must add a third. The base of Mount Rainier, just below the snow-line, is ringed with a girdle of quite extraordinary forests.

No doubt you know that each of our National Parks is distinctive. The system contains no repetitions. There are other ice-clad volcanoes in the north-west: Mount Hood, for example, Mount Adams, Mount Baker, Mount Shasta, Mount St. Helens, Lassen Peak. But of them all, Mount Rainier is preeminently the grandest. That is why it is a National Park. Our National Scenic Gallery contains only masterpieces.



COURTESY RAINIER NATIONAL PARK CO.

Parties on the Skyline Trail in Mount Rainier National Park. Regular horseback trips start from Paradise Inn twice a day. For those who desire summer-snow coasting, "tin breeches," furnished by the guides give assurance of safe and sane outdoor sport.

THE MAKING OF THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS

Today a long line of peaks, most of them ice-clad, tell the story of the tempestuous creation of the Cascade Mountains. Geologists tell us that untold centuries ago internal pressures cracked the earth's skin all the way from the Canadian boundary south through Washington and Oregon into Northern California. Up through this crack



RELIEF MAP SHOWING SURFACE FEATURES OF THE WESTERN PART OF THE UNITED STATES

From "Seeing the Far West". By Faris. Courtesy Lippincott.

gushed lavas which eventually built up the Cascades. There may have been almost constant eruption for thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of years. Whether or not the enormous crack ever gushed throughout its length at any time can never be known. But the central ridge of the growing mountain chain kept rising, and the slopes kept broadening.



*Scaling the topmost
rock of Pinnacle Peak,
Rainier National
Park.*



An ice cave in Paradise Glacier



The Guide Corps, Paradise Valley, conducts parties or makes special trips to points of interest.

In time, parts of the crack became choked with ash, and the outpouring lavas concentrated in hundreds of individual vents. Evidences of these lesser early volcanoes exist; and in further time most of these also became choked, and a few greater vents only survived. At the close of the mountain-building period there remained conspicuously rising above the range a handful of really great volcanoes, of which Mount Rainier doubtless was then, as it is today, one of the very greatest.

Some of the many volcanoes of this creative period met their end by explosion, the upper parts of their cones blowing up and dissipating in clouds of dust. At least one of them, Mount Mazama, collapsed within itself, leaving an enormous cup which today contains beautiful Crater Lake. One of them, Mount Lassen, is still active. It was in eruption as late as 1915.

Stop a moment to picture in imagination this great row of gleaming beacons. Suppose at that time one could have passed them in review from a modern airplane. How marvelous the spectacle! But they are a marvelous spectacle today, ice-clad, shining in the noon sun.

THE STORY OF THE GLACIERS

During prehistoric times, Mount Rainier and Mount Mazama both attained 16,000 feet in altitude. Mount Rainier now rises 14,408 feet above sea level, the erosion of ages having cut it down. If nature ever gets her full way, you know, she will plane down the mountains and fill the seas till the earth is as round as a billiard ball.

Rainier's summit, covered heavily with snow and ice, is supposed to be the source of its glaciers, but it is not, although extensive ice fields flow into them from the summit and feed them. The glaciers themselves, even those continuous with the summit ice, really originate about four thousand feet below the summit. Here, all around the summit, are deep pockets in the rock in which the ice and snow collect, and it is these masses which harden from their very weight into blue ice, and, slipping slowly down the mountain sides, become its glaciers.

RIVERS OF ICE

There are many points in common between glaciers and rivers. From the rock chambers, called cirques, in which glaciers originate, which we may compare with the springs which are the sources of rivers, these ice currents move through channels which they wear ever



A hiking party at Rainier National Park at the rim of Nisqually Glacier. The trip to this glacier is made daily under the direction of guides.

Guides with their party at the foot of Pinnacle Glacier on their way to Pinnacle Peak. Beyond lies the Inn and camp in Paradise Valley.

deeper, slide down declivities in cascades, pour over the edges of precipices like water falls, and rest occasionally in great hollows like ponds or lakes. Confluent glaciers join them just as streams combine into rivers. Sometimes rock masses divide them, forming islands and sometimes they divide into deltas.

When a glacier descends to the point where its ice melts, which is sometimes called its snout, it changes into a river of water. The

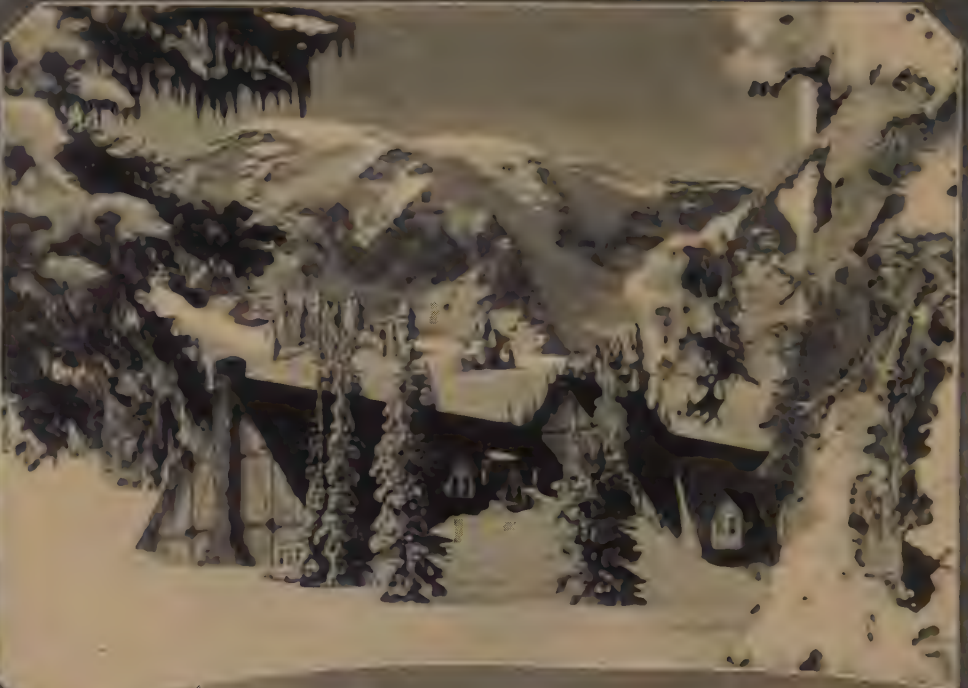


© CURTIS

Nisqually Glacier. Rainier Park.

actual source of a glacial river is not precisely at its snout but a mile or more above underneath the ice; so that, at the snout, there is a cave out of which gushes the infant river.

Many are surprised because glaciers are often dark colored in their lower stretches. That is because the glacier gathers narrow edges of soil and rock from its shores as it moves slowly downward, and gathers dust with every wind. Merging glaciers unite the ma-



May Day, at Paradise Inn, Rainier National Park, and the Tribe of Soyp enjoying a game of snowshoe baseball. The letters of the name Soyp mean "Socks Outside Your Pants."

terial carried on their joined edges, making a ribbon of rock and soil; a glacier made up of a number of tributaries carries as many such ribbons as there are confluent. It also carries much unorganized matter fallen from the cliffs and scraped from the bottom, and all these accumulations it leaves heaped along its course or tumbled together at its snout.

The accumulations thus deposited are called moraines. In Rocky Mountain National Park are moraines more than a thousand feet high, more than half a mile wide, and several miles long, which tell the story of gigantic glaciers of old. A million years from now, when Mount Rainier's glaciers also shall have shrunk into littles, her exposed moraines may be greater than those.

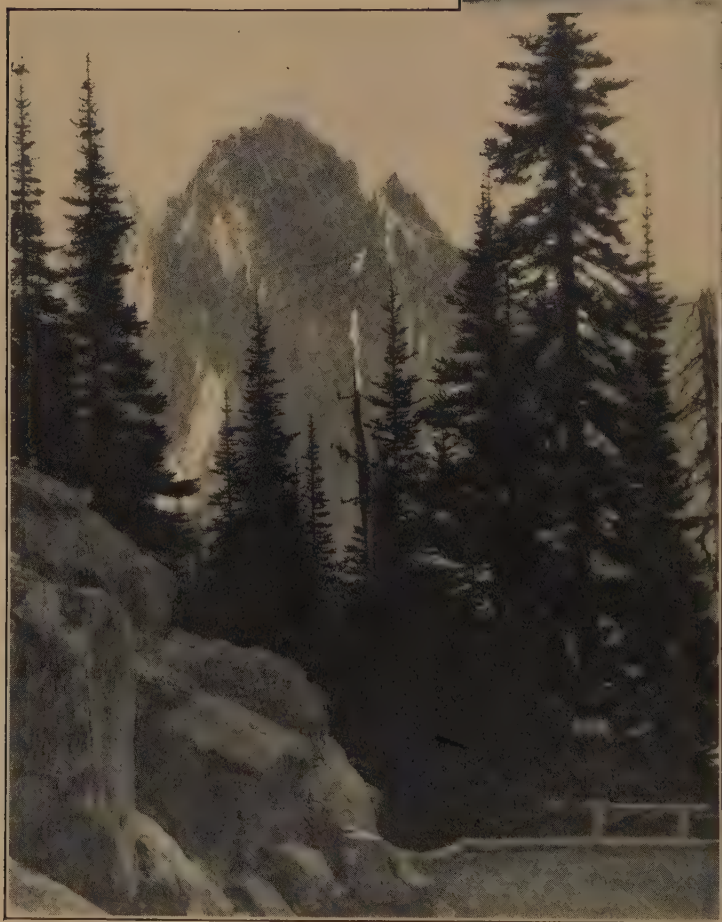
Mount Rainier's glaciers are the finest within the boundaries of the United States. In fact here only do we find glaciers of full size and body, miles in length, and comparable in all major qualities to those, say, of the Alps. Elsewhere, even in Glacier National Park, American glaciers south of Alaska, where are many of the world's largest, are remainders, usually perched high upon rocky shelves, of what were giants in prehistoric days.

The Emmons and the Winthrop Glaciers on the north side of Mount Rainier are the greatest of them all. The Mowitch and the Tahoma, on the south, are magnificent. But it is the Nisqually and the Cowlitz Glaciers with which you will become most familiar, because these front Paradise Park where the hotel and principal camps are located. Both of these may be seen in all the glory of completion from the magnificent wild flower basin which will be your headquarters while in the national park.

PARADISE PARK

Mount Rainier is sixty miles from Seattle and forty miles from Tacoma either by motor road or by rail and motor. It is a magnificent spectacle from both of these cities, and, all the way there from either, the giant ice peak grows upon the observer. The entrance is from the south side through forests of very great magnificence. The massive and magnificent Douglas fir here reaches its full two hundred feet with a diameter of eight feet. The western hemlock attains its greatest dimensions. Red cedar, white pine and several firs are all at their best. The deciduous trees, except cottonwood, as everywhere on the Pacific coast, are less conspicuous.

Mount Rainier affords diversified amusements, fishing in the mountain streams being of the best.



Lane Peak, in the Tatoosh Range, Rainier National Park, is an imposing pile from Inspiration Point.

Emerging from the forests, we find ourselves upon a rolling high-altitude plateau and facing a scenic sensation. Brilliantly colored



Douglas firs. Rainier Park.

wild flowers stretch upon every hand. Before us is Paradise Inn and its cluster of buildings and tents. Probably no other hotel in America is so extraordinarily located. On its one side rises the incomparable ice-clad volcano, now seen at close range, so close, in fact, that a short walk will take one to its glaciers. Several glaciers of great size may be traced from their birth chambers just below the summit until their lower reaches are lost behind the foreground slopes on which we stand.

Close by on the opposite side is a range of mountains of so unusual a configuration as to become almost a rival in charm and beauty to the vast volcano itself. Rugged to a degree, its jagged sides and pointed peaks set off by startling precipices, the Tatoosh Range has enough that is striking and beautiful to set forth, itself, a National Park.

From Paradise Park begins the popular trail to Mount Rainier's summit—a journey only for the young or the expert. Here begin the



NATIONAL PARK SERVICE. © CURTIS

The late Secretary Lane and party in Rainier National Park; and Mountain commemorating this friend of outdoor folk.



Fairy Lake mirroring the dark spruce and Mount Ranier with its eternal snows makes a superb setting for the Dance of the Alpine Nymphs.



NORTHERN PACIFIC. PHOTO. CURTIS

*Zephyrs from the glaciers of Mount Rainier blow into Paradise Valley to cool the flowers in the heat of the noon day sun.
Wallowa Lake, a scenic spot of eastern Oregon.*

trails to the finest view points, the best known falls, the most accessible of the many exquisite interglacial gardens. Here starts the high-line trail, and the trail which encircles the volcano, from camp to camp. From here the Nisqually Glacier is reached in a few minutes walk at a point particularly adapted to ice climbing and the comfortable viewing of ice-falls, crevasses, caves and other glacial phenomena.



Swiss Alpine Horn, Rainier Park.

Several of Mount Rainier's glaciers are in places a thousand feet and more deep with solid ice.

Mount Rainier National Park not only is one of America's most gorgeous and captivating spectacles. It is unique, in many respects, in the world of scenery. It is well worthy of a long visit and the riding or hiking of all its trails.



MAP OF CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK

CRATER LAKE

BY ROBERT STERLING YARD

Toward the Southern end of the Cascades, in south-central Oregon, Crater Lake lies cupped in the hollow left when three quarters of Mount Mazama collapsed within itself during some eruption in the incalculable past.

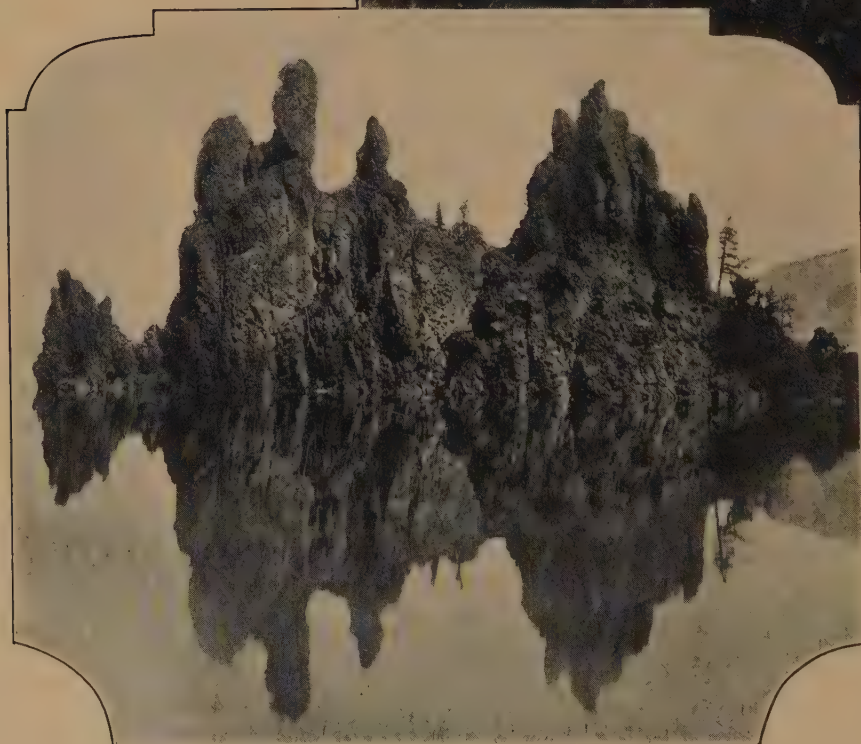
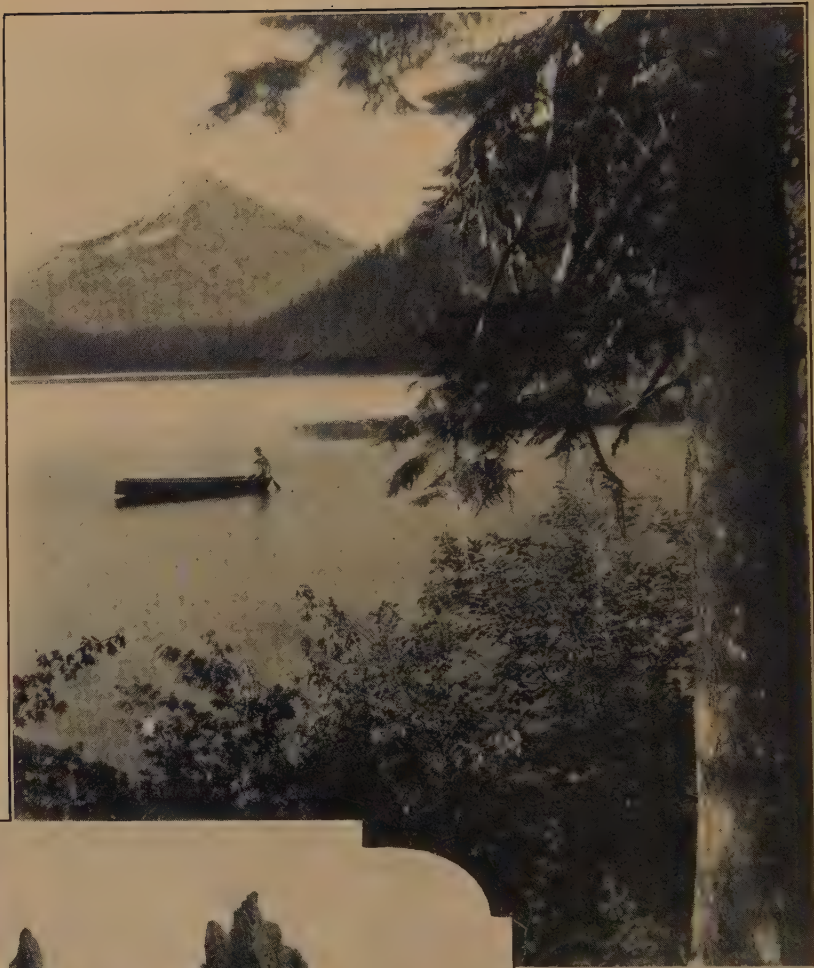
It is a lake of marvelous beauty, first, because its spring water possesses exquisite clarity; second, because it lies in an immense bowl of volcanic lavas brilliant with all the colors of the rainbow, and these the waters reflect; third, because its remarkable depth, two thousand feet in spots, imparts a blue deeper than indigo when looked hard down upon from the rim; and fourth, because its high altitude and the nearness to the Pacific enclose it in a remarkable atmosphere under skies often delightfully cloud-flecked.

I have studied several lakes whose advocates loudly claim world precedence in beauty. The palm goes emphatically to Crater Lake so far as my experience warrants judgment. While high mountain surroundings, shore convolutions and beautiful islands can impart a conspicuous beauty which Crater Lake lacks, its own elements are so extraordinary, so varied and so intensely expressed, that one's enjoyment rises to the emotional. One cannot talk except in whispers on Crater's rim, or in boats encircling its lofty brilliant sides.

Crater Lake's glass surface is usually frosted by fleeting wind-streaks here and there. The rim across its six miles of diameter is faintly blue, nearly merging with the horizon sky, and, nearer by, gray-ing and daubed with many colors. Blues of all shades, violets, purples, orange yellows, sulphurs, deep browns, splash the foreground slopes. Dark piney forests fringe the rim, funnelling down precipitous canyons to the water. Shrubs of many greens, sometimes brilliant, spread bright patches on less precipitous slopes and sand slides.

At one side rises from the water a mimic volcano known as Wizard Island because of the Indian tradition that it is the head of a giant whom another giant hurled to his death in the lake. On the opposite side of the lake rises a rock formation known as the Phantom Ship, which is curiously ship-like in appearance. On hot still days, when heated air lies in layers on the waters, the ship from a distance sometimes disappears and reappears as if magically. Therefore the name Phantom Ship. Its eccentricities result from mirage.

Mount Hood, Oregon, an extinct volcano, ice-clad throughout the year, is one of a knightly band of the Cascade Mountains. At the sunset hour it is seen to advantage from Lost Lake. The contrast in these lakes is marked, for Crater Lake is silent, weird and mysterious.



The Phantom Ship, in Crater Lake—a mass of curiously carved lava—is a striking illusion of a ship under full sail, particularly when seen at dusk or by moonlight.

Above all things, do not fail to make the motor boat tour of the borders of the lake, skirting the marvelous reflection of the multi-colored cliffs, which rise in places twenty-two hundred feet.

The story of the creation of Crater Lake is one of the most dramatic in the geologic history of America, which is replete with drama. Mount Mazama, which no man has seen, was one of the two greatest volcanoes of the Cascades. In some period remote many thousands of years, during eruption, some foundation underpinning far below the surface gave way, and the entire volcano collapsed within itself. Imagine, who can, the spectacle of so vast a mountain disappearing within its own circumference!

There was a resurging of the internal impulse, and, through the wars of volcanic rock and ash, three new craters appeared. But they were quickly choked, and when, thousands of years later, spring waters occupied the vast bowl, only one was high enough to escape submersion. That is Wizard Island.



Lake of the Woods and Mount McLaughlin. Crater National Forest, Oregon.

One can revel for weeks in the volcanic exhibits of Crater Lake National Park. It is a class-room, a laboratory, a museum of volcanism. But above all it is a thing of supreme beauty.



"In the heart of the Cascade Mountains of the Northwest, whose volcanoes were in constant eruption in the ages before history, and now, extinct and ice-plated, shine like huge diamonds in the sunlight, there lies, jewel-like in a setting of

THE OUTDOOR SONG

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

*There's a little song that sings along the canyons
and the ridges,
Where the world is gashed and broken, and has
crumbled round the edges.
It's a strange and eerie song to hear, but when you
once have known it,
You can't forget its singing, however you disown it.*

*It's the song of the great outdoors. Come out
Where the rocks rear up to God,
And you know there's danger and fear about,
And death in the sky and sod.
But you pack your kit and your campfire's lit,
Where the coyotes howl and creep,
And the song comes down and stands at your side,
And it sings you off to sleep.*

*There's an eerie song that calls to you, and clings to
you and taunts you,
And you know that God is out beyond the hills some-
where, and wants you.
And you leave the fire hearth and home for camp-
smoke dim and graying,
For when the wild song calls you, there's no choice
but your obeying.*

*It's the song of the great outdoors; "Come out,
Where your hand can touch the sky!
Let ambition and hate and doubt
And black despair go by.
And then you'll know there's a God below,
As well as above in the blue.
There are stars about! Come out! Come out!"
The wild songs calls to you.*

"Mount Rainier is one of the noblest mountains in the wide world, because of its compelling personality and imperial bearing, its rich isolated beauty, and the magnificence of the flounced and fluted ermine mantle which it wears with an air of majesty unexcelled."



*Crater Lake—The Lake?
The Sea of Silence? Ah,
yes, I had forgotten—so
much else; besides, I
should like to let it alone,
say nothing.*

JOAQUIN MILLER

RECREATION IN THE NATIONAL FORESTS

BY W. B. GREELEY,
Chief, U. S. Forest Service

When the National Forests were turned over to the Department of Agriculture in 1905, Secretary James Wilson issued a decree to his cohorts of foresters and rangers. All the resources contained in these public properties, said he, must be managed with an eye single "to the greatest good of the greatest number in the long run."

The most unsentimental inventory of the National Forests would have to set down recreational assets scarcely less valuable than their economic resources. No other appraisal of the most rugged mountains and unbroken forests in the United States would be within reason. The land which contains a third or more of the virgin timber still left to us includes of necessity a thousand woodland spots whose special charm or proximity to route of travel or nearness to urban population stamp them with an outstanding value for recreation. The National Forests contain the headwaters of most of the rivers of any consequence in the western States. And for every thousand acre feet of water, used or unused, and for every thousand horsepower of energy, harnessed or unharnessed, there are hundreds of miles of mountain brooks and lake shores which lure the angler and camper.

National Forest streams supply the municipal water mains of over 1200 cities and towns. And by the same token one finds within their borders the "home woods" or "home mountains" or "home canyons" of many western communities, the particular spots in the out-of doors into which local groups of people overflow for health or fun as naturally as the New Yorker takes his Sunday stroll in Central Park. The Angelenos spread out into the canyons of the San Gabriel and San Bernardino ranges, the citizens of Salt Lake into Cottonwood Canyon and the Wasatch Mountains, and the people of Portland into the Columbia River Gorge and the lakes and forests around Mt. Hood. Some of these local playgrounds possess no striking scenic beauty. But they belong to the home folks. They have a place in every-day life.

The value of the National Forests for recreation is increasing even more rapidly than the cost of lumber. The forest background of the United States has always been one of our great social forces. It has given bodily vigor, self-taught resourcefulness, and moral



stamina to every generation of Americans. And as cities multiply and everyday living strikes a faster pace, all the more vital becomes the restoring and preserving influence of the open spaces. The woods and mountains which the public itself owns share this social value in common, whether we call them Parks, Forests, Game Preserves, or what not. At the best our forest background will be meager enough for a population of 150 million people.

The National Forests contain few outstanding wonderlands like those which comprise our National Parks. Toward the National Parks they stand as Mount Washington stands to the Matterhorn.



Lake Chelan. Washington.

The Parks are the jewels of natural grandeur, while the National Forests surround them with a vast setting of lesser mountains and forests and canyons. Back of their thousands of little playgrounds easily reached by the week-end camper or fisherman or the family on vacation bent lie great stretches of inaccessible and unspoiled wilderness. Such areas as the Continental Divide in Montana with the Flathead waters on one side and the Sun River on the other, or the Idaho Bitterroots, or the Oregon Cascades with their impelling com-

THE RANGER'S LIFE

*Think you the city can call him?
What charm has the market
place?
Why should he turn from the
mountains,
Inviting, from peak to base?
Town's but to dream of at even,
When camp-fire smoke curls
high.
So lives the forest ranger
Under the western sky.*

—ARTHUR CHAPMAN



PHOTOS © CURTIS

*Views of the Olympic
Mountains, Washington.
These massive piles in the
solitudes of primeval
regions are soul inspiring
—and the Infinite is
always near.*

*On the Main Divide, Olympic Mountains.
Here in these high altitudes flowers line
many a mountain trail as if anxious to
watch the approach of those who enjoy them.*



bination of forests and lakes and wild life and rugged going above timber line will always lure hardy souls with the zest of matching their skill in mountain craft against the wilderness.

The American people have taken possession of the National Forests as one of their great playgrounds. Nature and the woods-going habits of our race attended to that. The National Forests are the outlets for many millions of people whose instincts take them into the open. Nothing could stop them, not even the member of Congress who proposed that the Forests be enclosed with high, woven-wire fences to keep the public out. The question which the management must answer is whether this enormous and rapidly increasing use shall be left just to grow, like Topsy, or whether it shall be guided with such skill and forethought as can be mustered, promoted where it should be encouraged, controlled where it needs restraint, and fitted with other uses of the Forests into an all-round plan of rational administration.

It is fortunate that the simple terms of the organic law which provides for the administration of the National Forests permits the widest discretion in devoting this area or that to the particular form of service which promises the greatest public gain. And it is a law unencumbered by vested rights or bureaucratic precedents. The Forest lands in the gorge of the Columbia River were designated by the Secretary of Agriculture as a recreational area to the exclusion of all conflicting uses. In the same fashion watersheds have been set apart for municipal supply, sheep ranges segregated from cattle ranges, areas closed to all grazing and dedicated as undisturbed breeding grounds for wild creatures, and timber growing units marked out for the supply of dependent ranch communities or local wood-using industries.

There they are—one hundred and fifty seven million acres of forest and mountain and upland range, to be fitted into the best plan for human service that can be devised. And in working out that plan the already vast use of the National Forests for recreation and their already vast population of wild life are neither necessary evils nor left-overs to shift for themselves. They are major resources, to be fostered with the same zeal with which the forester labors and schemes to increase the yield from his woodlands.

The very magnitude of the army of vacation seekers which invades the National Forests every summer through a thousand far-



Here, in Mt. Baker National Forest, is a profound wilderness of stern and rugged mountains; here are narrow shoe-string valleys flanked by steep slopes; here are glaciers indescribable in number and beauty.

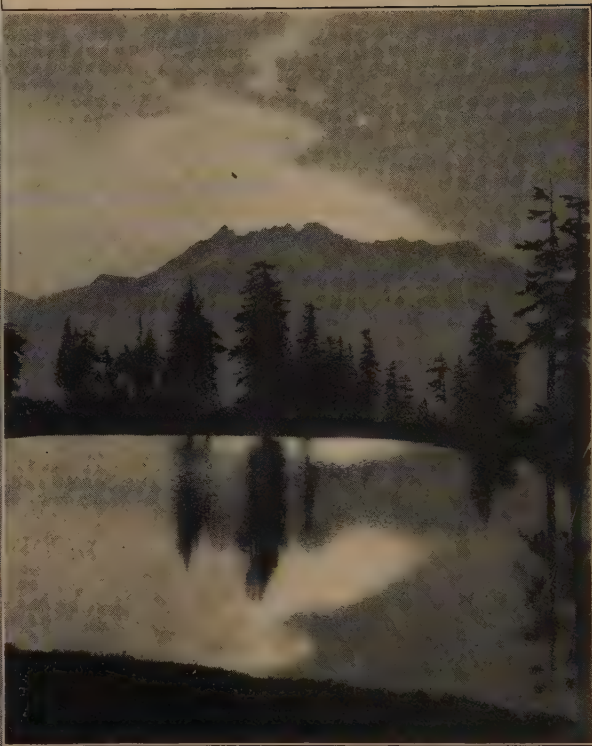
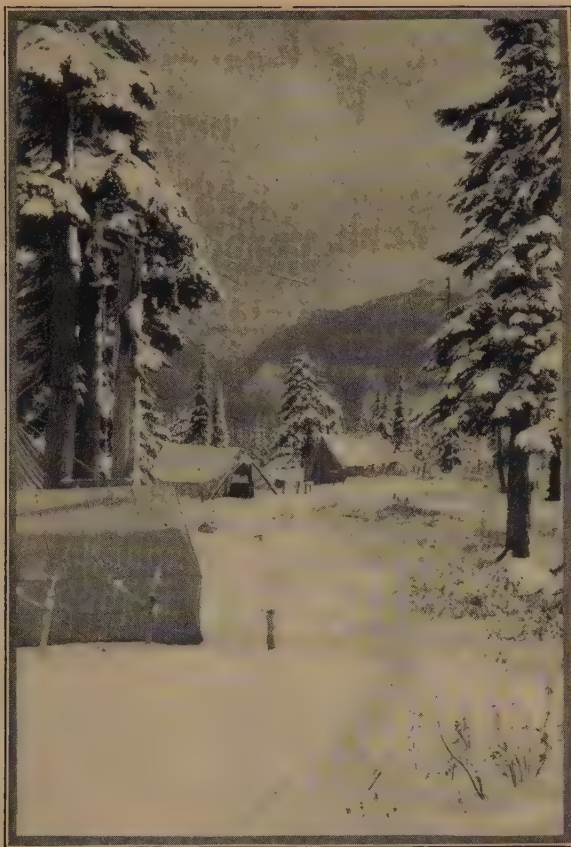
PHOTOS © HUNTOON

The historic Islands of San Juan in Puget Sound, Washington.

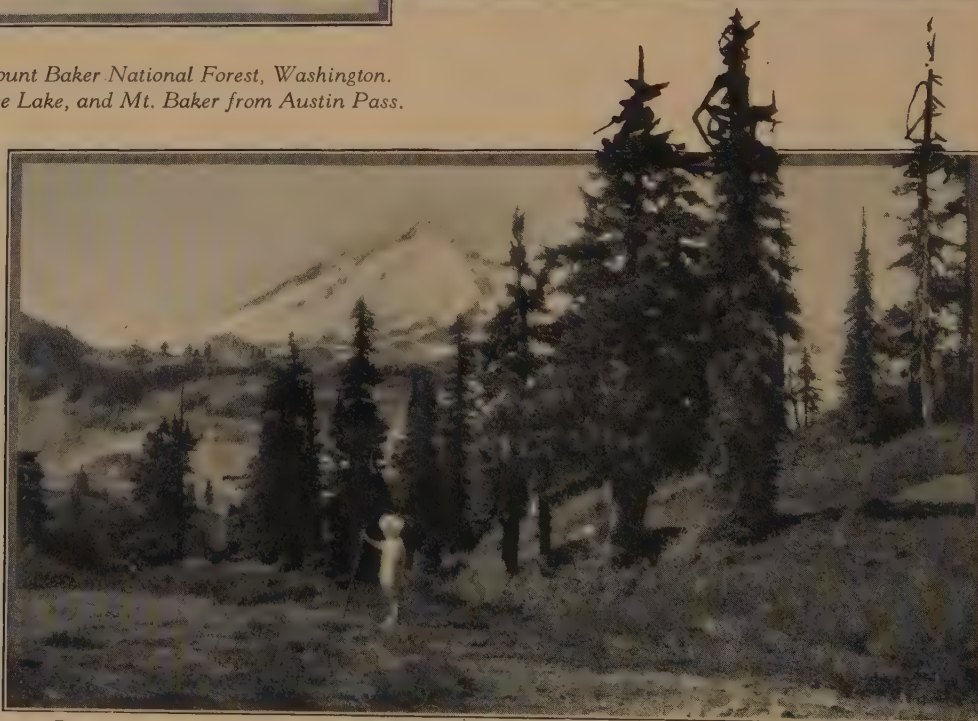
flung gateways precludes any highly organized regime of recreation. Nor would it be in keeping with the spirit of free and unhampered use of these public playgrounds. Not only should the door stand wide open; there should be an open-handed invitation to all within reach to enjoy the Forests with the greatest possible freedom from restraint or red tape. To be sure the influx of summer visitors brings its difficulties and hazards, particularly the hazard of forest fires and the danger of unwholesome conditions on crowded camp grounds. But it would be unthinkable to meet these problems in a negative or repressive way, by fencing the public out literally or otherwise. The health and recreation to be gained from the National Forests are too vital to the American people to be curtailed. Their opportunities should be advertised, not concealed. We should, indeed, go out into the highways and byways and compel the city-weary folk to come in.

Aside from the thousands of families who trek into the National Forests yearly to tent on a secluded spot of their own choosing, there are many who seek a permanent vacation home on a bit of lake shore or by a stream in some cool canyon or on a bluff with half a state spread out before them. They may bring their tents year after year or build a log cabin with their own hands or even erect a pretentious lodge. On many National Forests there is room enough and to spare to give each of them the exclusive use of a bit of Uncle Sam's domain. The summer home permit at a nominal charge meets the needs of these folk, and about 6,000 families have thus become steady summer residents of the National Forests. And then come the hotels and resorts, little and big, which are needed at many points to give adequate service to the public, and the stores, outfitting stations, and what not where the "tin can" tourist may replenish his larder or the camping party stock up for an expedition into the back country. There is room for them too, and a flexible permit system for the occupancy of National Forest land, covering a considerable period of years if need be, meets equally the requirements of these enterprises.

A recreation plan is a necessary part of the equipment of every National Forest. Not only must it project the development of each playground unit with such vision of the public needs and such skill in landscape engineering as can be commanded; it must settle the larger questions of fitting recreation into the place which it merits in the all-round use of half a million or a million acres. It must deal with the



*Winter Camp, Mount Baker National Forest, Washington.
Sunrise on Sunrise Lake, and Mt. Baker from Austin Pass.*



PHOTOS © HUNTOON

*Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun
When first on his delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glistening with dew.—MILTON*

hinterland of mountains and forest no less than with the accessible canyons. It must think of the pathfinder with his pack mule no less than the tourist with his Ford car. It must plot the roads and trails that are ultimately to be built. It must coordinate the recreation that is coming and its background of unspoiled beauty with the cutting of timber and the pasturing of herds and the protection of municipal watersheds.



South Sister across Elk Lake. Oregon.

The recreational use of the National Forests is close to the masses of the people. Much larger sums of money have been contributed toward its physical development by local communities and groups of people than by the Government itself. Public-spirited citizens have deeded their own land to enlarge the facilities of National Forest playgrounds. Chambers of Commerce have equipped camp sites in the vicinity of their towns. The recreational development of the San Isabel National Forest has been largely promoted and supported by special associations organized for this purpose among the residents of nearby communities in southern Colorado.

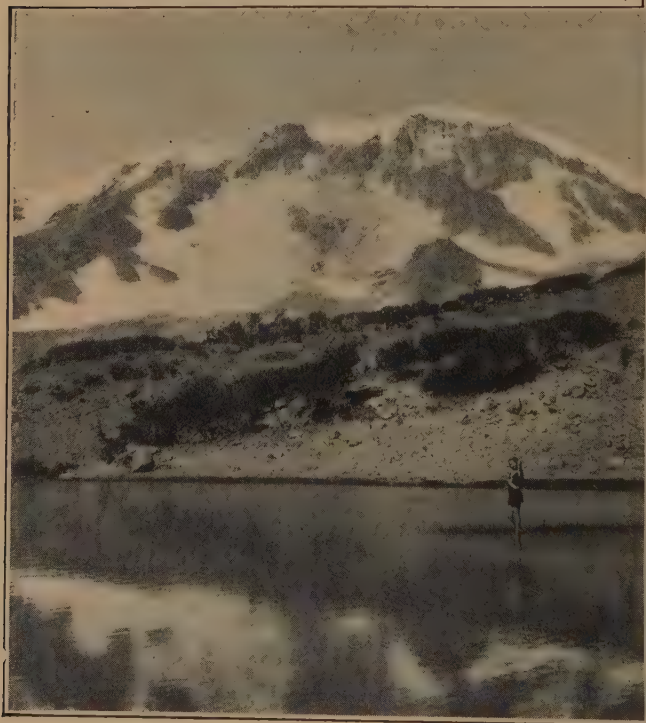


Mount Adams, an extinct volcano of the Cascade Mountains, that blazed across the sea like a huge beacon in the dim ages, when America was in the making.



YAKIMA COMMERCIAL CLUB

Rusk Glacier with its spectacular crevasse.



As the social value of our great forest spaces becomes more and more evident, we realize the need for preserving here and there a bit of unspoiled wilderness. There should be some limits upon the intrusion of the highway and the honk of the automobile horn. The plea is heard that certain National Forests, or parts of them, be reserved not only from the commercial use of timber and forage but even from the usual forms of mass recreation like wayside camp grounds, vacation homes, and hotels; that the very roads pass by an occasional hinterland of primitive frontier. This is indeed a wholesome reaction from the multiplication of improved highways and the ubiquitous automobile. It expresses a fine conception of the value of an unspoiled forest background to the physical and social health of a great industrial nation. It would fit into the National Forest picture of the future a few great stretches of untrammelled wilderness set aside for their wild life and for the more hardy and zealous among the seekers of the out-of-doors.

The National Forests contains many areas of rugged mountains and inaccessible woodland which nature herself has dedicated to this form of recreational service. The tides of industrial development and general travel will beat against these mountain fastnesses in vain. The Thunder Mountain country of central Idaho, the northern Rockies and the Olympics will always afford the mountaineer well-nigh unlimited opportunities to lose himself from civilization. At other points where the commercial use of National Forest resources, the building of roads, and the more common forms of recreation will naturally expand unless they are deliberately shut out, the light of reason must be the guide in coordinating all the kinds of service, social as well as economic, which a given area may render. The greatest good of the greatest number of American people in the long run undoubtedly does demand abundant opportunities for a rugged and unspoiled taking to the woods.



NORTHERN PACIFIC

*Stay Cowboy! Turn 'em out wild!
At Pendleton Round-Up. Sept. 20th, yearly, Oregon.*

RIDE 'ER, COWBOY!

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

*Ride 'er, Cowboy! Let 'er buck!
Keep your reins and trust to luck!
Keep your seat and keep your nerve!
Let 'er rear and kick and swerve!
Though the fight may jar and shake you,
Break your hoss, don't let it break you!*

*Life's a bronc that's tough and wary,
Life's a bronc that's mean and scary;
You're the broncho-twister that
Has to keep your seat and hat.
Don't stop now to wonder whether
Other men are pulling leather.*

*Ride 'er, Cowboy! Let 'er kick!
All you've got to do is stick!
Don't give up! You'll make it take you
Anywhere you like. I'd stake you!
Break Life in! Don't let it break you!*

Day's lingering light
 Plays in soft glory on
 the mountains.
 Welcoming night,
 The purpling foothills
 stand in silhouette
 Against tumultuous
 clouds.
 The birds are hushed.
 At twilight
 All nature waits for
 God's
 Own benediction.
 Then sky and earth, lost
 in each other's arms,
 Like lovers drift upon
 the sea of night.
 —MILO M. THOMPSON



The undulating hills of
 Coeur d'Alene dip into
 the waters of Fernan
 Lake. Here in the
 Northern part of Idaho
 the Creator and the
 creature are in happy
 harmony.



Sawtooth Range, Idaho.

CATHEDRAL OF THE SAWTOOTHS

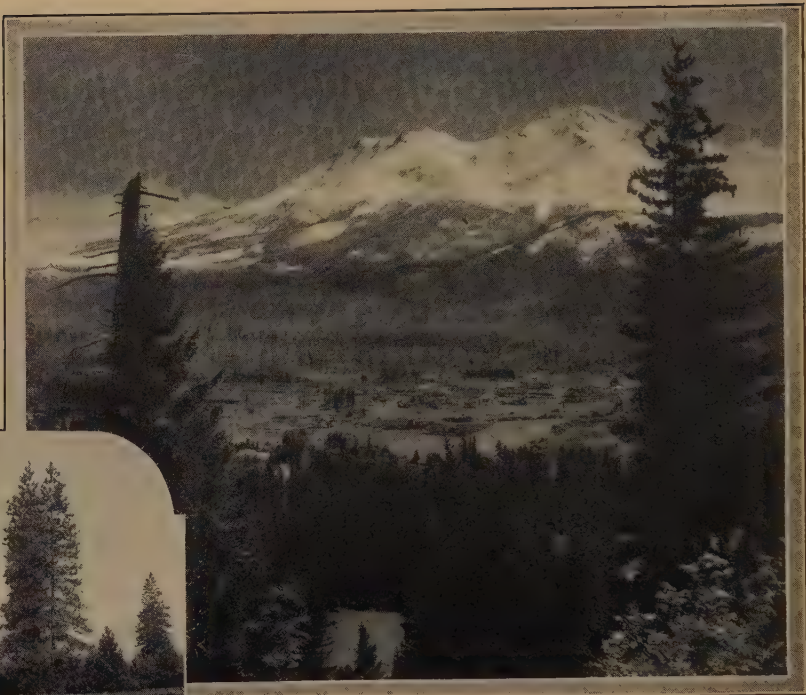
BY MILO M. THOMPSON.

*Cathedral of the Sawtooths! Fancy builds
Within it nave and choir and altar rail
And candles on the altar and below
The shapes of countless worshipers at prayer*

*Cathedral of the Sawtooths! One can hear
Across the chasms how its organ booms
In plaintive key the minor requiem
Of ages dead. And sometimes, changing mood,
The music swells to sound a paean of praise
Or makes the nearby peaks reverberate
The crashing roar of Godhead's victory march.*

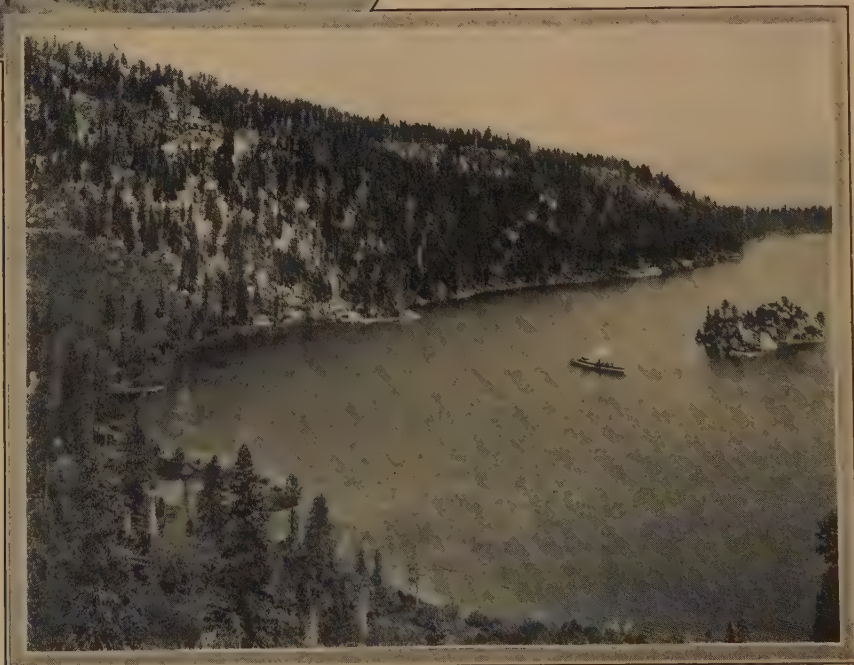
*Nor man-made bellows, nor yet man-made pipes
Could give to music such a dignity.
The diapason of the wailing wind,
The filling undertone of sighing pines
The eagle's scream, the cascade's tremolo;
These are the music of the organ played
By the skilled hand of Nature.*

*Cathedral of the Sawtooths! There are voiced
Such sermons as were preached by God Himself
To His created things on days before
He breathed life into man . . . A mighty church
Where sometimes, out of silence, rises low
The mumbled prayer of Nature on her knees.*



U. S. FOREST SERVICE

On the road from San Francisco to Oregon, in the Shasta National Forest the majestic Shasta thrusts itself skyward into eternal snows.



UNION PACIFIC

EMERALD BAY, LAKE TAHOE

The Lake has as many moods as an April day or a lovely woman. But its normal appearance is that of a floor of Lapis Lazuli set with a ring of emerald.—MARK TWAIN in "Roughing It."

The Pacific Southwest



Yosemite National Park

BY ROBERT STERLING YARD

THE Indians named it Yo Semite after the Grizzly Bear, which to them was the king of the wilderness. The first sight of the Valley will fill you, too, with awe. Then will come astonishment because you have seen so many photographs that you supposed you knew it, but now find that you had no conception whatever of the exquisite quality of its beauty. Like the farmer and the hippopotamus in the story, you doubt its possibility.

Some days later, after you've got a little used to it, you'll drive round the Valley under the full moon and discover that Half Dome, El Capitan and the others are really made of chased silver. Then you'll know certainly that the whole thing is, after all, just a dream, and that really you are back home and in a few minutes will be called to breakfast.

Beauty is Yosemite's first word, and, when the thousand intermediate thrills are over, her last. It is not the beauty of coloring, for that is neither vivid nor warm nor otherwise remarkable. Nor is it just the beauty of configuration, either. And so you'll go on trying to analyze your emotions and, after a month or two, give it up and satisfactorily explain by remarking: "Well, you know, it's Yosemite."

THE SETTING

The Sierra Nevada Mountains range down through the eastern part of California four hundred and fifty miles, erecting a lofty rampart which catches the Pacific winds and squeezes out their moisture. That's why all the country east to the Rockies is more or less, principally more, a desert. It is also why the west slopes of the Sierra are so extraordinarily well watered that they grow the most luxuriant forests of biggest trees in all the wide world.

Yosemite National Park is a cross section of this western slope from an altitude of 3500 feet up to the crest at about 10,000 feet.



PHOTOS. © BOYSEN

BRIDAL VEIL FALLS

*"Nourished by thy snow-clad Peaks
Leaping waters flash with Gold."*



Tioga Pass. Yosemite



NATIONAL PARK SERVICE



*Men to the hills belong!
Those patient slopes
That breathe God's wonder song.*
CHARLES FARWELL EDSON

That is why it exhibits samples of nearly all the life zones. A journey from the hot California plains straight up to the summit of the range is, in its gradations of animals, birds, flowers and trees, much like a journey from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. A whole chapter on the Sierra trees alone, were there space for it, would be one of the most interesting in this book.



Theodore Roosevelt and John Muir. Yosemite Park.

Yosemite is one of the largest National Parks, containing more than eleven hundred square miles. A part of the block of solid granite which constitutes the Sierra, it has, under the erosion of some millions of years, become carved into hard splintered peaks, vast grayish cirques surrounded by Gothic pinnacles, enormous slants polished by glaciers, big lumpish knobs, domes of every size, and deep canyons worn by rushing waters and squared by glaciers.

The range and variety of the granitic forms is here so extraordinary because of the abundance of waters. And yet Yosemite is practically without rain from June to September, making it the ideal summer playground. The snow fall is enormous for a good many months of the year, and its meltings fill the summer streams. The



R. D. SMITH

*Climbing to John Muir Pass and Lake Wanda,
California.*



*The friendly trail where a word is still exchanged in
greeting.*



SOUTHERN PACIFIC

MIRROR LAKE

*"Yosemite's forests must always vie with her domes and water falls,
as spectacles of downright wonder."*



R. D. SMITH

*Tehipite Dome. Middle
Fork, King's River.*

soil is loose granite sand lying upon granite, and this holds vast stores of under-surface water into which the great forests sink their roots.



PHOTO R. D. SMITH

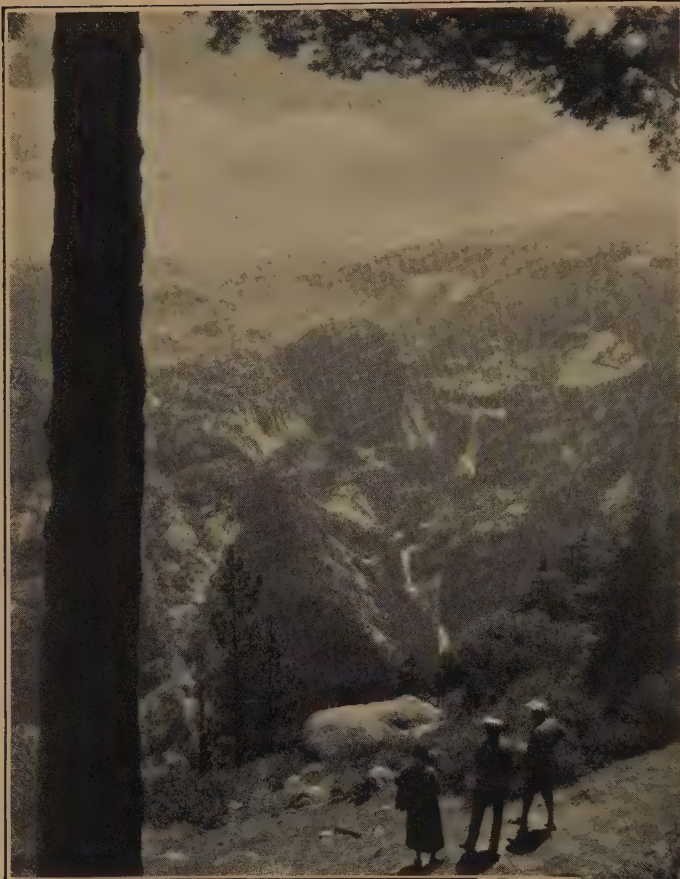
Mount Wallace.

CONFIGURATION

We find, throughout the whole of Yosemite, splendid forests through which emerge countless granite elevations upon which soil cannot cling. Every valley and every level is heavily forested, and along the weathering cracks and on the shelves of every mountain and dome, trees grow lustily.

Far up on the divide, from perpetual snow fields trickle streams which string lakelets like beads. Millions of summit streamlets merge into creeks and then into rivers. There are lakes everywhere, hundreds of lakes, forest-bordered. Many of them are gloriously surrounded by lofty peaks. And most of them are peopled by fighting trout.

To most persons, Yosemite means only the Yosemite Valley, but the valley is only eight or ten square miles out of the eleven hundred, and every mile of it all is glorious. There is no part of the great whole which can possibly be understood except in relation to all.



ATCH., TOPEKA AND SANTA FE

*Vernal and Nevada Falls leap into the
Yosemite Valley—a Temple of Beauty,
whose mural decorations were wrought by
water and frost.*

GLACIER POINT HOTEL

*God's handiwork is seen
In countless cliffs
Granite gray, pine green.*

CHARLES FAREWELL EDSON



The main entrance to Yosemite is the Valley, and that is its point of greatest concentration. The largest public camps are there. Of the multitudes who visit Yosemite, few go farther, and most of these only for brief motor or trail trips up into the wilderness above the rim and back again. In spite of its crowds, the valley is an adorable place to stop, and living there is most comfortable; but nobody in the least knows Yosemite National Park who does not spend days or weeks in the outlying wilderness.

Two principal rivers concentrate most of the park waters for carriage westward to the Pacific. The northern of these, the Tuolumne, drops at one point nearly four thousand feet in four miles through a marvelous canyon. Here are the famous Waterwheel Falls, caused by ledges across swift slants which lift water into frothing arcs sometimes fifty feet high.

The other river, the Merced, drains the loftiest of the mountains, creates famous Nevada and Vernal Falls on its way down, and wanders through the Yosemite Valley. But it did not always wander. It was this once turbulent stream which hollowed Yosemite Valley out of hard granite.

A DRAMA OF CREATION

Here we find Yosemite's geologic drama, namely, the digging of Yosemite Valley three thousand feet into hard granite.

How this was accomplished puzzled geologists for many years. Once it was supposed that an earthquake had divided the walls. Later it was regarded the work of a gigantic glacier. The solution was found recently by Francois E. Matthes of the U. S. Geological Survey.

Rushing water armed with sand and boulders will cut a deep valley within say a million years even in granite. But water will not keep on rushing. Its tendency is to dig hollows in which it will loaf comfortably without digging. Its cutting ability depends upon its angle of fall. Matthes's discovery was that the main range of the Sierra had lifted steadily during a period inconceivably long, thus keeping the entire granite block constituting the Sierra sharply tilted. One of these successive uplifts, it is now shown, alone raised the summit side of the block eight thousand feet.

The inevitable result was to keep the summit-born Merced tilted at torrential angles for humanly inconceivable periods of time. It



Nevada Falls and Lake Tenaya, 8,000 feet above the sea. Deer add to the beauty of the Yosemite Valley and appear interested watching for the approach of Mortals.



PHOTOS. © BOYSEN

BRIDAL VEIL

*Where is so rich a bride
As this rare veil
Gouged from a mountain side?*
CHARLES FARWELL EDSON



was the rocks and sand which the frantic river loosened from the heights and used like saw-teeth on its granite bed that so remarkably deepened the Yosemite Valley. Later on, recently in geologic reckoning of time, a glacier filled it and squared its corners. But it was the Merced which did most of the work. What the river did was to make a deep V-shaped valley. At that stage of the Yosemite Valley's making, there was no Yosemite Fall, but an entering stream cascading down a long slant. What the succeeding glacier did was to square the lower corners, making the valley U-shaped. Then the entering streams became the water falls of today.

But there was still another process after the glaciers had passed. That was the magnificent sculpturing of the walls. It was water and frost which were the mural decorators of this Temple of Beauty.

THE FOREST PICTURE

Yosemite National Park cannot be described here. The illustrations must tell the rest of the great story. But we cannot pass on without calling your special attention to its forest exhibit. Without some guiding hints, the visitor will not realize the magnificence through which his motor whirls him.

One enters the park from the west at an altitude below four thousand feet. He has been ascending from the treeless central plains of California through a forest increasing constantly in the size and diversity of its species.

It is the zone of lofty yellow pines clothed in plates patterned like alligator skin that welcomes him to the floor of the great Valley; and in company with these pines he finds wonderful incense cedars, prim and dark clad, white firs nearly 200 feet high as straight and slender as arrows, and a multitude of lesser growths; cottonwood along the Merced, gnarled black oaks, and many flowering shrubs. The Yosemite Valley contains one of the most fascinating forests in America.

Ascending the rim, the observer passes through the narrow picturesque zone of the small twisted live oak and thence through the zone of the Douglas fir, one of the most distinguished trees in America. I have seen several Douglas firs perhaps ten feet in diameter and nearly a hundred and eighty feet in height. The yellow pines stay with us as we ascend, and become a prominent and picturesque feature of the Main Forest Belt which we enter at an altitude of about five

THREE BROTHERS
MIRRORED IN THE LAKE

*Reflected on my breast
Is all outdoors
Save God's supernal rest.*

CHARLES FARWELL EDSON



SOUTHERN PACIFIC



INT. MER. MARINE

YOSEMITE FALLS

*The water rockets drive
Clean down the cliff
As though they were alive.*

CHARLES FARWELL EDSON

thousand feet. Words can give no idea of the magnificence and diversity of this broad belt of the sugar pine and the sequoia. Many sugar pines approach two hundred feet in height; the sequoias in their restricted groves sometimes exceed three hundred feet and attain stem diameters of twenty or twenty-five feet.

The sugar pine is a tree of kingly, impulsive habit, flinging broad arms from his top laden with cones a dozen inches or more in length. The yellow pine fraternizes with him, showing, in these higher altitudes, a more rugged bearing than in the warm still valley. The incense cedar is here, too, and the white fir is in his glory, frequently topping the sugar pines with his stiletto point. We are in the land of giants. The regality and repose of this forest imposes silence. Few words are spoken by the visitor, but the birds rejoice.

There are three groves of giant sequoias in the Yosemite National Park. The Mariposa Grove is a complete national museum of sequoia characteristics, and is worth as long a stay in the Lodge at its center as one can give it. The Merced and Tuolumne Groves, each containing less than forty trees, are within the park but are privately owned. Private subscriptions only can buy them, for Congress will not. Purchase, or fear of public opinion, only can save them from the axe in time.

At eight thousand feet of altitude the forest changes. The sugar pine has disappeared. The rugged red fir is taking the place of the white fir. The robust Jeffrey pine is supplanting the yellow pine. The majestic white pine now first appears, thick groves of lodgepole pine are found, and the swamps and streams are lined with thickets of green-barked quivering aspen. It is as thick a forest and as fine, for all its losses, as that of the sugar pine and sequoia, but it thins and changes rapidly as we ascend to nine thousand feet. At this altitude lodgepole is the prevailing tree but there are giant white pines, marvelous, rich forests of red fir, lofty, heavy and majestic, twisted Jeffreys, and, on wind-swept rocks, contorted junipers that look a thousand years old. Here, too, we see the first of that exquisite, feather-foliaged exotic of the heights, the mountain hemlock. Never a large tree in this land of giants, it is the most graceful and gracious of them all.

From here to timberline, the forest thins and dwindles rapidly, but its charm and beauty are not less. Far up the bleak, bald, silvery granite of the splintered heights, the lodgepole and the hemlock hold



Winter sports in Yosemite. The Olympic Club of San Francisco in an exhilarating game.

their own, and highest of all the thin-barked pine grows, oftener than not prostrate on the rocks before gales which sometimes in winter blow a hundred miles or more an hour.

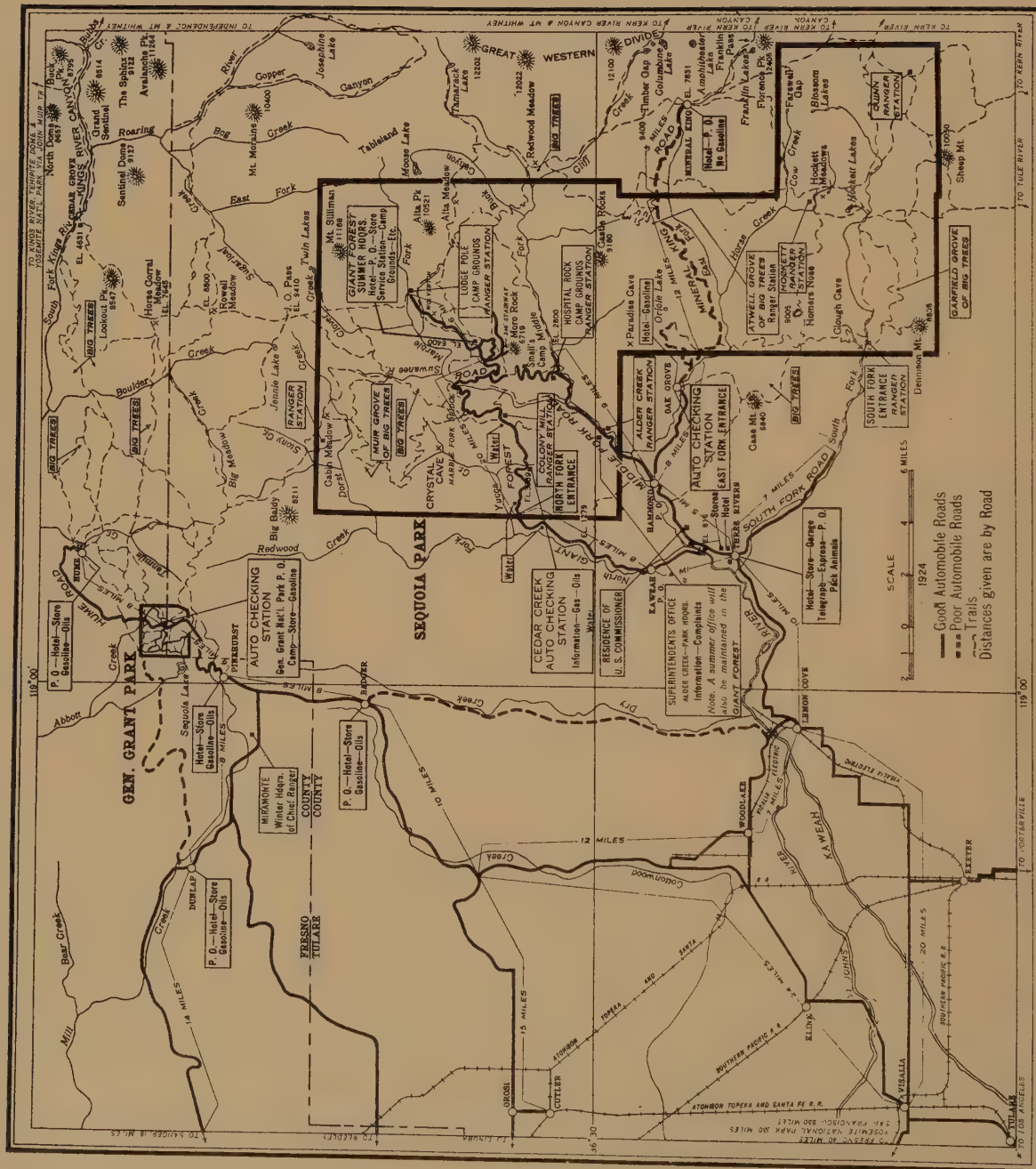
But really they are not highest of all, for squat thickets of birch invade even the regions of perpetual snow. I have seen them by the acre near the summits scarcely six inches high.

None who live east of the Sierra can boast forests like these. To those living east of the Rockies, and especially in our middle and eastern states, Yosemite's forests must always vie with herdomes and water falls as spectacles of downright wonder.

OUR SIERRAS

BY CHARLES FARWELL EDSON

*Prisoned in icy kiss, the ocean mists
Whiten Sierra's peaks of rugged stone
Then melt in joyous crying of the clouds
And all the glory of the fiery sun.
Our human city with prophetic eye
Looked to the good of men for years to come;
Gathered the crystal drops in reservoirs
Then slipped them down through concrete and through steel.
The mighty mountains store for good of all
What dewy clouds take from the willing deeps;
Sweet air-filled drops, Almighty's distillate
That swells the seeds, washes earth's refuse away
For thus the living water comes to bless
Then turns again to breast of Mother Sea.*



SEQUOIA AND GENERAL GRANT NATIONAL PARKS

BY ROBERT STERLING YARD

Some miles south of Yosemite, within the Main Forest Belt of the Sierra, lie two other National Parks, named respectively Sequoia, and General Grant. Both were created to protect forever splendid groves of sequoia trees. The Sequoia National Park contains two hundred and fifty square miles, including much open meadow in its lower half. The General Grant National Park, close by on its west side, has only four square miles of area, all forest, set apart especially to preserve a single tree. This is our smallest national park.

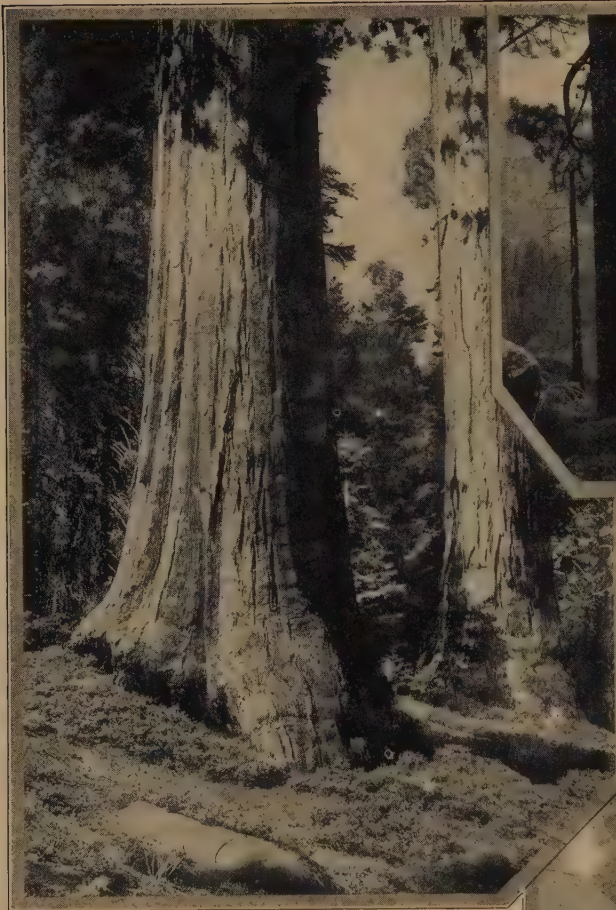
The Sierra forest finds its highest expression in the northern half of the Sequoia National Park in an area known as the Giant Forest. Here are many hundreds or thousands of sequoia trees of mighty girth and great height scattered among sugar pines, yellow pines, incense cedars, white firs and other giants here also attaining their greatest size. The deciduous trees and the myriad shrubs and flowering plants native to the zone also reach in this spot their greatest luxuriance. Outside of the tropics, perhaps no other area is so rich in vegetation as this.

The second largest tree in the world is the General Grant, which possesses its own little national park. It is scarcely smaller, its height being 270 feet and its ground diameter 35 feet. These two trees are each probably about four thousand years old.

There is a public camp in the Giant Forest from which the visitor may wander at will among the growths of many kinds, great and small, which constitute this grove of extraordinary beauty. Penetrated only by a few unobtrusive winding roads and trails, it is nature's very own. The silent wanderer in this silent wilderness comes every now and then upon some tremendous red column, or group of columns which lifts rounded masses of heavy foliage far above the green level of even this towering forest. These are the sequoias.

The Abraham Lincoln Tree, upon which he may come unexpectedly, is next in size, in this grove, to the General Sherman Tree. But of all sequoias I have seen anywhere, easily first in vigor, beauty and perfection in all its parts is that named for Theodore Roosevelt.

There are a number of other sequoia groves besides the Giant Forest in the Sequoia National Park.



Sequoia Lake in the Giant Forest, Sequoia National Park.

PHOTOS © H. E. ROBERTS

*In the urgent solitudes
Lies the spur to larger moods;
In the friendship of the trees
Dwell all sweet serenities.—ETHEL WETHERALD*



IN THE GIANT FOREST OF THE SIERRAS

BY ALEXANDER BLAIR THAW

*Ye first of living things!
Ye that were goodly trees
When the great King of Kings,
Building his garden wall,
Brought down to Babylon,
Upon her streams the tall
Cedars of Lebanon.*

*Ye mighty trees!
Ye which are first, of all
Kings of the wildwood!*

*Over the earth and seas
Here we are come at last.
Weary with wanderings,
Down at your feet to fall;
Here, by your mountain springs,
Silent and all alone,
Through the long ages past,
High on your granite throne
Ye stood in your glory.*

*Mighty ye grew in girth,
Brother by brother
Bending your mighty knees
Down to the lap of earth,
While the great mother
Still to your listening ears
Whispered her story,
Tales of our wandering years,
Tales of our childhood.*

*Ye guardians who treasure
The gracious gift of rain,
And still pour forth again,
Age after age, and year on year
In bounteous measure,
Your everlasting fountains!*

*Up to these mountains,—
Where evermore you stand,
Great sentinels
O'er all this virgin land,
Guarding your sacred wells,—
We come, to drink of these.*

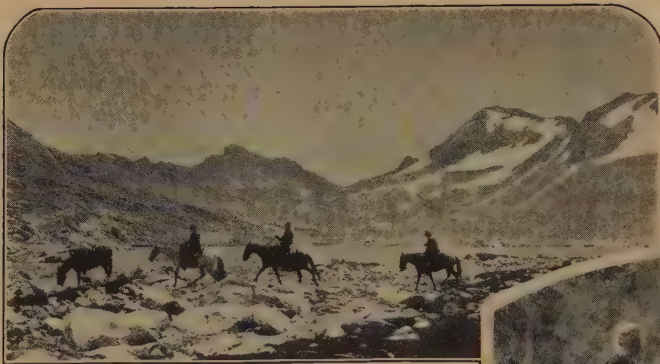


COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

A scene from "Ersa of the Red Trees" by Dan Totheroh and Garnet Holme, given at the Giant Forest in the Sequoia National Park. Each year out-door plays are given by Mr. Holme in various sections of California to perpetuate the legends and folk-lore amidst the magnificent settings of the giant trees, the desert canyons and the mountain solitudes.

*MAY GOD preserve these Redwoods to our land,
The splendid symbols of His great design,
Which to this western coast alone are left!
Sacred they are, born in some distant past,
Too far away for men to rightly know.
The oldest living thing that breathes his soul;
A link between the Father and His sons.
Great wars are waged, treaties are made and broke:
An hundred generations live and die:
Religions come to life, then fade away,
Yet strong and straight these giant Redwoods grow.
The soul of man walks groping thru all time,
Seeking to know the truth of life and death,
While these great trees in tireless majesty
Proclaim the message of Almighty God:
Stand firm! Grow straight! Forever keep your gaze
Fixt on the stars, where our great Maker dwells.*

—From Ersa of the Red Trees.



JOHN MUIR PASS

Named for John Muir, one of our foremost writers on nature—an interpreter and lover of mountain scenery.



PHOTOS. R. D. SMITH

James H. Ferris, well known naturalist, Mrs. Ferris and packer.

Mt. Whitney, near Sequoia National Park, California.



SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Mountain ponies know their work as trained business men.

PROPOSED ROOSEVELT-SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK

BY ROBERT STERLING YARD

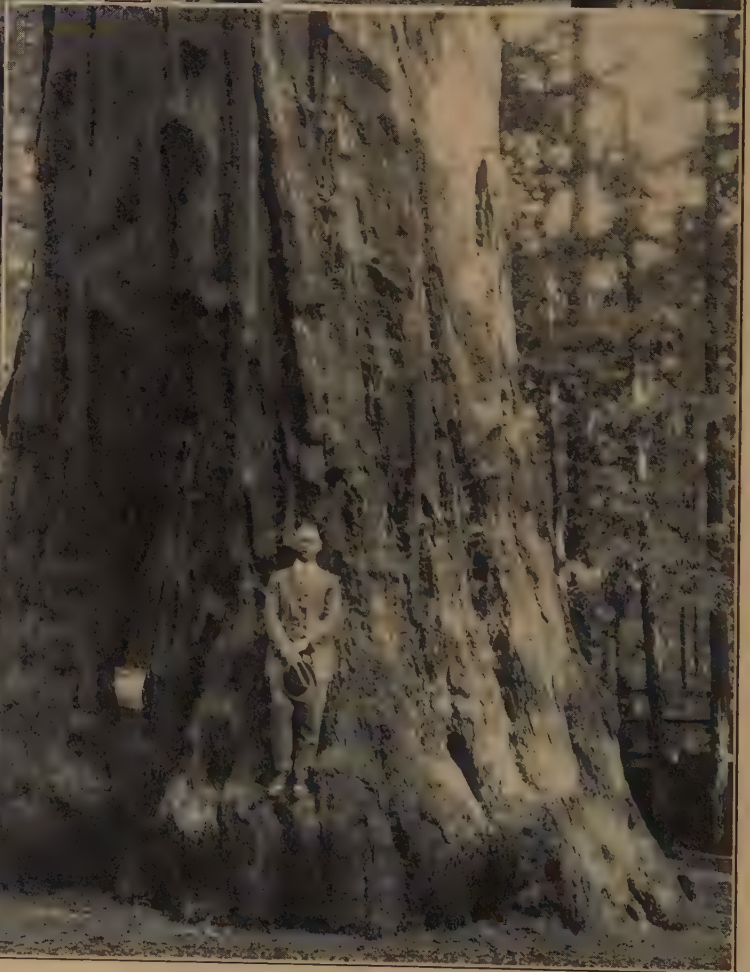
The Sequoia National Park is a part of a proposed much larger reservation to be entitled the Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park. Successive bills have been before Congress during the last ten years, and some day it will be created. The plan is to add areas north of the existing Sequoia National Park and eastward to the crest of the Sierra, to include, there, the loftiest summit in the United States, which is Mount Whitney, 14,501 feet in altitude.



PHOTO GILBERT GROSVENOR

Stephen Mather and Emerson Hough. Top Mount Whitney.

This national park will easily become that of the most stupendous scenic features, except only the Grand Canyon, in the United States. It will duplicate Yosemite in geologic and forest features (except for



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

REDWOODS NEAR SANTA CRUZ

Despite the vast age of the sequoia today, it is the embodiment of serene vigor. "No description," says Muir, "can give any adequate idea of its majesty, much less of its beauty. Poised in the fullness of strength and beauty, stern and solemn in mien, it glows with eager enthusiastic life to the tip of every leaf and branch and far-reaching root, calm as a granite dome, the first to feel the touch of the rosy beams of morning, the last to bid the sun good night."

the Yosemite Valley), which however it will show on a far greater scale of magnificence. It will also contain the only two granite canyons which may be classed with the Yosemite Valley, namely the Tehipite Valley and the Kings River Canyon. The Tehipite Valley, while lacking the supreme quality of beauty possessed by the Yosemite Valley, is far greater in ruggedness and grandeur, and carries through it the North Fork of the Kings River, a stream which far surpasses the Merced in size and turbulence. It is one of the greatest canyons in the whole world of scenery. The Kings River Canyon,



Kings River Canyon. Yosemite district.

carrying the Middle Fork of the Kings River, is also extraordinarily fine in its scenic exhibit. The three together stand easily at the head of all canyons of their kind.

Above the canyon levels and the Main Forest Zone, rises the High Sierra in its sublimest revelations. Here is the high-altitude playground of the future.

Before we leave the Sierra, we must distinguish the Giant Sequoia of the altitudes from its first cousin, the Coast Redwood of the lower levels on and near the Pacific shores of California. Both are, strictly speaking, sequoias. The "Big Tree" of the Sierra altitudes is scientifically the *Sequoia Gigantea*. The taller but slenderer "Big Tree" of the coast is scientifically the *Sequoia Sempervirens*. Both, also, are redwoods, each lifting skyward columns colored a deep red which acquires with age a purplish hue.

By common consent, the Big Trees of the higher altitudes are known as Sequoias, and those of the coast as Redwoods. It is important to observe this distinction.

Both the sequoias and the redwoods group into forests, but the characteristics of these forests differ widely not only because of the marked differences between the kind of Big Trees, themselves, but because they lie in far different life zones, and their companion trees, shrubs, vines and flowers altogether differ.

The sequoia rarely attains three hundred feet in height. The redwood frequently exceeds that, sometimes reaching three hundred and fifty feet. But the sequoia's trunk is very much thicker and heavier than the redwood's. Constantly on the Sierra's slopes we find sequoias from twelve to twenty-five or more feet in trunk diameter while redwoods rarely exceed twelve feet. The sequoia is more sparingly scattered through its forest; the redwood grows in close stands.

We have sequoias in three national parks, Yosemite, Sequoia and General Grant, but so far there is only one national reservation of redwoods, namely the Muir Woods National Monument near San Francisco. A "Redwoods National Park" will probably be one of the results of the campaign that is being conducted vigorously all over the country by the Save the Redwoods League of Berkeley, California, which so far has secured \$300,000 from the California legislature and as much more from private subscriptions to save from the axe sample groves of these famous trees.

The coast forests are disappearing fast. Redwood lumber is commercially valuable for building, interior decorating and many other purposes. Sequoia lumber on the contrary is sold on the market as inferior redwood; it is chiefly valuable for grapesticks.

Imagine felling a majestic sequoia three thousand years old and twenty feet in diameter to cut into lengths for tying up young grape

vines! Unknown thousands of acres of privately owned sequoia groves were cut in the Sierra before public sentiment called a halt. Government-owned groves, whether in National Parks or National Forests, have never been lumbered and never will be, but groves still remain in private possession.

For many years the Bohemian Club of California has held in redwood groves annual "Revels" which have become famous throughout the world. Suggested doubtless by these, the National Park Service began in 1924 a series of symbolic plays under the sequoias of the Giant Forest which may become a yearly feature as widely known.

THE KING OF TREES

It is the Sequoia of the higher altitudes that is the King of Trees. No tree the world over approaches him in dignity, in calm majesty. The magnificent pillar of his glowing trunk rises far above the foliage ceiling of the surrounding forest. His broad arms, thick as the trunks of neighbor trees, bend at right angles, then point upward at the sky. His great crown of foliage, alone of all the conifers, is rounded on top, and lifts far above the forest roof. Giant pines and firs around him are as saplings. Unconsciously, you lift your hat in reverence before him.

I know of no experience so enthralling as a silent hour in the Giant Forest.



The State Capitol, California, stands among trees and shrubs from countries far and near.



COURTESY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



South of Sacramento—acres of trees laden with bloom in the spring; and Antelope Valley, desert partly under cultivation.



The Pebble Beach course at Del Monte, California, gives the golfer many unusual lies; the picturesque scene opposite shows one of the sporty second shots.





Santa Barbara Mission. Established in 1786. It is the largest and best preserved of all the California missions, with a resident company of thirty priests and lay-brothers within its walls. It is open to the public and contains a historical collection of priceless value.

ATCH., TOPEKA AND SANTA FE

San Juan Capistrano Mission, one of many in Southern California, is seen on the way to San Diego. It was due to the establishing of these missions that the Southland was settled.



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

STORY OF THE MISSIONS

BY C. A. HIGGINS

In the middle of the eighteenth century the Spanish throne, desiring to encourage colonization of its territory of Upper California, then unpeopled save by native Indian tribes, entered into an arrangement with the Order of St. Francis to establish missions in the new country which were to be the nuclei of future settlements to which Spanish subjects were encouraged to emigrate.

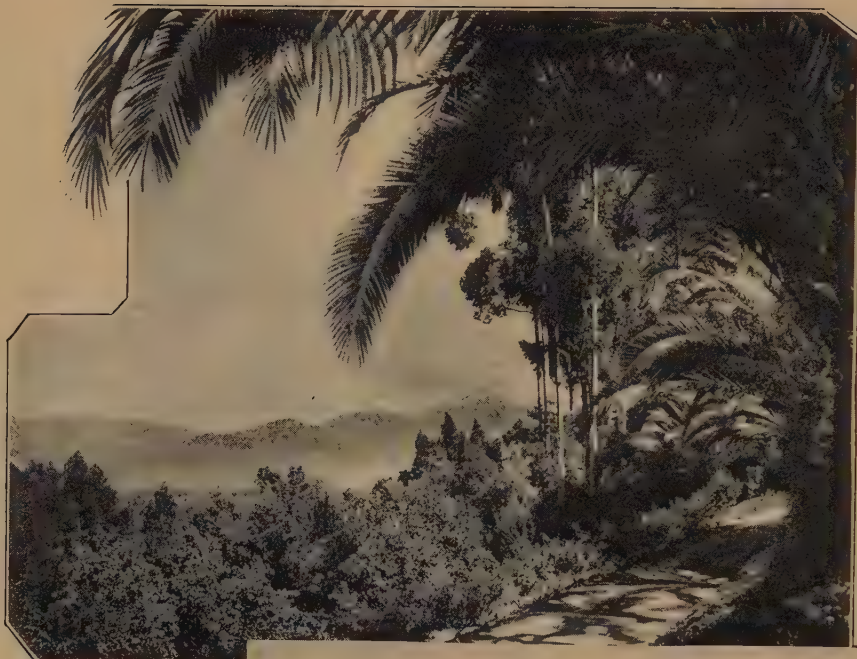
By the terms of that arrangement the Franciscans were to possess the mission properties and their revenues for ten years, which was deemed a sufficient period in which to fairly establish the colonies, when the entire property was to revert to the Spanish government. The Franciscans were left in undisputed possession for more than half a century.

The monk chosen to take charge of the undertaking was Junipero Serra. In the early summer of 1769 he entered the bay of San Diego 227 years after Cabrillo had discovered it for Spain. Within two months Serra had founded a mission near the mouth of the San Diego River, which five years after was relocated some six miles up the valley. From that time one mission after another was founded, twenty-one in all, from San Diego along the coast as far north as San Francisco. The most important of these were built of stone and a hard burnt brick. The labor of their construction was appalling. Brick had to be burnt, stone quarried and dressed, and huge rafters brought on men's shoulders from mountain forests, sometimes leagues away, over trackless hills.

The Indians performed nearly all of this labor, under the direction of the fathers. These Indians were tractable, as a rule. They were the bondsmen of the padres, whose aim was to convert them to Christianity and civilization. Many thousands gathered around the missions, their daughters becoming neophytes in the convents, and the others contributing their labor to the industries of agriculture, cattle raising, and a variety of manufactures.

There were, after the primitive fashion of the time, woolen-mills, wood-working and blacksmith shops, and such other manufactories as were then practicable.

The mission properties soon became enormously valuable, their yearly revenues sometimes amounting to \$2,000,000. The exporta-



Palms and snow capped mountains are features of southern California's landscape

COURTESY ATCH. TOPEKA & SANTA FE R.R.



COURTESY INTER. MER. MARINE

Avalon, the beautiful bay of Santa Catalina Island in the Pacific Ocean, reveals the mysteries of the growth of the ocean's floor.



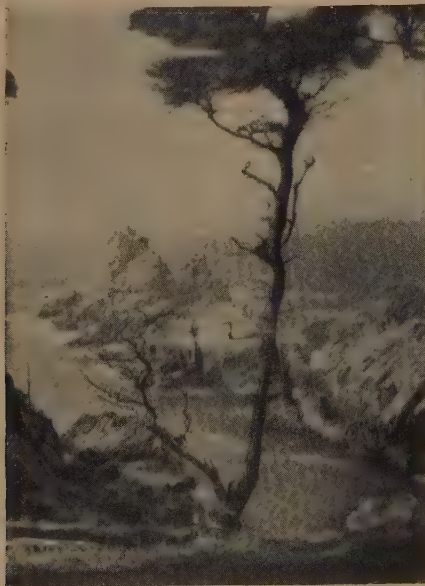
COURTESY ROCK ISLAND LINES

Balboa Park, San Diego

tion of hides was one of the most important items, and merchant vessels from our own Atlantic seaboard, from England and from Spain, sailed to the California coast for cargoes of that commodity. Dana's romantic and universally read "Two Years Before the Mast" is the record of such a voyage.

There were four presidios for the military guard of the missions, located at San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey and San Francisco.

The padres invariably selected a site favorable for defense, on the slopes of the most fertile valleys, and convenient to running water. If there was ever an Arcadia it was surely there and then. Oranges, olives, figs, dates, bananas, and every other variety of temperate and sub-tropical fruit which had been introduced by the Spaniards, ripened in a sun whose ardency was tempered by the dryness of the air into an equability like that of June.

PHOTO EDSON*Monterey, California.*

At the foot of each valley, between the mountain slopes, and never more than a few miles away, the waters of the Pacific rocked placidly in the sunlight. In such a scene Spaniard and Indian plied their peaceful vocations, while over and around them lay an atmosphere of sacredness which even to this day clings to the broken arches and crumbling walls. Over these peaceful valleys a veritable angelus rang. The mellow bells of the mission churches summoned

*From her perch on one of
San Francisco's hills, this
girl looks over the city
upon the ships that pass
through the Golden Gate.*

CALIFORNIANS, INC.



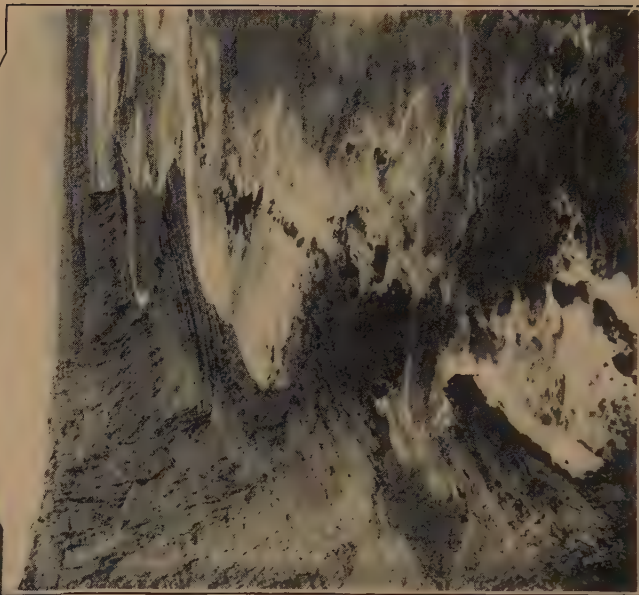
*Point Conception—where
the surf works in among
the rocks in broad lacy
patterns.*



PAN-PACIFIC S. S. CO.

DOWN AND UP THE LONG HILLS TO THE BAY

*So lovely are the long lanes winding down
To meet the docks along the water's edge;
The tea ships from Japan and far Ceylon;
The red-wood schooners down from Washington;
The iron tramps that hobo up the line*



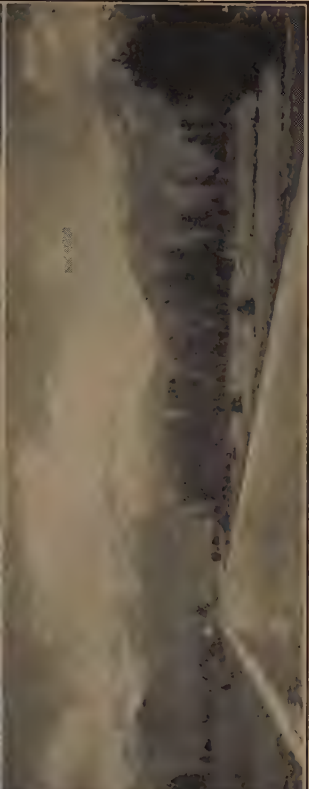
*For pine of Oregon or wheat for Spain;
And all the odors of the spicy East
Steal through the streets to lure us out again,
For up and down the long hills to the bay
God's wanderlust is bred in gray sea-spawn.*

CHARLES FARWELL EDSON



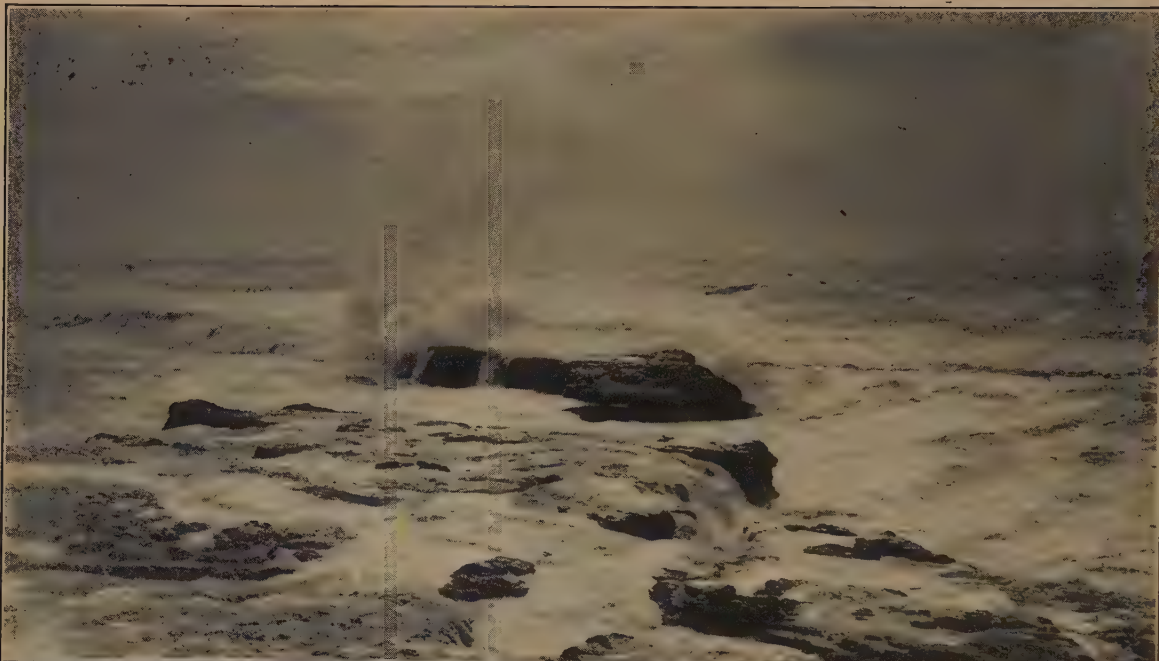
Sun and dews that kiss it,
 Balmy winds that blow
 The stars in clustered diadems
 Upon its peaks of snow;

UPPER LEFT, SANTA BARBARA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



The mighty mountains o'er it,
 Below, the white seas swirled—
 Just California stretching down
 The middle of the world—JOHN C. MCGROARTY

PHOTOS, PASADENA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

SCENES FROM CLIFF DRIVE SANTA CRUZ

Low Tide on the Californian Coast when the white sea foam is drawn as a veil over the face of the rock. The restless waves and frowning clouds meet at the ocean's rim.

dusky hordes to ceremonial devotion. Want and strife were unknown. Prosperity and brotherly love ruled as never before.

It is true they had their trials, such as the dreaded *temblor* that upset the high tower of the Mission San Juan Capistrano and sent it crashing down upon the congregation below. Those, too, were lawless times upon the main. Pirates, cruising the South Seas in quest of booty, hovered about the California coast, and then the mission men stood to their arms, while the women and children fled to the interior canyons with their portable treasures. And there were bickerings of a political nature, and struggles for place, after the rule of Mexico had succeeded to that of Spain.

The end of the Franciscan dynasty came suddenly with the secularization of the mission property by the Mexican government. Sadly the fathers forsook the scene of their long labors, and silently most of the Indians melted away into the wilderness. The churches are now, for the most part, only fragmentary reminders of a time whose like the world will never know again. Save only three or four, preserved by reverent hands, where modern worshipers still kneel and recite their orisons, the venerable ruins are forsaken by all except the tourist and the antiquarian, and their bells are silent forever. But so long as one stone remains upon another, and a single arch of the missions still stands, an atmosphere of consecration will abide there, something that does not come from mountain, or vale, or sea, or sky; the spirit of consecration, it may be. But if it is only the aroma of romantic associations, the suggestion of a peculiar phase of earnest and simple human life and quaint environment that is forever past, the mission-ruins must remain among the most interesting monuments in all our varied land, in common with those of southwest Texas and the old Spanish churches of New Mexico.

San Diego, the oldest; San Luis Rey, the most poetically environed; San Juan Capistrano, of most tragic memory; San Gabriel, the most imposing, and Santa Barbara, the most perfectly preserved, will suffice the casual sightseer. These also lie comparatively near together and are all easily accessible.

Reluctantly will the visitor tear himself from the encompassing charm of their roofless arches and reminiscent shadows. They are a dream of the Old World; one of the few things that have been spared by a relentless past, whose habit is to sweep the things of yesterday into oblivion. Almost can one hear the echoes of their sweet bells ringing out to heathen thousands the sunset and the dawn!



COURTESY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

LIGHTHOUSE POINT, SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA

*It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth is bounded,
Circling all Nature, hush'd, and dim, and still.*

*With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.*



Golden Gate and Coast Range Mountains. Sausalito

A CALIFORNIA SUNSET

BY W. H. BAINBRIDGE

*In the Ocean of Peace, there the world seems to end,
As the sun sinks to rest 'neath a glorious blend
Of bright crimson and gold, rising high in the sky,
And the clouds are repeating his loving "Good-bye".*

*When the roseate lights change from purple to grey,
In the valley, the dark shades of night close the day;
But far up the mountainside, silently creeping,
The shadows have not yet won all in their keeping.*

*From the valley the sun is no longer in sight,
Though his rays still are flooding the mountain with light,
In their slow upward climb, to the pure virgin snow,
There his last ardent kiss makes her red blushes glow.*

*Still pursuing the day the swift horsemen of night
Follow close on the flanks of the chariots of light;
Through the ether of space twinkling stars shyly peep
On a dream shadowland in the beauty of sleep!*



CALIFORNIANS, INC.

MT. LASSEN

Mt. Lassen—200 miles north of San Francisco—is the only active volcano in continental United States.

LASSEN VOLCANIC NATIONAL PARK

BY ROBERT STERLING YARD

In the northern part of California, the southern end of the volcanic Cascade Range somewhat overlaps the northern end of the granite Sierra.

Here rises Lassen Peak, the only volcano within the borders of the United States which geologists classify as active. It rises to an altitude of 10,437 feet. Close by, Cinder Cone, a volcanic specimen of unusual beauty, rises 6,907 feet. In 1906, because these possessed value as scientific examples, President Taft created them National Monuments.

Doubtless there would have been no change in the status of these reservations had not Lassen Peak, in 1914, broken its sleep of two hundred years by a series of consecutive eruptions, covering nineteen months. This centered the attention of Congress upon it, and in 1916 both were included in the Lassen Volcanic National Park. Four months later, after its two hundred and twelfth eruption, Lassen Peak ceased activity. Six or seven years later it resumed briefly.

These eruptions, none of which produced any considerable lava flow, are regarded as probably the dying gasps of the volcanic energy of the Cascades.

As a national park Lassen has many charms besides its recent volcanic phenomena, which are easily accessible and much studied. Its western and southern slopes are thickly forested and possess fine lakes and streams. There are hot springs within its southern border which have local popularity as baths. Its lake and stream fishing are excellent. It encloses a hundred and twenty-four square miles.



ATCH, TOPEKA & SANTA FE

Ocean yacht race and "kiddies" at play—Hotel del Coronado, one of southern California's well-known resorts.

DESERT SUNRISE

By ROSE HENDERSON

*The first harsh chitter of rock wrens, faint and high,
Piercing the silence. Then paling stars
In the wrapt, wan waste of the sky.
And sudden silvering bars
Where the dawn tints lie.
Rocks grow brown in the grayness, and cactus limbs
Blur out their fruity blossoms like clots of flame.
The mesas gather a tinge of gold on their jagged rims;
Only the sleeping canons cradle the same
Night wraith shadows that day dims.
Out of the vast, still sand the sun's edge dripts,
Widens and rounds, and into the vibrant earth
And over the bulked brown rocks the color shifts,
Orange and opal, a swift, imperial birth,
Gracing the homage the cowering desert lifts.*



Colorado Desert. Tahquitz Canyon. Mt. San Jacinto in background.

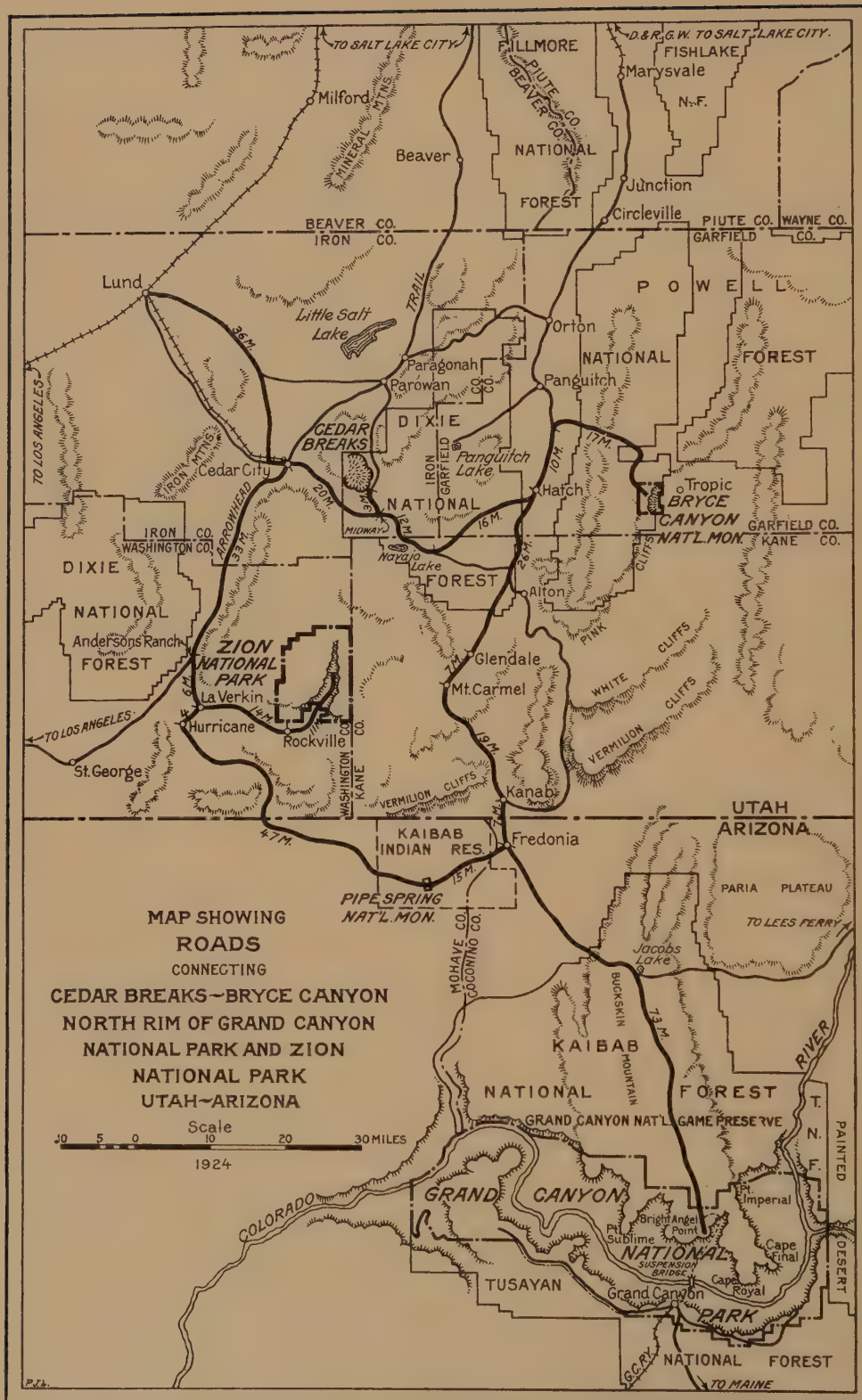
CRONIES

By BRUCE W. McDANIEL

*We're cronies, the desert wind and I,
Our home's from earth to clouds on high.*

*We've the song of the bird
The sheen of the Moon;
Soft shifting sands
Bees buzzing at noon;
Long purple shadows that
Dwindle, then grow;
Silence broken by voices low
As the desert's people, in rhythmic glee,
Whisper their secrets from God and me.*

Southwestern



Grand Canyon, Zion and Bryce

BY ROBERT STERLING YARD

THREE National Parks in our southwest must be considered together because of their origin in one common creative process. The Grand Canyon National Park of northern Arizona, Zion National Park of southern Utah, and famous Bryce Canyon represent three stages in a single geologic sequence which covers illimitable vistas of past time.

To find their common beginnings, we must imagine for a moment that remote period when the sea bottom, which has since become our southwestern states, first lifted from the ocean's depths so that the mud and sands which had accumulated on its basic archaean granite hardened into shales and sandstones. We must conceive it rising at a rate so deliberate that a man (had it been possible to live there then) could have noticed no difference in levels during a very long lifetime, and then subsiding as slowly until again it became the bottom of the sea. We must conceive it rising a second time with new accumulations of mud and sand, and again subsiding to become an ocean's floor.

And still again and again. Half a dozen times at least our southwest became in turn a lofty plateau and a sea's floor, and at each subsidence it acquired new deposits of mud, sand, gravel and ooze which became, in its following uplift, colored strata of the rocks known as shale, sandstone, conglomerate and limestone.

How many hundreds of millions of years were consumed in these preliminaries to the famous spectacles of today, science cannot tell. What concerns us here is its latest uplifting, which alone has progressed, no doubt, several million years and is still progressing. The surface of the enormous plateaus of Utah and Arizona might today be enormously higher in altitude, with its whole series of colored strata

The Rainbow Bridge, a National Monument of southern Utah, is one of the world's outstanding spectacles. In a desert oasis, amid flowering shrubs, aspens and willows, it throws its graceful arch across a stream. The design is so perfectly proportioned that it is difficult to believe it was not hand-carved and painted with pigments. The arch is dull-red splashed with yellow.

ATCH. TOPEKA AND SANTA FE



UNION PAC FIC



Cedar Breaks, Utah, twenty-three miles East of Cedar City, is on the Highway which enters the rugged gorge of Coal Creek. The slopes at this point are covered with fine forests of conifers and aspens. The walls assume impressive castellated forms that are especially striking.

complete, had not meantime the mighty forces of erosion been diligently cutting it down and returning its water-loosened sands, by way of the rivers, again to the sea. Southern California is largely composed of Arizona and Utah sands swept there by the muddy Colorado River.



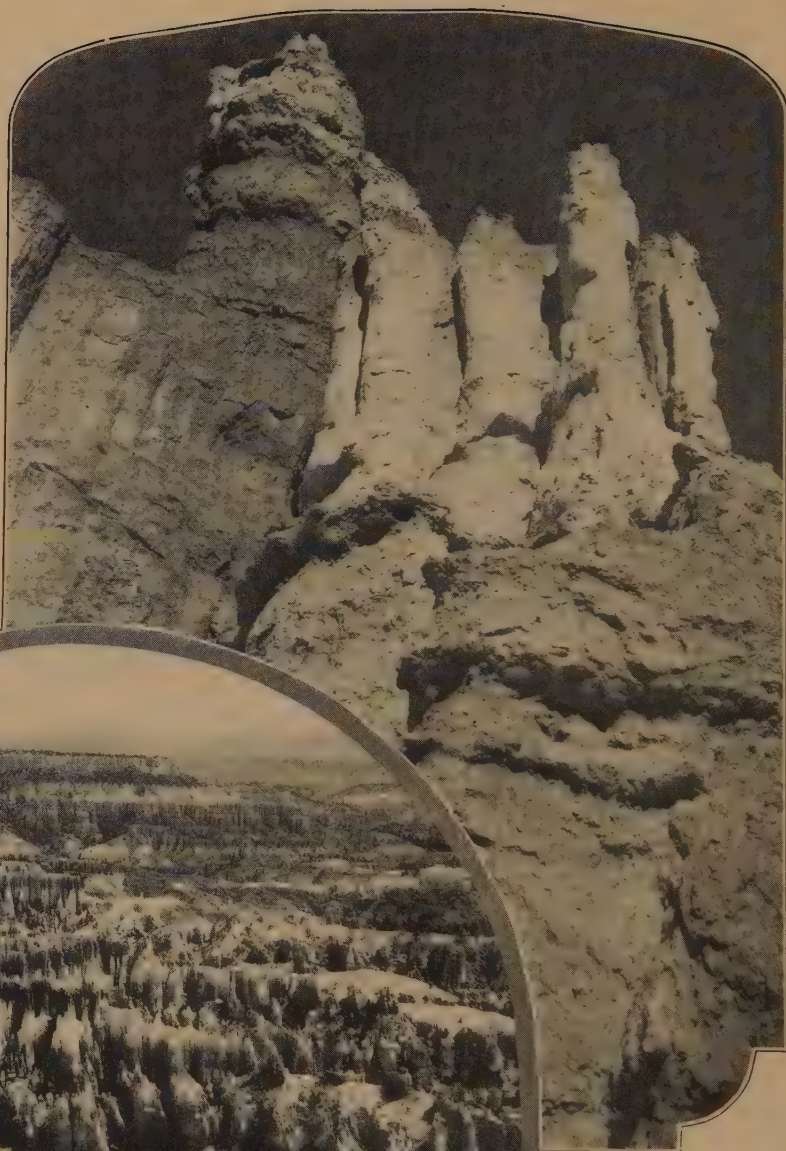
Alpine Scenic Highway and Mt. Timpanogos, Utah.

It is erosion, then, plowing into and wearing away these lofty variegated strata, that has given us these spectacles.

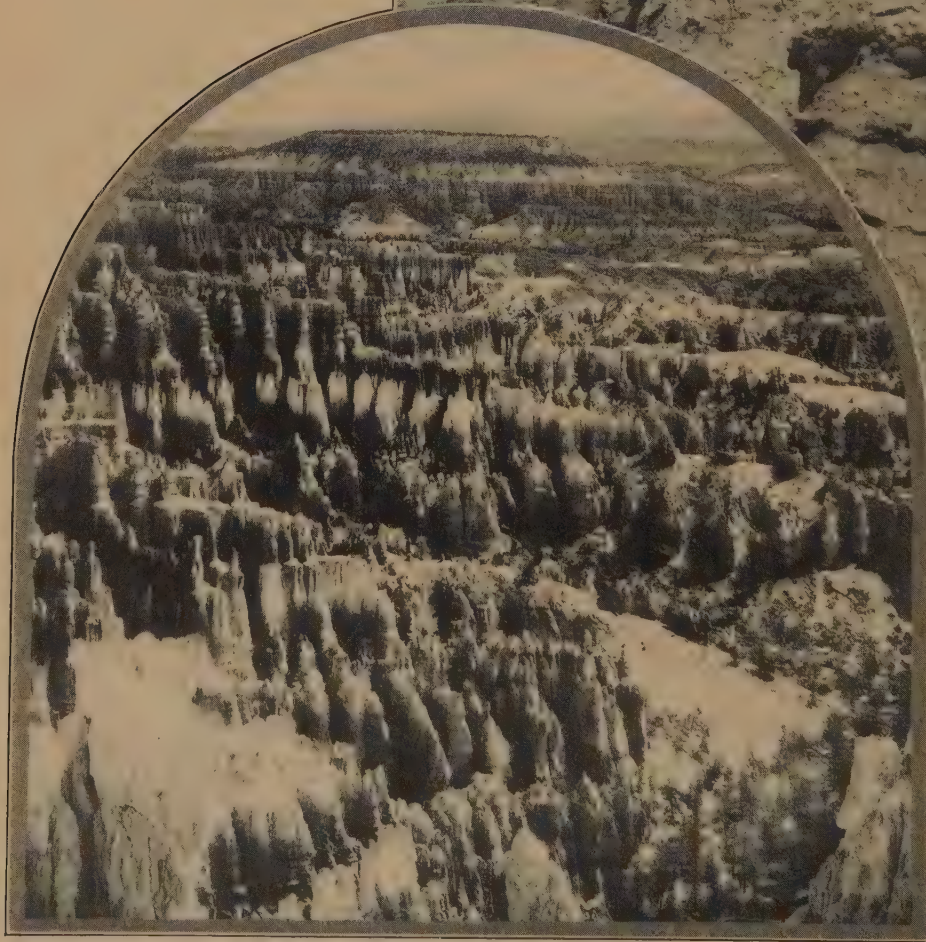
THE PLATEAU COUNTRY

Today, these sea-born strata, known collectively as the Plateau Country, drop in steps, or cliffs, from the top of the series in Utah

Bryce Canyon, Utah, with its gorgeous coloring. The weathering of many thousands of years has produced the basic tint. In many places broad irregular wall areas are shining black, passing insensibly into reds. In other places again, where the surface has scaled and fallen the coloring is intensely vivid.



UNION PACIFIC.



Wrapped in awe and deep in meditation the soul cries out that this truly is a wonder of God's creation.

to the desert plains below the Grand Canyon in Arizona; they are grouped in order, north to south, as the High Plateaus, the Terraced Plateaus, the Southern Plateau including the Grand Canyon, and the Colorado Plateau which is the low level crossed by the main line of the Santa Fe Railway.

At the top of the series, Bryce Canyon (soon to be known as Utah National Park) is a niche in the Pink Cliff. Descending the great terraced stairway several thousand feet, we come to the beautiful White Cliff overtopping the gorgeous Vermilion Cliff, where we find, dug down through both, a marvelously sculptured and colored canyon which is Zion National Park.

Recognizing the stratum just below the Zion canyon as the rim stratum of the Grand Canyon, we hie us there, take any one of the river trails, and descend six thousand feet more through other vividly colored strata to the foundation granite at the river's brink.

Nowhere else than in the Plateau Country, and with the help of these National Parks, are we privileged to pass and review the intelligible records of a hundred million years of the history of the earth's crust. A library of the ages, indeed! And bound in the most brilliant of colors.

Let us consider these eloquent National Parks in the order of their historical sequence, beginning at the top of the series.

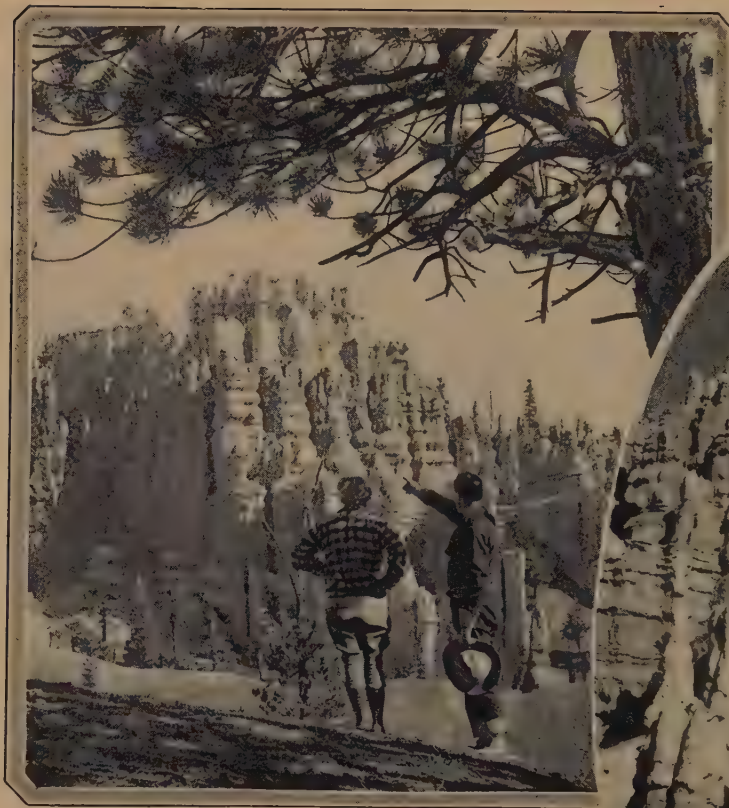
UTAH (BRYCE CANYON) NATIONAL PARK

Imagine a hundred thousand lofty, slender, brilliantly colored steeples ranked closely together within a couple of miles.

Let three geologists describe it:

President John A. Witsoe of the University of Utah: "It is a box canyon cut one thousand feet into the top of Paunsagunt Plateau. A wonderful variety of erosional forms are painted in every color, shade and tint of the spectrum, including reds, pinks, creams, tans, lavenders, purples, blues, greens, chocolates and whites. This unparalleled array constitutes perhaps the most gorgeous spectacle in the world."

Dr. Herbert E. Gregory of Yale University: "The brilliant colored cliffs and pinnacles are cut in Tertiary strata composed of limestones and calcareous sandstones, thin-bedded enough and variable enough to permit a bewildering variety of erosion forms. It is



UNION PACIFIC

Bryce Canyon, Utah, is an epic, written by Mother Nature in her most ecstatic humor, illustrated by Creation in its most majestic manifestations, published by God Almighty as an inspiration to all mankind.—Jack Lait

"As genius fashions a masterpiece from a few pigments, so nature has wrought here a work of extraordinary beauty. Color is of the richest quality and variety under nature's inspired handling, for we possess a work which is more than nature and more than art."

the Dakota Bad Lands on an enormous scale, painted to fit the pink and yellow colors of the Tertiary sediments of the plateau province."

Dutton wrote of the Pink Cliff, in which it is located: "The lightest (colored) member is frequently almost snow white with a band of strong orange yellow beneath it. But the great mass of color is a pale rosy pink. When the sun is low and sends his nearly level beams of reddish light against the towering fronts and mazes of the buttresses, alcoves and pinnacles, they seem to glow with a rare color; intensely rich and beautiful flesh-of-watermelon color is the nearest hue I can suggest."

ZION NATIONAL PARK

Imagine a canyon entered between two gigantic sandstone structures called the Temples of the Virgin, because architecturally they strongly suggest superbly proportioned and decorated cathedrals rising more than three thousand feet above the valley floor.

Imagine this canyon broadening to three quarters of a mile, lined with multi-shaped monoliths connected by pinnacled walls and penetrated by out-standing structures, all elaborately sculptured.

Imagine this canyon narrowing four miles westward and proceeding thereafter by alternate amphitheatres and winding passages for three miles further, where it merges into a narrow chasm filled from wall to wall by an entering river.

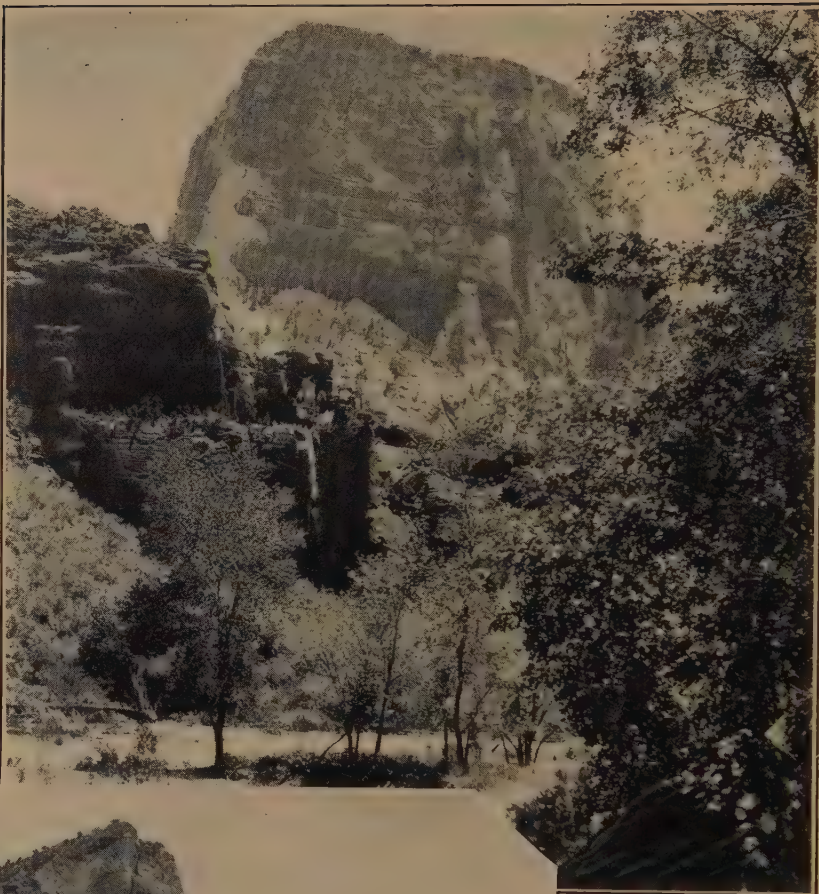
Imagine this canyon blood-red for two thousand feet from its floor up, and thereafter white to its summits and pinnacled rims.

Imagine a rapid little river winding over its floor of yellow sand amid a wealth of trees and desert growths of many pale and vivid greens.

That is the heart of Zion National Park, the Rainbow of the Desert. From this magic valley, trails zigzag to the rims on the White Cliffs from which are a thousand views extraordinary for their beauty and configuration.

In many respects Zion National Park is the most remarkable exhibit in our National Museum system. Immediately west of the plateau which encloses it is the famous Hurricane Fault, a lofty escarpment extending many miles. In some distant geologic period the land to the west subsided two thousand feet and is now an arid desert. The incoming traveler changing from train to motorbus at

Zion National Park makes two principal appeals: its extraordinary beauty of color and form and its record of the earth's history. This scenic wonderland of Southern Utah was added to national recreation centers in 1925. The Great White Throne, a dazzling white monolith rising out of a red rock frame.



UNION PACIFIC

Angel's Landing, whose crimson pyramid centers one of the striking panoramas of Zion Park.

Cedar City, skirts this for miles, then swings eastward up the glowing Valley of the Virgin River. It is sixty-five miles from train to National Park through an irrigated country of thrifty primitive Mormon farms, increasingly gorgeous so that it prepares the mind for the unaccustomed climax to come.

Nearly all attempts fail to reproduce in picture the coloring of the walls of Zion because colorists seldom allow for the softening effects of atmosphere. Yet the actual color, close-by, is literally that of fresh blood, from which it weathers through every darker shade often to black. These walls are gloriously beautiful. With distance, and in the sunlight they lighten often to faint pink. The White Cliff, which adjoins it above in a line of ruler-straightness, is often snow white, sometimes shading to faint buff. The greens of the valley floor range from the faintly tinted grays of sage bush to hues of great brilliancy. In the higher altitudes of the walls and summits these become replaced by the sombre greens of the conifers.

Midway of the canyon rises El Gobernador, one of the five great monoliths of the continent. The others, which are all granite and in the Sierra, are El Capitan and Half Dome of the Yosemite, Tehipite Dome of the Tehipite Valley, and the Grand Sentinel of the Kings River Canyon. El Gobernador is red two thirds up and then white. In proportions and majesty it holds its own with the best.

The rains and melting snows of early spring produce torrential falls from the rim which add for brief periods another and marvelous beauty to this charmed valley. But there are always waters trickling from various levels in the walls and gushing from springs below the surface. Therefore its Indian name, Mukuntuweap, meaning land of many waters.

ZION CANYON

By LYDIA I. SCOBEE

*Where Towers the Wasatch rugged peaks,
In grandeur to the sky,
There stands aloft, the Great White Throne,
With majesty on high,
While the Virgin River's languid flow,
Reflects its granite, white as snow.
From "Sacrificial Altar" prophetic crest,
Where thunders down the slide,
To the quiet valley at its feet,
Where peaceful waters glide,
Is borne on winds and sun the story
Of Zion's beauty and Zion's glory.
There's the "Angels Landing" at the foot of a peak,
Where the echoes of old all seem to speak
And tell of the legends weird and old,
Borne on the winds from a sunny shore,
To the mountains high, where eagles soar.
Lovely Zion!
May thy fame, thy might and glory,
Long be told in song and story,
From the peerless land of sunset,
To the mighty eastern sea,
From the north land to the southland,
Every land must know of thee.
Zion, the place of the wondrous sweep,
Of sky, of color and canyon deep,
In nature's tones her praises ring,
In nature's birds, her wonders sing,
Till every land shall know thy fame
And tell again of Utah's name.*



COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

MAP OF GRAND C



NATIONAL PARK

GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK

I have not the temerity to try to describe the indescribable.

Joaquin Miller found the Grand Canyon fearsome, full of glory, full of God. Charles Dudley Warner called it the most sublime of all spectacles. William Winter saw it a pageant of ghastly desolation, and fled. Hamlin Garland found its lines chaotic and disturbing, but its combinations of color and shadow entrancing. John Muir found it beautiful.

We may presume that all of these except Muir looked upon it without comprehension. I challenge any who see it with understanding eyes to find it anything else than gloriously and upliftingly beautiful. Even standing on its rim at night, its depths hidden from sight, it grips the soul.

The Grand Canyon National Park was created in February, 1919, thirty-three years after Benjamin Harrison, then Senator from Indiana, introduced the first bill to make it a national park. It contains 994 square miles, and encloses a hundred miles of the Colorado River, and a few miles of rim north and south of it—rim enough perhaps for national park development during the next few years, but not nearly enough to provide for the people who will visit the park when the world of travel discovers the diversity of its pleasures, the joy of exploring its depths, its extraordinary monuments, its diversified viewpoints and its altogether fascinating rim forests.

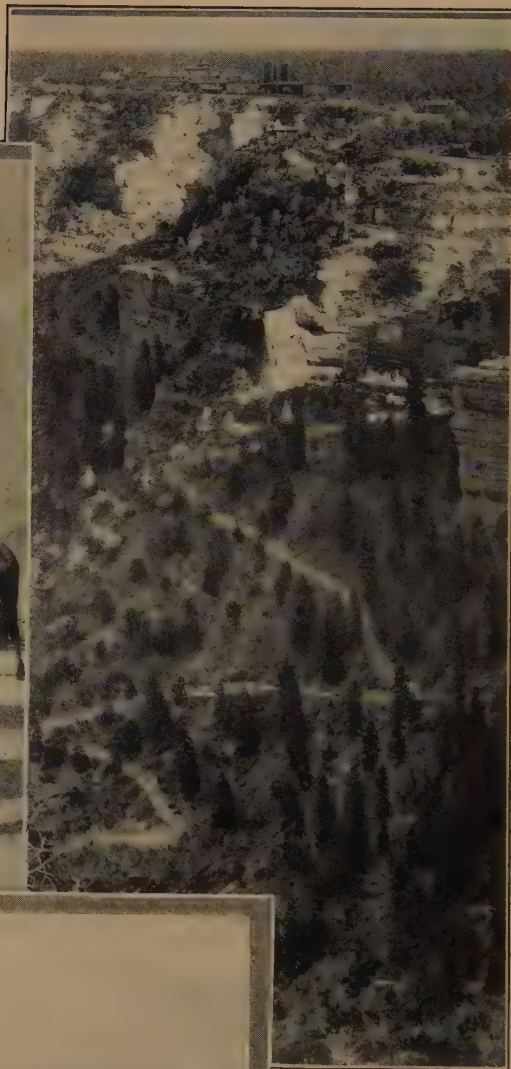
The Colorado River drains three hundred thousand square miles of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Arizona. It is formed in Utah by the confluence of the Green and the Grand Rivers. Including its greater confluent, the Greene, it makes a stream fifteen hundred miles long flowing through five hundred miles of consecutive deep canyons, of which the Grand Canyon is the deepest.

Flowing southward through the famous Marble Canyon, the Colorado swings sharply west into the Grand Canyon, where it cuts deeply into the basic granite. There are places where, from rim to rim, the Canyon is more than ten miles wide. In one place the river is six thousand feet below the rim.

No other National Park, no other area of the wide world, in fact, contains so wide and varied an exhibit. Its floral gamut reaches from the splendid spruce stands of the north rim, through the south rim's semi-arid forests of yellow pine, pinyon and juniper, down the rapid



ATCH, TOPEKA AND SANTA FE



*Words are futile
at the Grand Can-
yon for the voice
of the Infinite
alone is heard.*



*El Tovar Hotel and
a portion of Bright
Angel Trail.*

gradations of cliff and talus vegetation to the desert climax of the depths.

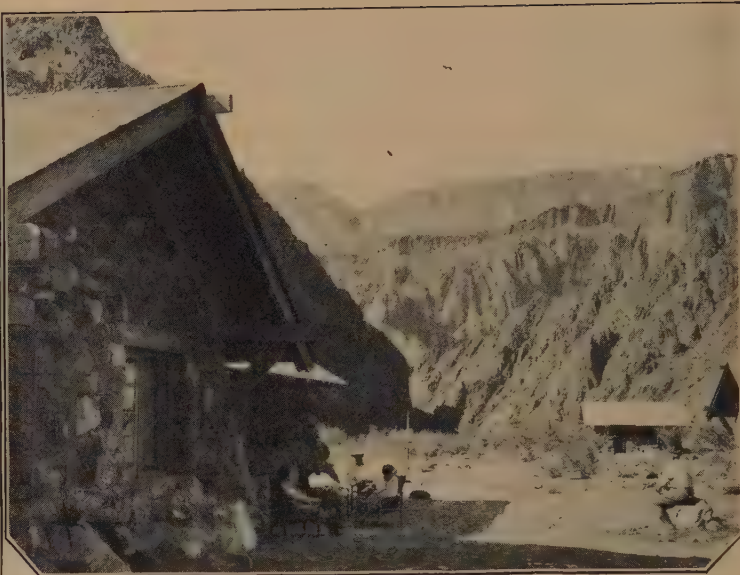
Scenically it is so vast and complicated that comparison fails. It is a mountain chain reversed. Were a positive to be cast in its enormous mold and set upright on the plateau, it would lift a mile in air a granite ridge a hundred miles in length. Imagine the bald summit of Longs Peak elongated two hundred serpentine unbroken miles ! Reverse that conception, paint its depths tints no man ever saw elsewhere, crowd the gulf with monstrous ornate temples, the smallest ten thousand times as great as man's greatest, and at least we have a faint expression of the spectacle which so many have visited and so few have really seen.

A SPECTACLE IN DETAIL

Standing on the rim, we see in the walls of the innumerable templed edifices rising from its depths, and in the mighty wall which supports the opposite rim, the strata outlined in contrasting colors which measure the progress of creation.

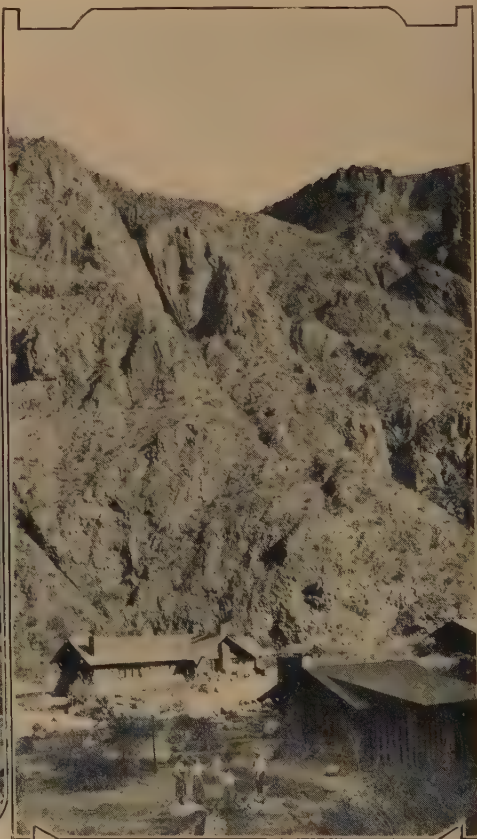
The top stratum is of gray limestone, called the Kaibab. Next below is one of yellow sandstone called the Coconino. Next below is a deep series of vivid red sandstone, slate and shale strata called collectively the Supai formation. Next below thrusts out everywhere a deep, squared obtrusive shelf of limestone known as the Redwall, but it is really light blue, its red being stain from the soft Supai above it. Next below, a broad shallow sloping mass of green shale, called the Tonto, spreads and broadens into the Canyon's enormous floor. Winding in immense curves from side to side of the canyon, cutting deeply into the Tonto, the Granite Gorge carries the river in its depths sometimes two thousand feet below. The names of the strata are without special significance, designations in the local Indian tongue. These are the elements of the spectacle.

Early in the morning, with the sunlight lengthwise of the canyon from the east, there is a wealth of shadow and detail. Promontories shoot from the opposite walls miles into the chasm. Gigantic pagodas and pyramids, vividly colored, rise in superb relief, backed by heavy shadows. In places, the Granite Gorge is black as midnight; here and there the river appearing in its depths shines brilliantly.



The Phantom Ranch house and bungalows are in an unusual setting of rock in the Grand Canyon. Nearby is the beautiful Ribbon Falls.

ATCH, TOPEKA AND SANTA FE



As the sun shifts, the shadows shift, the temples move this way and that, promontories from the other side draw back and others push into the open. It is an astonishing mystifying, gorgeously beautiful motion-picture.

Noon, with the sun overhead, flattens the entire canyon into a vast trench. The towering temples shrink back and merge into the rim. Promontories disappear. For several hours of mid-day, the opposite wall appears flat, but the strata do not match and the spectacle mystifies.

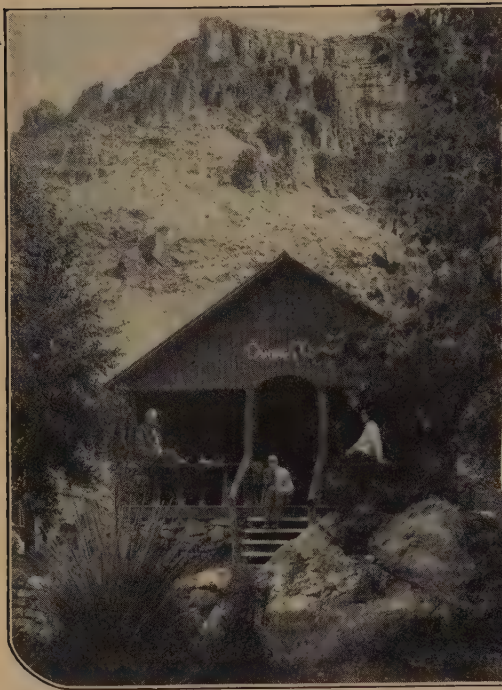
But late in the afternoon the sun, now shining from the west, again turns magician. Miracles are accomplished. Out from the blazing wall march vast palaces. Pyramids again spring from the depths. Promontories unsuspected emerge. Undreamed of gulfs appear. And sunset produces a spectacle beyond the power of pen to suggest.

Many days may be spent profitably on the rim, and there is a world of extraordinary experience below on the Canyon's green Tonto floor. Of the three trails down, the Hermit Trail is by far the most beautiful. Go down by that or the new Yaki Point Trail, and return by the Bright Angel Trail. There are two admirable camps on the Canyon floor, one at the foot of the Hermit Trail and the other across the new suspension bridge at the mouth of Bright Angel Creek.

You have not seen the Grand Canyon until you know it from the Tonto trails.

The north rim of the canyon is a thousand feet higher than the south rim, where we now stand. That is because the strata slant somewhat toward the South. Being higher, the yellow pines of the south rim are replaced on the north rim by spruce. There lies the Kaibab Forest which harbors one of the nation's largest populations of deer. One can pass by trail between rims, staying over night at the Phantom Ranch near the river's edge. The alternative is a trip by rail or motor hundreds of miles around the canyon by way of the Mojave Desert.

Let me advise prospective Grand Canyon visitors. Get a map and study it a little in advance, as you would London or Paris, so that you may get your bearings quickly, and know what to look for. Allow a minimum of two full days, one for the rim and one for the descent; but three days will be worth twice as much and four days ten times as much. Make it a full week if you can. What you get out of it, to use the expression, is up to you.



From the Tonto Trail, colorful gorges and monstrous temples of the depths are seen.

Hermit Camp, Grand Canyon. Purple walls drop perpendicularly into the swirling waters of Granite Gorge, where canyon enters canyon.



ATCH, TOPEKA AND SANTA FE

Rapids at the foot of Hermit Trail and Bright Angel Trail Creek.

An Appreciation of Grand Canyon

By ZANE GREY

TO see the Grand Canyon full of purple smoke at dawn or sublimely fired at sunset, is to be elevated in soul. To see the red rocks; the alkali flats like snow; the sand dunes so graceful and curved; the long cedar slopes, speckled green and gray, leading up to the bold peaks; the vast black belts of timber; the Navajo facing the sunrise with his silent prayer, the Hopi in his alfalfa fields, or the Apache along the historical Apache trail; the coyote sneaking through the arroyos; the lonely cliff dwellings with their monuments of a vanished race; the endless slopes of sage, green and gray and purple on the heights; the natural stone bridges and the petrified forests—and a thousand more beautiful sights—that is to see Arizona and New Mexico.

The smell of cedar smoke, like burning leaves in autumn; the smell of the desert, dry and clean and somehow new; the smell of the sand and dust, especially after a rain; the tandy odor of the great plateaus of cedar and juniper when your nostrils seem glued as with pitch; and the sweet fragrance of the pine forests, and the indescribable and exhilarating perfume of the purple sage—to know these is to learn the purity of atmosphere never breathed in populous places. To feel the wind in your face; to ride in the teeth of sand storm and flying dust and furious squall; to feel the cold of dawn nip your ears and the heat of noon burn your back; to hear the thunder of the Colorado and the roar of mountain streams, and the rustle of sand through the sage, and the moan of the night breeze in the spruce, the mourn of the wolf and the whistle of the stag; to feel the silence and loneliness of the desert—all this is to grow young again. And to taste the air, water, and meat of the open is to go back hundreds of years, when man was savage and free.



The Grand Canyon of Arizona.

THE CHANT OF THE COLORADO

(At the Grand Canyon)

By CALE YOUNG RICE

*My brother, man, shapes him a plan
And builds him a house in a day,
But I have toiled through a million years
For a home to last alway
I have flooded the sands and washed them down.
I have cut through gneiss and granite.
No toiler of earth has wrought as I
Since God's first breath began it.
High mountain-butter I have chiselled to shade
My wanderings to the sea.
With the wind's aid and the cloud's aid
Unweary and mighty and unafraid
I have bodied eternity.*

RITO DO LOS FRIJOLES

BY JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD

*The Spaniards called it the Pajarito because they saw there
Greater colonies of swallows' nests in taller mud banks,
Where caves star the cliffs and the canyons linger like an echo,
Like the sound of dry waters that run below these last year's nests of stone.
The winds first sang here, dancing on rock pools and dizzy ledges,
They ground grit in rock crevices in airy whirlpools.
The caves grew and remained till men found and fashioned them.
There was a sound of chipping of stone on stone, and of fragments falling.
There was a sound of felling of trees with stone axes.
There was a hoisting of vigas home and a building of balconies.
The women ground corn in querns and sang to the grinding,
They made sandals of cactus fibre and wove baskets of reeds and grasses.
The hunters brought deer meat home and the old men dried it.
Boys stoned rabbits, girls made warm robes from furry skins sewed fast
with sinews.
Men found eagle's feathers that they traded for turquoise and obsidian for
arrow heads.
They made their first black pots from snakes of clay coiled outward and
upwards.
They harnessed the river with trenches, they stabbed the earth and pitted
it with seed corn.
They made ladders of tree trunks that leaned and led to their great high
cave of ceremony,
With its rock half dome that shadowed the stone kiva they built there,
Round and barely above ground like a bird's nest till they covered it
Lest any should lightly see their threshold to the underworld,
Sunk in the center of the floor, that spirits like serpents come crawling
through.
They were a primitive people, closer than today to their origins,
Their racial memories reached to days when the first birds were flying
snakes with scales, and men fought them with flints and sling stones.
They pictured birds on their pottery, they carved them on rocks and cliffs
in petroglyphs.*



ATCH. TOPEKA & SANTA FE

Prehistoric Communistic Ruins, Frijoles Canyon. City planning began in America five or six centuries ago. One of the highest developments of this civilization are the cliff dwellings of the Mesa Verde, Colorado.



Navajo Indians in their own artistic setting and street scene, Taos Indian Pueblo.

*They saw serpents in the windings of rivers and the twisting trails,
The Avanyu, the great-winged serpent, was the guardian of all springs
and water sources.*

*When he was angered they dried and men died, and his ways were past
determining.*

*They worshipped the eagles that fed on serpents before the Aztecs their
fathers revered them.*

*They were a bird-like people who fled from the tribes of the plains of
torment,*

*But steel and powder flew faster, and the swift horses of the Spaniards
rode at them.*

*On them Apaches and Navahoes, who had crawled like serpents stalking
them, were winds to winnow them.*

*They cut the trails to the fields, and the water trails and the hunting trails.
Meanwhile the Avanyu was angered, and the waters died, and the people
died.*

*For they had no wings like the birds who flew to new nests and full of
drinking pools.*

The sky was blue above them, cloudless, rainless, merciless.

The rocks were as hard as before and as gray with no hope or help in them.

The sun was as bright as before, and it burned and tortured them.

*The snow was as white when it fell like one breath of cool air on the fire
of their fever and hunger.*

*The wind was as free as before on wild nights when it hooted and yelled
at them.*

*The birds were free as before, their song was as sweet as before and rarer
and dearer.*

*Song was as sweet as before, and sweeter with hunger of breaking hearts
in it.*

*And the last lovers clasped lean hands and lips, and the last old women
wailed for the last child of the tribe and the ending of all things.*

*The last water went with the last echo of its falling, the last fire fell with
the last eye that looked on it.*

*And the serpents of shadow silently stole into the place and possessed it;
Till the white man came at last and cleared out the drift-filled caves, and
filled the empty city with his dreams of it.*



Tesugue Indian Deer and Eagle Dances, Pueblo.

ATCH. TOPEKA & SANTA FE



*Restoring a house
of the Sun Clan,
Frijoles Canyon,
New Mexico.*

A FOREST GONE TO BED

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Of all the Southwestern Wonderland—the most concentrated area on earth of earth's greatest natural marvels—the Petrified Forest is the most puzzling. One guess may be as good as another. The greatest geologists, the greatest botanists, have bumped their inclusive heads against it in vain. It is the Prime Mystery of geology—the hardest nut, and the hardest wood, in the world.

These vast logs are not huddled nor crisscrossed, as of a freshet or a jam, but fallen orderly as God gave them to grow. They are where they grew—but half a mile or so lower, with the under waste of the earth-tissues that gave them root.

Conceive a woodland beside which the tallest groves of Maine or Tennessee would be underbrush. Mostly conifers, but with some willows, cottonwoods or other equivalent deciduous trees.

This forest comes to prime—at least, we have trees of it which stood 240 feet in height, measured “for keeps” in eternal stone.

Something lays this forest low—“maybe a cyclone, maybe a freshet, maybe a submergence.” We have no data beyond the fact of the recumbent giants. All that is sure is that they fell fair where they stood—and are there a few million years later. They have not drifted or shifted. Then subsidence—either under the immemorial ocean, or at least under the inland sea whose shores are still marked on the peaks and rims of the Mogollon Plateau—a little lake about 300 by 200 miles. It was unquestionably a warm sea. The hundreds of volcanic cones, the mineral springs, that still persist, show that here was a colossal pickling-plant.

Prostrated in full vigor by some resistless force—not a cyclone, or they would show the tangled windfall; not an avalanche of water, or they would be similarly huddled—these great trees laid them down orderly, their heads generally to the South. I can conceive of but one power that can have mowed them down so marshalled—an earthquake of the first dimensions, traveling from the Crest of the Continent southerly.

Anyhow, the trees went down. They were embalmed to perennial gems after they fell. They are cross-cut and dismembered by later shocks or frosts: then branches shorn and comminuted to litter



The Petrified Forest lies in a district resplendent with nature's wonders. The Painted Desert and the Grand Canyon are near. The erosion of sandstone cliffs has disclosed many miles of fallen tree trunks, rich in marvelous colors.



The Papago Saguaro Cactus—a remarkable vegetation—grows east of Phoenix, Arizona, where the mountain-skirted deserts are not dreary wastes, but beautiful gardens of bloom.

ATCH, TOPEKA AND SANTA FE

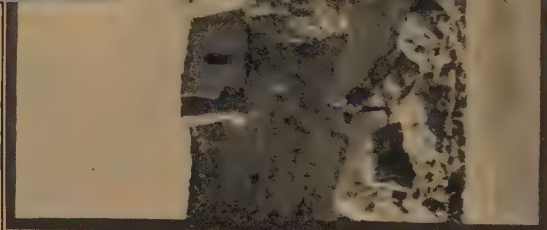
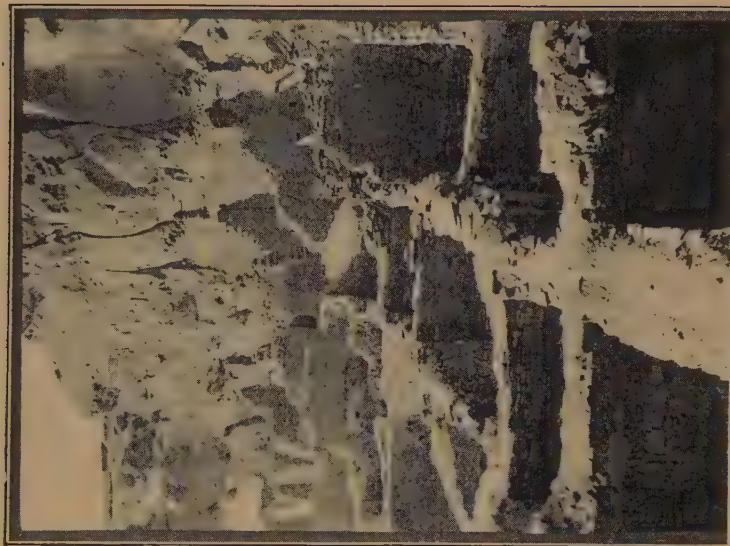
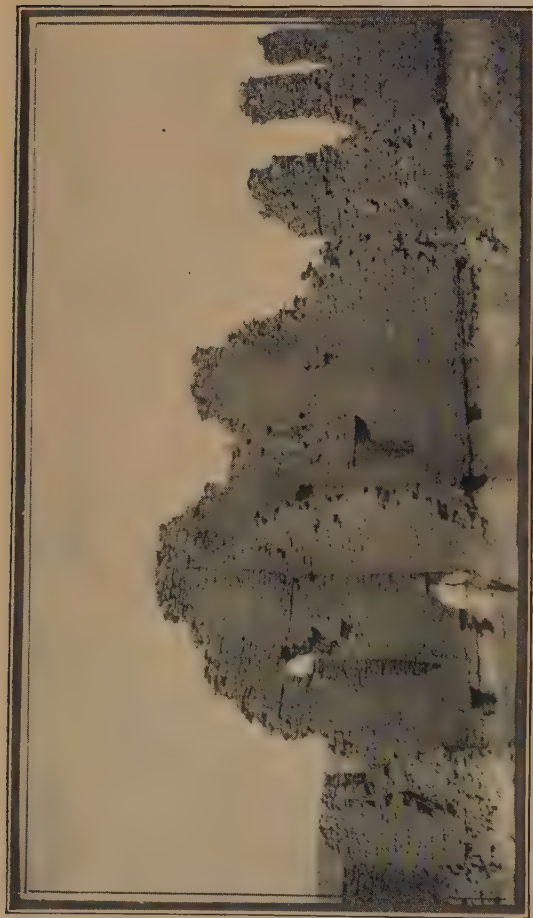
The Indian Snake Dance is still a part of tribal custom in Arizona.

the ground with kaleidoscopic chips. Even when the full stature of the 200-foot tree is measurable upon the ground, it is rare to find twenty feet in a piece. The fracture is an almost perfect cross-section; but nothing in human knowledge is more obvious than that these breaks were subsequent to the utter fossilization of the trunks. Anything retaining the merest vestige of ligneous fibre could no more break thus than a live hen could be cracked over your knee to a perfect cross-section—including the very halves of the feathers. Equally the matched ends between fractures prove absolute continuity in the process of agatizing.

Somewhere during the stupendous subsidences of the Jurassic period this prone mesozoic forest sank to where the vast later sediments of the Cretaceous era could wash down upon it, mile-deep. In these deep bowels of the earth, the springs of sulphur, iron, copper, salt; the paste of chalcedony, the solutions of silica still rumbled; and the pressure that would break the ribs of a Dreadnought, as an elephant might efface a gnat, injected these mineral waters into every fibre of the one-time wood. Of course, it went slowly—the pressure increasing only as the trunk hardened to resist. Else we should have nine-foot trees “pressed” in the geologic book as flat as we press a flower in the family Bible. The mineralization must have been contemporaneous with the first coverlet of sediment—or ahead of it. No mere wooden tree could have withstood the impact of two miles of perpendicular stone to the square inch.

And then what we are pleased to call the Tertiary Age; and the vast emergence of sunken water-logged continents to God’s forgotten sunlight—by an upheaval so judicious and so balanced that it did not ruffle the sedimentary blankets—nor the sheets nor other bedclothes—of a sleeping world. And the forgotten Forest came up to the top of the continent again, then cuddled under a mile or so of cretaceous counterpanes. Even now it is a mile above the sea.

And the erosions and corrosions of aeons, the moths of geology, began to eat the bedclothes; and blanket after blanket traveled away by grains of sand to fill the womb of the far Pacific with the embryo of continents yet unguessed. Strata by the thousand feet were devoured away by that slow, implacable tooth. And in the fullness of the ages the immortal Forest came back to the sunlight—where once its myriad leaves danced and breathed a mortal air—the same fierce Arizona sun under which it dazzles our eyes today.



*Pueblo in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.
Zuni Shalako Dance*

*Excavated Rooms, Pueblo Bonito ruins.
Ruins in Chaco Canyon.*

CHACO CANYON

By LYDIA J. TROWBRIDGE

In this remote canyon of New Mexico are remains of one of the most beautiful prehistoric residences yet found in America.

*Chaco, thou tomb of cities great,
Whose banded walls mute witness bear
To an artistic race that came,
And went—we know not where!
Indian? Yes, but quite distinct
From those to south, to north; alone
Builders of walls whose beauty was
Venitian in its patterned stone.
Different thy canyon when they stood
A dozen prosperous pueblos grand;
Well watered, fertile corn land then;
Not greasewood, tumbleweed and sand.
Yet deserts have their beauty too,
God's solitudes, where man is naught.
No race had e'er a tomb more fit
For those who, living, beauty sought:
Set on a floor green, yellow, gray;
Walled in by mesas softly pink;
And overhead the dome of blue
With sun that glows and stars that wink.
O Valley of the Ancient Dead!
Their thoughts were not our thoughts, I ween,
Nor their ways our ways; yet we both
Hold common faith in Powers Unseen,
Who supplement our littleness
And clothe our lives with happiness,
If we but walk in righteousness.*



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

STEER ROPING AT PRESCOTT, ARIZONA

Four days and nights, early in July, in the Land of Outdoor life when the best cowboys in the country are seen in action.

PRESCOTT'S INVITATION

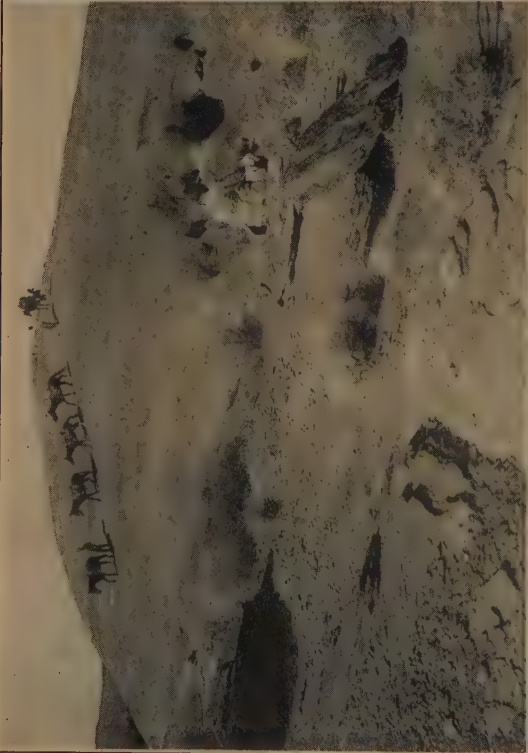
Stay all you jolly cowboys
—just head the bunch
this way;
An' round 'em in an' hold
'em close, don't let no
Maverick stray.



Just pack up your good old war-bag
an' saddle up your horse,
An' off to Prescott in the Pines lay
out the shortest course.
Oil up your best riata an' limber up
her kinks,
To rope an' tie a kickin' calf in less
than twenty winks.



An' say! The Daytime sure will hum—but glory
to the Nights!
With Shows an' Dances, Eats an' Plays, and
Sparrin, Bouts an' Fights!
Ten thousand cash for prizes, an' as much again
for fun—
An' friendliness an' scenery can't be beat beneath
the sun.
Stay, Cowboy! Head 'em all this way an' turn 'em
loose to graze—
We furnish pasture for the World for four big
Frontier Days.—SHARLOT M. HALL



PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE.  REYNOLDS

In the Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, is a cleft in the rock wall, as if the axe of the Creator had split it asunder. At the bottom of the ancient sea, in the land of Navajo, fantastic formations rise like citadels from the burning sand, from which the Valley takes its name.

THE RECORD OF THE PAST—IN SANTA FE

(Anonymous)

Older, perhaps by thousands of years is the civilization that left its monuments about Santa Fe in every direction. The city is built upon the ruins of ancient Indian towns. Under the breastworks on the summit of Fort Marcy are the ruins of old Kwapoge (Place of the Shell Bead People). The Palace of the Governors was built upon the ruins of an Indian pueblo, the name of which has disappeared even from tradition, but its massive walls of puddled adobe laid down before the art of making bricks was introduced by the Spaniards, may be seen under glass in some of the rooms of the Palace at the present time. Skeletons of its people and fragments of its culture have been disclosed wherever excavations have been made beneath the walls and in the placitas. Across the Rio Santa Fe to the south, where San Miguel Chapel now stands, was built the pueblo of Analco (Place Over There Across the Water). No remnants of it remain except beneath the soil.

Other towns of the ancient Tano land are scattered along the Rio Santa Fe from the capital city to La Bajada, the most important being at Agua Fria and at La Cienega near La Boca, the mouth of the canyon, that cuts through the volcanic mesa above La Bajada. Here stood the village of Tsiguma, where De Vargas halted his army before reentering the city. The mounds of the ancient pueblo are still conspicuous. The next waterway south of Rio Santa Fe, Arroyo Hondo, was occupied by Tanoan towns, chief of which was Kuaka on the south rim of Arroyo Hondo Canyon five miles south of Santa Fe. The next waterway to the south, the Galisteo, was occupied by the large pueblos of San Cristoval, one of unknown name near the present Galisteo, San Lazaro, San Marcos, all of which exist today only in the form of extensive ruin mounds. The ruins named are only a few of those scattered over the ancient Tano world, the plain extending from Santa Fe on the north to the mountain ranges that form its southern horizon, and from the base of the Santa Fe range on the east to the land of the Keres of the Rio Grande Valley on the west.

North of the crest above Santa Fe, occupying the valley northward for fifty miles, rimmed by the Santa Fe range on the east and the Jemez range on the west, lay the ancient Tewa world. Five villages



JOH. TOPEKA AND SANTA FE

A beautiful view of the Canyon Chelly, Arizona, is obtained through the aperture of this window designed by the Master Builder.

of this province still survive, while the ruin mounds of many times that number tell of the large population of antiquity.

To the west of the Rio Grande, at the eastern base of the Jemez Mountains, is the great cliff dwellings region of Pajarito Plateau. Here the remains of the far past may be counted by thousands. Houses were built in shelter of overhanging cliffs and rooms carved out of the vertical walls. In ages past, when the first people sought this secluded area, they occupied the natural cavities in the tufa. As the population increased, they fashioned new caves in the volcanic rock until every canyon had its walls literally honeycombed. The tiny doorways still exist through which one enters rooms varying from six to ten feet square with plastered walls and floor hardened with crude cement. The rooms are furnished with fireplaces, granaries, and other reminders of domestic life and the blackened ceilings speak of long occupation. Many of the walls are covered with crude decorations, pictures of plumed serpents and mystical beasts, birds, and personages. The cliffs themselves are adorned with thousands of symbols chipped in the rock by the stone tools of aboriginal sculptors ages before America was discovered. On the mesa tops above, on the talus slopes in front of the excavated rooms, and in the valleys where running water or perennial streams were to be found, great community houses were built, the original apartment houses of America, in which thousands found shelter in a single building.

The most interesting scenes of this region to visit are the Rito de los Frijoles, where Bandelier laid the scene of his "Delight Makers"; the ruins of the pueblo of the Yapashi to the south, with its shrine of the Stone Lions and La Cueva Pintada; Tchrega, Tsankawi, and Otowi to the north; and west of Santa Clara the great pueblo and cliff dwelling region of the Puye. At the latter, and first named of these ancient sites, the School of American Research has carried on extensive excavations, laid bare and preserved cliff and community houses, ceremonial caves, and all the accessories of the ancient domestic and religious life.

The ancient people of the cliffs contributed the great stream of aboriginal culture, which uniting with another from the north or east, formed the Pueblos which still survive.



Tsianina—Indian Prima Dona at the Santa Fe Fiesta

THE TRUE FIESTA

BY E. DANA JOHNSON

"Fiesta" is Spanish in language and meaning. It is the Spanish atmosphere we seek to renew at Santa Fe Fiesta time, the merry-making spirit of old Spain and Mexico; but most of all of old New Mexico.

We are keeping alive all the beauty and grace of the Spanish culture, because it is beautiful and graceful; and because a country that becomes too much steeped in the commonplace and the ugly needs to preserve all the picturesqueness and artistry and all the beauty to which it is heir from the civilizations that have contributed to it.

We are keeping alive the American imagination and appreciation of the beautiful when we do it. It is difficult to estimate the value of Santa Fe's service to the nation and the world in preserving that which the Pueblo and the Latin have contributed to our traditions and history, a service whose annual demonstration occurs in September.

The fine old folk dances and the songs of our Spanish people, their beautiful ancient customs, are as worthy of preservation as the Eagle Dance or the Corn ceremonial. Such things as the Christmas bonfires and the saints' festivals are priceless; and little by little they are slipping away, as automobiles increase and tourists grow in number.

In preserving all these things, we are keeping Santa Fe different and at Fiesta time it is for us, who have come from afar into this wonderful old country, to enter into the spirit of its traditions and its old customs and join all together in making them live again.

The Fiesta is not a hired performance behind a ticket gate to be managed by a few showmen. It is Santa Fe celebrating, as she has celebrated annually for centuries.

It is a spontaneous expression of our own selves, as indifferent to spectators from abroad as the procession that walks round the Plaza when the band plays on Sunday evenings. That, it seems to us, is the underlying idea of the Fiesta; and with it goes the organized work of the School of American Research in preserving and fostering those cultures (a hackneyed word, but there is no available substitute) which find their expression in the spectacles, ceremonials, the pageantry and music and carnival of the Fiesta.



ATCH, TOPEKA AND SANTA FE

Fording the Rio Grande, at Los Luceros, New Mexico, and Patio of San Gabriel Ranch, where the live oaks cast long shadows, forerunners of departing day.



The time is coming when it will be an eagerly sought privilege in America and the world to see the Fiesta of Santa Fe, and the greatest attraction will always be that part of the spectacle which would be as gay, colorful and full of enthusiasm were there no Easterners to see it or care. It is that part to which we are devoting special attention each year, with the idea of further restoring and maintaining the spirit that animated the celebration two hundred years ago.

To succeed, every man, woman and child in the old city must share that spirit. It is our assurance and guarantee of immunity from the commonplace and the ugly. No other city in America has such entertainment resources within itself; none has in such degree the ability to "play" which gives Santa Fe its lure to the outsider. None can have such a good time "with itself."

While entertaining the visitors, eager to see and study the Indian ceremonials and the miracle and mystery plays, we are also to entertain ourselves, our own people and our neighbors who have not the price of box seats or don't care to pay it. And remember that it is the self-entertainment celebrations of the country which have become most famous.

THE SANGRE DE CRISTO RANGE

By A. J. FISCHER

Sangre de Cristo means "Blood of Christ," and is a term applied to the main ridge of the Rockies extending from the Sierra Blanca in Colorado to Santa Fe in New Mexico. In the latter State this great mountain mass culminates 30 miles north of Santa Fe in the Truchas Peaks, each of which is over 13,000 feet high, and the highest peaks from the California border to the Atlantic south of the 37th Parallel, and north of the Mexican boundary. Some of the finest scenery on the American continent is to be found in the forests that clothe the flanks of this great range. Pierced by canyons, there are to be found great water falls, trout streams, precipitous cliffs, and miles upon miles of wild flowers. This range is made accessible from every side by highways and trails in part maintained by the National Park Service. The highest peaks, unlike those of similar altitudes in the Alps, can be reached in a few hours horseback or on foot from Santa Fe, Taos, or from the many picturesque Indian and Spanish settlements that lie in the foothills. Pueblo mythology has



made of the Sangre de Cristo Range, and especially of the Lake Peaks, a few miles out of Santa Fe, the East World Mountain, which guarded the Pueblo world on the east. In Mrs. De Huff's "Tay-Tay's Tales," as well as in J. P. Harrington's monumental "Tewa Geography," as well as in other publications, these myths are recorded, and are among the most charming folk tales of the world. More than 300 years ago the Franciscans built missions, and later the Penitentes their moradas in the villages on both sides of the range. At such places as Chimayo, there grew up traditions of miracles and of healing powers, which still attract pilgrims from afar. This region still retains much of its old-world atmosphere, and being off the beaten track of railroad travel, it adheres to its primitive ways and customs, making a visit to the Sangre Cristo an event in any person's life.

AMERICA'S OLDEST HIGHWAY

By A. J. FISCHER

Long before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock and even before the Spaniards founded San Augustine, a trail followed by intrepid explorers and devout Franciscans came up from Vera



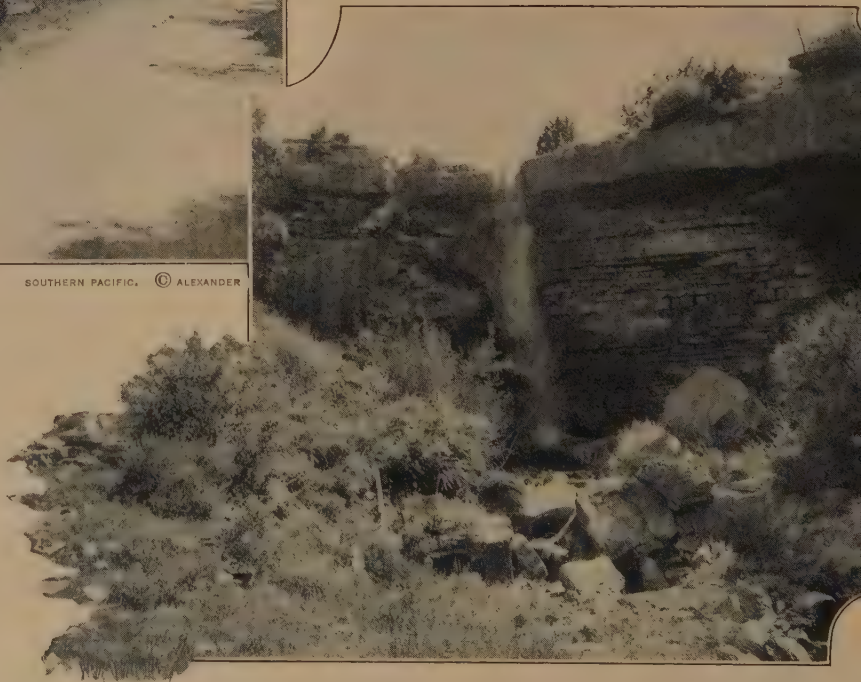
Santa Fe Trail and Canyon.

Cruz in Mexico, by way of Mexico City and the north pass of the Rio Grande to the pueblos of New Mexico. Commerce followed

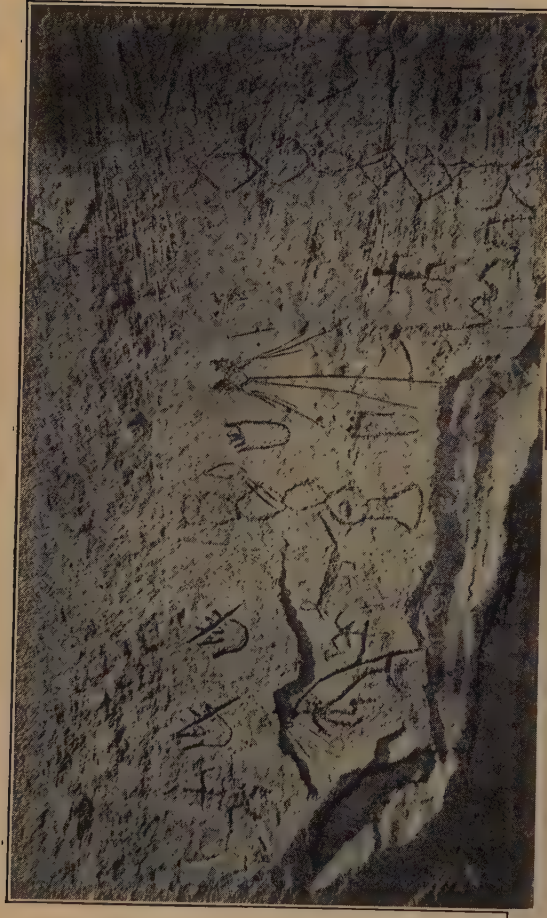
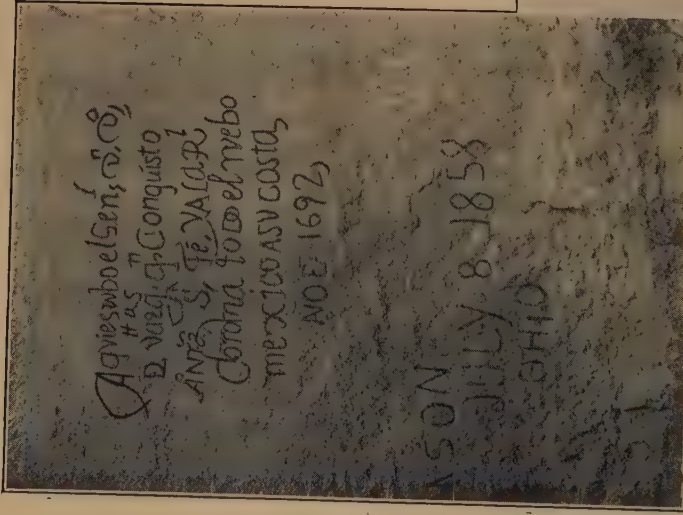


SOUTHERN PACIFIC. © ALEXANDER

*High rocks near Cloudcroft
are partially covered by
Bridal Veil Falls.*

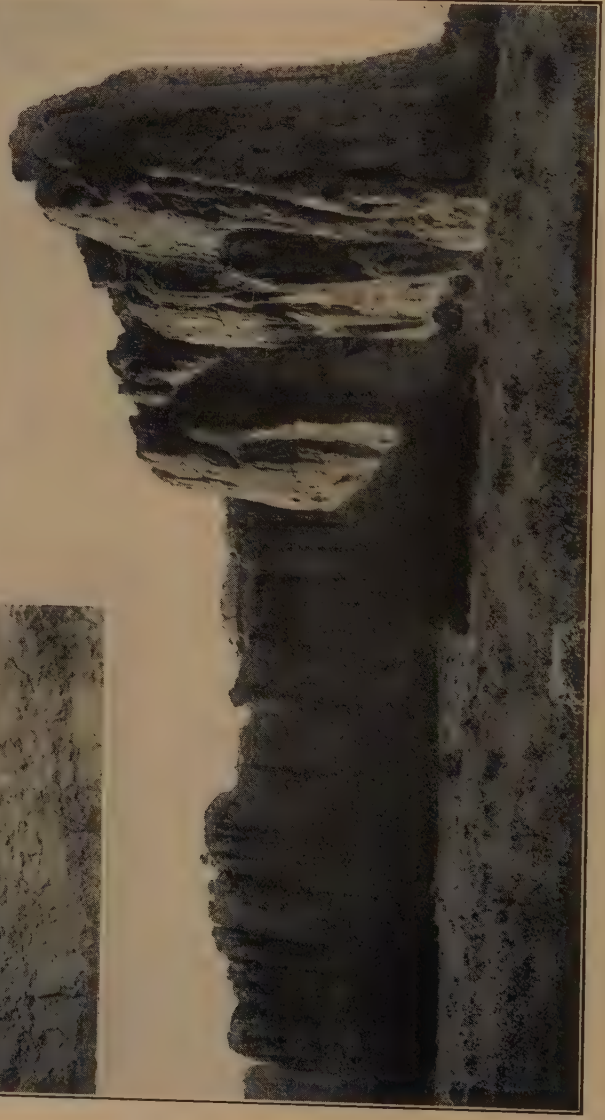


conquerors and missionaries, and by the beginning of the last century, before the Napoleonic wars, traffic between Santa Fe and the commercial centers of Mexico was brisk. It was from Santa Fe that trail was broken into southern Colorado and beyond as far as the present site of Salt Lake City. From every direction, roads and trails centered at Santa Fe, many of them merely following the natural grades that had been used a thousand years before by pre-historic cliff and cave dwellers. It was in 1821, however, that the so-called Santa Fe Trail from the Missouri to Santa Fe had its beginnings. By 1829, it had been extended to Los Angeles in southern California. The fur traders before 1821 had followed the Arkansas to the Las Animas, and after crossing the divide south of the Arkansas had followed the Canadian to the foothills of the Rockies. In 1822, most of the traders began traversing a new route. Instead of following the Arkansas, they made their way to the Cimarron valley between the Arkansas and the Canadian, and tracked the Cimarron almost to its headwaters. The early traders started from Franklin, Missouri, but after 1831 the outfitting points were Independence and Westport, now suburban districts of Kansas City. From the earliest times, even before Columbus discovered America, the Santa Fe Trail was the natural highway that led from the valley of the Mississippi to the arid regions of the Pueblo Country, from the mythical Gran Quivera to the traditional Seven Cities of Cibola. It was a "Trail of Fire and Blood", and associated with it is the romance of ages not only up to the days of Kit Carson, but even to the present. The great Santa Fe Railroad System runs along the old Trail for many miles, and the National Old Trails Highway, with its thousands of automobiles on its stretches, each day, perpetuates it.



COURTESY. E. Z. VOGT. © J. S. WILLIS.

Here at El Morro, New Mexico, where there was wood, water and shelter, the early Spanish "conquistadores" camped on their expedition of conquest in the Southwest. With their swords and daggers they carved records (giving dates and names) of their achievements in the hard sandstone cliff, where they are preserved for us. These date back from 1606 to 1774. Inscription: Here was the General Don Diego de Viegas, who conquered for our Holy Faith and the Royal Crown all of New Mexico at his own expense. Year of 1692.





Thunder Mountain, Arizona, is of red and white sandstone as others in this district, once famous for the seven cities of Cibola. Zuni people lived during a long period in this Mesa, discovered by Coronado in the 16th century.

ATCH. TCPEKA AND SANTA FE

Hopi Indians, noted for their attractive pottery.

SHAG BRONTE

By GRIFF CRAWFORD

*There wasn't a man in Santa Fe
Who'd go to the mat with Shag Bronte
He could ride a horse and shoot a gun
Like the Devil himself, and the deeds he'd
done,
Would put him in jail for a thousand
years—
A changin' brands and rustlin' steers
And killin' men on the least pretext
Whenever his one-track mind wax vexed.
His lineage ran in a tangled strain
To English, French and a dash of Spain—
With a trace of Scotch; and Indian tones
Were manifest in the high cheek bones—
The rest—pure hell and unrefined—
A nondescript with a mongrel mind.
He was hated and feared in every place
That knew his voice or evil face,
And even the ones who formed his clan
Cursed and despised him to a man.
But the curses never were voiced nor heard
By so much as the sign of a whispered word.
But there came a night when Shag Bronte
Made a mistake in Santa Fe.
A stranger leaned on the long-horn bar
And slowly puffed at a mild cigar—
A tenderfoot you would say at least,
Who ought to be back in the quiet East;
A man not meant for the turbulent way
Of frontier times in Santa Fe.*

*He dressed the west, but his clothes betrayed
To a normal mind they were tailor made;
And the guns that hung in the belt he wore
Were nickel plate of a minor bore.
He paid no heed to the jibes and jeers
So plainly meant to reach his ears.
When Shag walked in; and he quickly saw
The tenderfoot, when a loud guffaw
Boomed from his chest and he neatly drew
And shot the stranger's cigar in two.
But the stranger neither moved nor spoke
Except to call for another smoke.
Shag stood watching the play begun,
His right hand holding the smoking gun;
The stranger placed the cigar with care
In his mouth; and then with a careless air
Made a motion as though to scratch,
In the masculine way, a ready match.
And all looked on—nor a soul divined
The move that the stranger had in mind
As his hand swung up, a nickeled gun
Crashed its shot and the game was done;
For Shag Bronte was dead before
His body fell to the barroom floor;
And he never knew he had matched his
brains
With the man most feared on the western
plains.
And Billy the Kid rode on his way
To the Texas Line from Santa Fe.*

Colorado—Western

Rocky Mountain and Mesa Verde

BY ROBERT STERLING YARD

OF the three National Parks located in the back bone of the continent, which is the Rocky Mountain System, only one represents its prevailing characteristics. Glacier National Park in Montana consists of sedimentary rocks pushed to the surface by the accident of internal pressures. Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming is an ancient and distinguished volcanic region, an interlude. Rocky Mountain National Park only is built of the granite which is the prevailing rock of the system, and exhibits its usual scenic characteristics.

Much of the earth's surface was once underlaid by granite in a more or less fluid state. When internal pressures caused the earth's crust to lift into mountains, this liquid granite invaded the folds and pressed upward close under the highest elevations, where, in the ages it solidified. Thousands of centuries later, when erosion wore away the softer rocks of the crest, the granite was exposed. Thus emerged the granite Rockies.

But this is not all the story. The present mountains constitute the second Rocky Mountain System. The first, even to much of its granite core, was worn away by erosion. A second series of uplifting pressures has created since the second system, which is the one we know today. What is more, the Rockies are still rising, and at a rate probably as rapid as ever in ages past. This helps us realize, dimly, the extreme deliberation of nature's processes and the vast length of geologic time!

THE FRONT RANGE

The Rocky Mountain System comprises very many ranges, and reaches its climax of altitude and ruggedness in Colorado. Facing



© GLATWORTHY

*Mt. Chapin. Entrance to
Rocky Mountain National
Park, Colorado*

*I know a vale where I would go one day,
When June comes back and all the world once more
Is glad with summer. Deep in shade it lies*

*A mighty cleft between the bosoming hills,
A cool dim gateway to the mountains' heart.
The Mountain Gateway, BLISS CARMAN.*

the eastern prairies, the finest of them all is the Front or Snowy Range, and of this the scenic climax was set apart in 1915 as the Rocky Mountain National Park.

Through this park, which contains nearly four hundred square miles, the Front Range carrying the Continental Divide passes from northwest to southeast. Joining it in the far north of the park, the Mummy Range parallels the northern boundary, and there is enclosed a splendid rolling high plateau dotted with craggy heights and peaks which has been known to many thousands for many years as Estes Park.

The Front Range, knobby and deeply dented, carrying perpetual snow fields and half a dozen little glaciers, here rises to altitudes from nine to fifteen thousand feet; and, jutting out from its center, for all the world like a captain heading his company at parade, stands Longs Peak, the giant of the range. North and South of Longs Peak, hollowed in these mountain arms, are two gorgeous valley enclosures rich in forests and lakes, known respectively as the Wild Gardens and the Wild Basin. Westward, the mountains slope rapidly to the Grand River, a principal confluent of the giant Colorado River which flows through the Grand Canyon to the Pacific.

Of simple plan but gigantic architecture, Rocky Mountain National Park is the natural summer home of multitudes. Two hundred thousand people visit it annually. It lies seventy-five miles northwest of Denver, and is reached by several railroads and by fine highways on both sides of the range. From it, through Denver, access is had to all of scenic Colorado. Denver's inspiring system of Mountain Parks are tributary to it. Mount Evans, climax of a mountain group of extraordinary beauty, is a few hours motor run away. Pike's Peak, back of Colorado Springs, is within a day's run.

THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES

To the explorer of the summits, the Front Range in Rocky Mountain National Park offers a never-ending variety of spectacles and emotions. From Specimen Mountain, the haunt of mountain sheep in the far northern end of the range, the continental divide southward piles climax upon climax. The climber who follows it at an elevation averaging nearly twelve thousand feet looks westward down gently sloping granite surfaces thickly strewn with boulders and backgrounded by a lofty range outside park limits. Eastward, he



The first glimpse of Estes Park in the Rocky Mountain National Playgrounds of Colorado.



DENVER TOURIST BUREAU

The Fall River entrance and Lawn Lake.

looks down into a succession of gigantic gorges scooped as if by titanic implements, (as indeed they were), their well-like bottoms forest-grown and set with shining lakes.

This, the deep foreground. Beyond it spread the foot hills of the great range rising from the rolling Estes plateau, and over these, far in the background, the misty plains of eastern Colorado with here and there a sun-lit spot of blue where waters have been collected in irrigation ponds.



Tyndall Gorge and Dream Lake. Colorado.

These are the vistas east and west. Looking southward he has in profile the gigantic rugged front of the range showing precipitous drops of thousands of feet.

Traveling southward for a better view point, let him scramble four hundred feet up to the summit of Hallet Peak, and view the range



DENVER TOURIST BUREAU

Tyndall's Glacier, Rocky Mountain Park, Colorado

from an altitude of 12,725 feet. Here is sublimity scarcely paralleled elsewhere in America. At his feet drops the splendid Tyndall Gorge, a sheer abyss of thousands of feet holding Dream Lake, a drop of turquoise, in its depths. From its flank a huge morain reaches six miles out upon its broad forested level top, a startling exhibit of the work of the great glaciers of the past which hollowed these enormous wells and heaped high upon their winding shores the refuse of the rocky burdens they carried far into the plains.

A SPECTACLE OF MOUNTAIN GRANDEUR

From this fine summit, the climber finds marvelously inspiring the mountain profile of the south and the rolling plateau at its feet.



Glacier Creek. Colorado.

The Wild Gardens show a tumble of granite masses rising from lake-dotted, richly-forested bottoms. The entrance to Loch Vale, gem canyon of the Rockies, lies in the valley foreground. Adjoining it, nestling between towering precipices, Glacier Gorge lies in peaceful contrast with its impressive eastern wall, which is a long, winding sharp-edged buttress supporting the northern shoulder of Longs Peak.



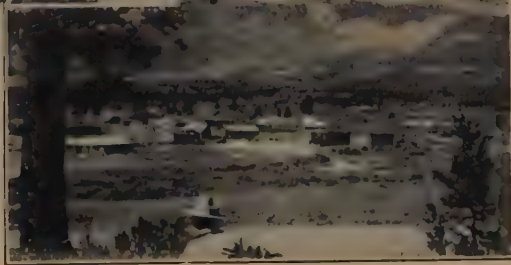
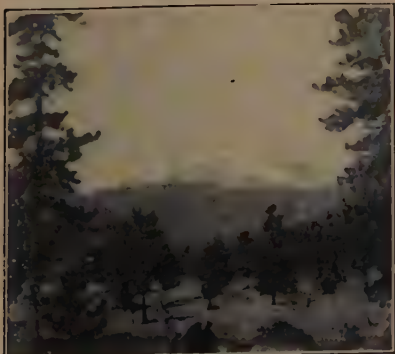
STANLEY HOTELS

LONGS PEAK, ASPEN TRAIL, COLORADO

Indian Summer, when the leaves quiver, lose their hold and fall to the ground.

Snow, the beautifier of mountain peaks and woods, adds to their charm throughout the Frost King's reign.





DENVER TOURIST BUREAU

*Long's Peak, Chasm
Lake and Mt. Cope-
land, Colorado.*



The climax of all is his majesty, Longs Peak himself, whose square box of a summit, suggesting a chef's cap, outlines sharply against the sky.

I do not know whether these weak phrases carry to you any faintest impression of the tremendous picture of the very heart of the Rockies which is photographed upon my mind, but they are the best that I can do toward imparting to you some idea of a thrill which, to me, never lessens by repetition of this scene.

The granite Sierra also has its innumerable sublime spots. Seeing both will alone convince you of the marked and impressive differences between these two towering ranges of similar origin and identical component rocks. It may be that the more pronounced Gothic architecture of the Sierra's summits results from comparative youth, that the different characteristics of the Rocky's summits, their impression of greater age, results from far longer subjection to erosion. On this point the geologists fail to enlighten me. The Sierra and the Rockies both rose from the continental platform, which originally was covered with a vast shallow sea, at more or less the same time, more or less meaning perhaps some millions of years.

LONGS PEAK

Longs Peak is not the loftiest mountain in Colorado but is far and away the King of the Rockies. Rising to an altitude of 14,255 feet, and standing several miles eastward of the range, to which it is connected by a succession of rugged peaks, it presents a broad majestic front to the east, where a precipice drops twenty-two hundred feet sheer into a glacial lakelet known as Chasm Lake. I know no wilder spot than the shore of Chasm Lake.

Longs Peak is flanked and joined by two mountains of nearly equal altitude. On the north rises Mount Lady Washington, 13,269 feet in altitude. On the south is Mount Meeker, 13,911 feet in altitude. Once the three were a single mountain. Forests and rains carried off the crust strata, bared the granite core and chipped it into three summits, while a glacier gouged out the middle of the abyss which now separates them.

There is no principal part of Rocky Mountain National Park from which Longs Peak may not be seen, and, wherever seen, its powerful personality dominates the view.

The "stunt" of the park is the Longs Peak ascent. This is no



Overlooking the valley of pioneer history, which includes the names of Kit Carson, Rocky Mountain Jim and Lord Dunraven.



View of the valley through which the Fall River Highway runs.



DENVER TOURIST BUREAU

Grand Lake, Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado.



DENVER TOURIST BUREAU, MILE HIGH PHOTO. CO.

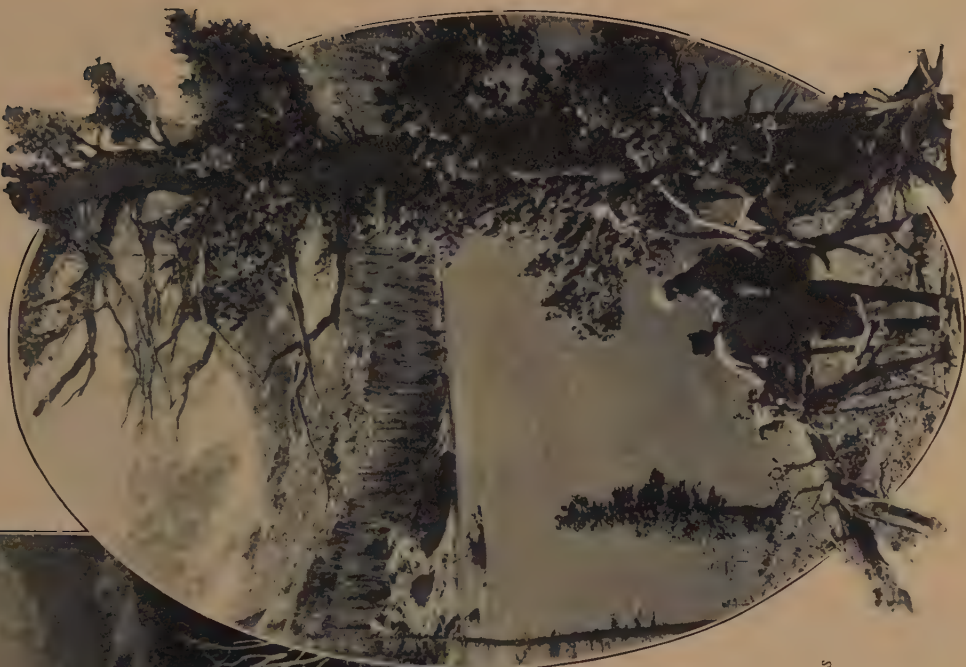
GLACIER GORGE, ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK

"The Mountains are to be seen only by those who have the grace to go quietly; who have the understanding to go thoughtfully; the heart to go lovingly; and the spirit to go worshipfully."



DENVER TOURIST BUREAU

August Snow in the Wild Basin of Estes Park, Colorado. Cold, uninteresting, mere massive piles of rocks to some, but not to those who know their sylvan nooks and Alpine meadows and wide expanses of summer snows.



DENVER TOURIST BUREAU

*The Peter Pan of the
Rockies at Bluebird
Lake; and Eagle
Throne, Colorado.
The pine tree whispers
of its long past to the
frequenters of Loch
Vale.*



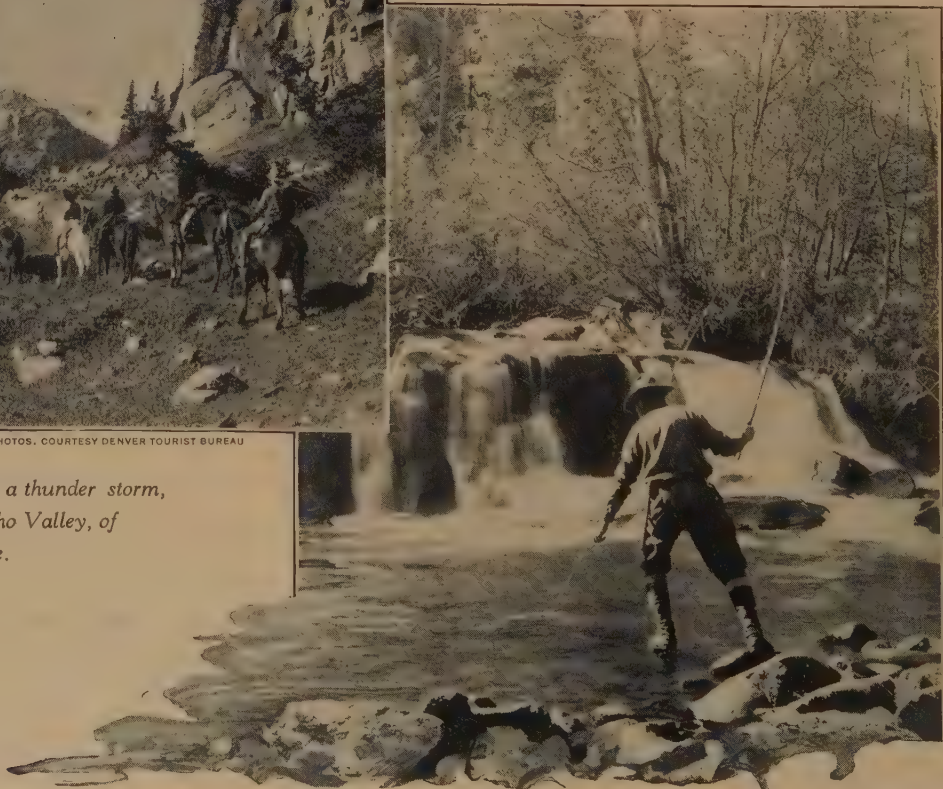


In the Wild Basin of Estes Park the silence is broken only by the whistling marmot's cry.



PHOTOS. COURTESY DENVER TOURIST BUREAU

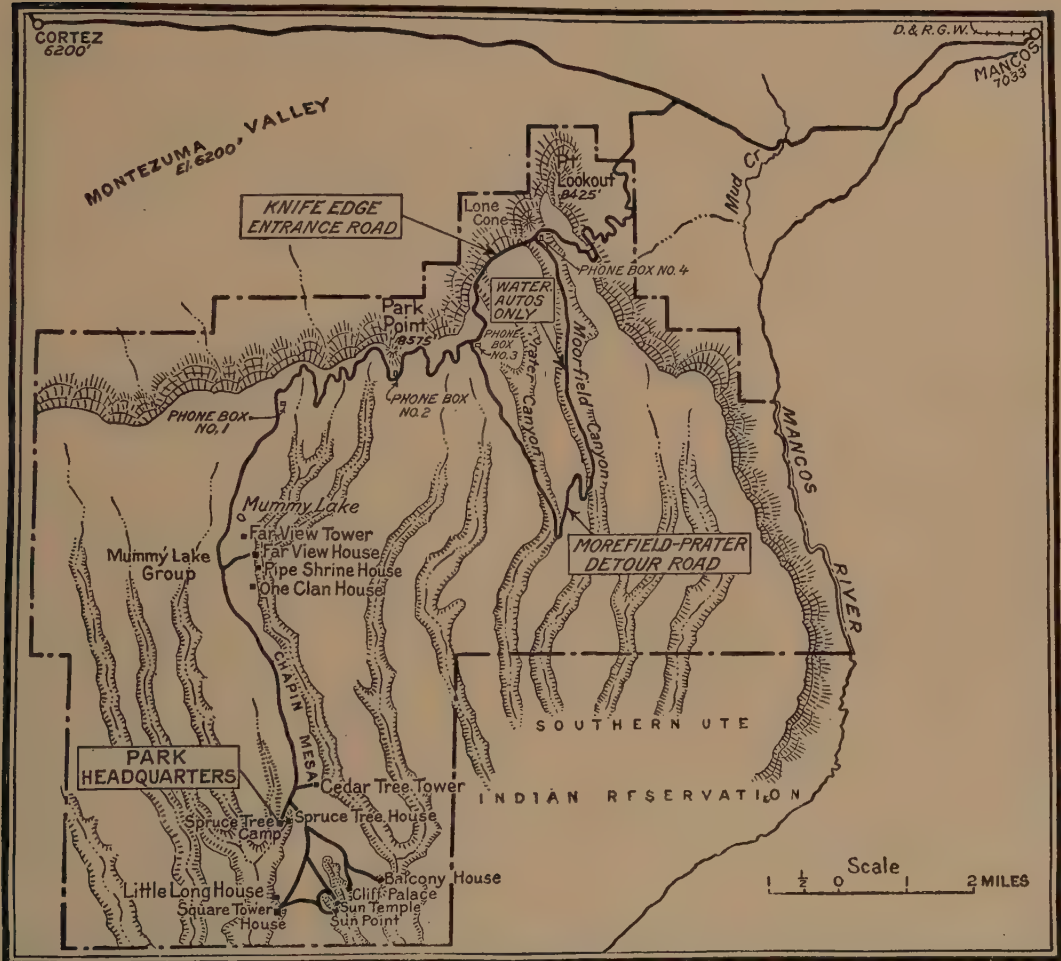
Thunder Pass, during a thunder storm, is like a legendary Echo Valley, of Rip Van Winkle fame.



Fly Fishing while the water boils. St. Vrain Creek.

particular matter for the experienced, for the trail is well kept, and one may ascend on horseback within a couple of thousand feet of the summit. From the immense boulder field upon which horses may not venture, the trail carries up a long and difficult slope looking into the deep precipice above Glacier Gorge, and ascends the box-like summit with many terrors for the unaccustomed climber. Nevertheless, several hundred persons ascend Longs Peak every year.

MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK



ROAD MAP OF MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK, SHOWING IMPORTANT RUINS ON CHAPIN MESA.

In south-western Colorado, far from the main trend of the Granite Rockies, intermediate between their western foot hills and the great semi-arid plateaus of the Southwestern states, is a region of highlands



DENVER AND RIO GRANDE R. R. PHOTOS. BEAM

The remains of this advanced civilization, of quality so greatly beyond its neighbors, may be seen and studied by all who visit Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado.
The interior of Balcony House is one of the best known of the ruins.
The ancient inhabitants used this cleft in the rock as the approach to Cliff Palace.

which the streams of innumerable rainy spring-times have divided into headlands and flat-topped straight-sided elevations called mesas by the Spaniards because they resembled tables.

One of these, because topped with thin forests of pinyon, is entitled Mesa Verde, the green table.

One December day in 1888, a couple of farmers parting bushes in search of lost cattle saw with wondering eyes, across a deep canyon, a city built in a cave-like niche well up in the opposite wall. Thus was discovered the largest grouping of the best preserved remains of a civilization of high degree which flourished throughout our southwest hundreds of years before the coming of Columbus.

The group first discovered was named Cliff Palace. In many canyons of the green mesa other cliff dwellings were found and as inaptly named; and in recent years Dr. J. Walter Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institution uncovered buildings on the surface of the mesa adjacent to the cliff dwellings, and a great unfinished temple to the sun, which was the god their builders worshipped. This region, including all these prehistoric buildings, also mounds which doubtless cover others, and perhaps cliff dwellings still undiscovered, was created the Mesa Verde National Park in 1906.

MYSTERY OF A LOST PEOPLE

There are thousands of prehistoric ruins throughout the semi-arid southwest, and hundreds of canyons contribute to the story of the cliff-dwellers. Still more numerous are the remains of the communal houses built of stone or sun-dried bricks in days before history. These pueblos in the open are either isolated structures like the lesser cliff dwellings, or are crowded together in considerable communities. Often they are several stories high, the floors connected by ladders. Of the occupied villages of the Hopi in northern Arizona, some were built no doubt in prehistoric times.

It was not because of the rarity of prehistoric ruins that these of the Mesa Verde were made a National Park, nor only because they are the best preserved by far of all, but because they show that here the culture of our predecessors had reached its highest development.

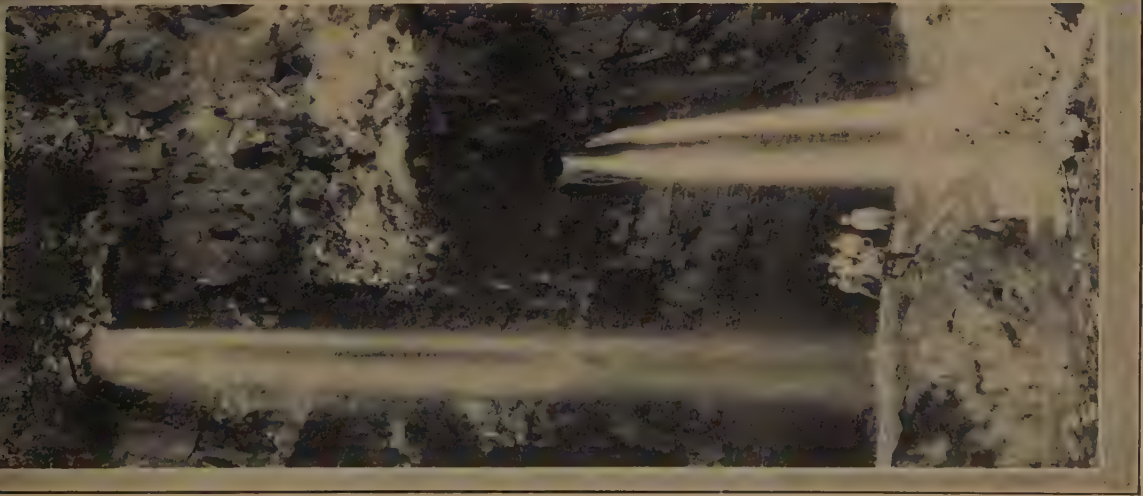
The builders of the Mesa Verde were Indians and their higher achievements over the nomads of the north and west were doubtless due to difference in living conditions. They were obliged to till the

soil or perish. Desert conditions and the long hot summers compelled substantial dwellings. The forested mesas possessed moisture and soil. The grasses lured the deer. All conditions tended to communities and permanence, and these to law and civilization.

They built under overhanging cliffs to protect themselves from the raids of the fierce uncivilized Apaches who coveted their stores. When communities became numerous they dared also to build upon the surface.

But they disappeared. Why? Where? It is an unsolved mystery. But the readiness of their homes, the unfinished state of the temple indicate that their going was unpremeditated and sudden. We can only surmise that, rich in stores and over-confident in numbers, they were at last overwhelmed by their fierce and greedy foes.

The Mesa Verde National Park is one of the most interesting and suggestive of our national reservations of all kinds. Its natural beauty and broad vistas are inspiring. Its climate is invigorating. Living is comfortable in a large public camp. The advanced architectural, building and artistic achievements, the primitive but effective irrigation, and the methods of living of a long past race, are worthy of study.



*Bridal Veil Falls, White River National Forest, Colorado.
Angel of Shavano and cross, Cochetopa National Forest.
View of Sneffles Range, Mt. Sneffles, in Uncompahgre National Forest.*

*Pike's Peak—discovered by
Captain Zebulon M. Pike
in 1806.*



*In the Garden of the Gods,
Colorado, where many strange
creations of long past geolog-
ical ages may be seen.*

*Pike's Peak, seen through
the red sandstone portals of
the Garden of the Gods.*



THE GRAND MESA

By JESS GLASSFORD

*A rod, a gun and a bamboo pole
A mountain stream or a fishing hole
The whole outdoors so quiet and still
Where the feet of man can wander at will.
Where nature calls and the soft winds sigh
And rippling brooks sing their lullaby
Where the day breaks with its silvery dawn
Up where the speckled beauties spawn.*

*Where sides of a tent are a palace wall
Where the heart of man answers nature's call.
Where pictures of nature no artists show
Are painted each day by the sun's soft glow.
Where man runs wild or lays at rest
With love for the whole world in his breast
Where the glorious sunrise or morning dew
Makes this old world just look like new.*

*Where corncob pipe is "A Prime De Rose"
And man is king in his outing clothes;
Where long-laced boot or brogan shoe
Are the only footwear good for you.
Where man is man on an equal share
Away from the busy world of care
Where boughs of spruce beat a feather bed
And the whispering pines sigh and sway overhead.*

*Where man always leaves with a parting sigh
With stored up vigor for the by and by;
Where he starts back home with a happy thrill
As he bids good-bye to the Grand Old Hill.
Where it takes a year to tell your friends
Of the season's outing—and your message ends:
"A wonderful playground; in fact, God's best
That He gave to the people He loved out West."*



DENVER AND RIO GRANDE R. R.

The Great Sand Dunes of San Isabel National Forest, Colorado, lie in ripples on the strand. They are shifting sands, covering an area of approximately four miles in width by fourteen in length. The San Luis Valley was formerly a great lake, and it is conjectured that these dunes are a result of the drying up of this body of water.



PUEBLO COMMERCE CLUB. PHOTO. BEA

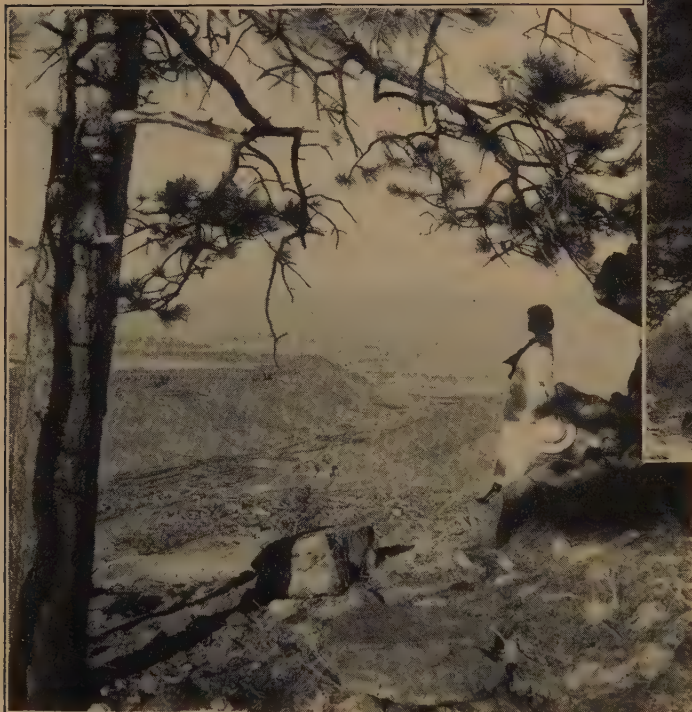


*The Veteran Pine,
which carries its
weight of years
without thought of
care.*



*Lake Nanita, and
Grand Lake from
Grand Lake Lodge,
Rocky Mountain
National Park,
Colorado.*





DENVER TOURIST BUREAU

*Mirror Lake and Look
Out Point in Denver
Mountain Park.*

*Summer house on Grand
Lake, Colorado.*



*"Where sides of a tent are a palace wall,
where the heart of man answers nature's
call."*



ROCK ISLAND LINES

THE LEGEND OF THE MOUNT OF HOLY CROSS

By H. N. BURHANS



Many years ago, when the Franciscan Friars were earnestly engaged in the grand work of converting the inhabitants of Mexico to the worship of God, a monk in Spain yielded to the tempter and committed an unpardonable crime. Day and night, with contrite heart he sought in prayer expiation for his sin. It was revealed to him in a vision that when he saw a cross suspended in the air it would be a token of his forgiveness. Then he became filled with a feeling of unrest, and longed to travel. He joined an expedition to Mexico, and wandered over the country in search of the sacred symbol, until his hair was frosted and his limbs were infirm with age. Finding no rest for his soul he joined an exploring party coming North.

By winding ways they traveled; from mountain summits, where the sunshine lingers, to valleys barred with light and shadows, through deep defiles robed in verdure, girdled with flowers and crowned with snow, onward they went. Arriving one day on the summit of a lofty mountain, they pitched their tents. It was not the hour to camp,

but their further progress was prevented by a dense fog that with the morning sun rose from the ground and gradually grew, until it mingled with clouds and enveloped the whole earth.

The pious man wandered away from the sound of human voices to pray for the removal of his burden of sin. Kneeling in deep humility, he raised his hands and voice to God, when lo! the cloud was lifted, and suspended before him, resplendent with the rays of the glorious sun, was the "CROSS." The Great Spirit of the Mountains breathed forgiveness, and his soul went out in joy.

Wondering at his long delay, his companions went to search for him, and found him dead in the attitude of prayer, with his face toward the Mount of the Holy Cross.



Pikes Peak, Colorado.

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

*Out where the hand clasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins;*

*Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
And the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.*

*Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins;*

*Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
That's where the West begins.*

*Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
That's where the West begins;*

*Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying—
That's where the West begins.*

Mount Blanca from San Luis Valley, where Captain Pike gallantly raised the stars and stripes for the first time in Colorado.



SANGRE DE CRISTO RANGE

From Deweese Lake, San Isabel
National Forest, and Lines
Addressed to one of the
Mountains

*"I lie fore'er at thy feet,
Dear hill with lofty crown;
My waters smile thy crags to greet,
As they look proudly down.
The odor of thy wind-tossed pines
Is message sweet to me;
It makes me dimple with delight,
Because it comes from thee.
Thou, lofty, grand, above the world;
Its lowly servant, I;
Yet see, within my sunny depths
Is smiling thy blue sky.
Thou art so far, and yet how near
For though we are apart,
I make myself a mirror,
And hold thee in my heart."*

Wyoming—Western

Yellowstone National Park

By ROBERT STERLING YARD

*A*S the train stage unloaded, one July morning, at Mammoth Hot Springs, many dusty miles from the geyser basins, I heard two disembarking tourists out of perhaps twenty ask expectantly: "Where's Old Faithful?" Yellowstone and Old Faithful occur together in most American minds. I suppose that the famous geyser's picture is familiar to nearly every child in the country. The world over, Yellowstone means geysers, and geysers Yellowstone. Here are more geysers, and far greater ones, than in all the rest of the world combined.

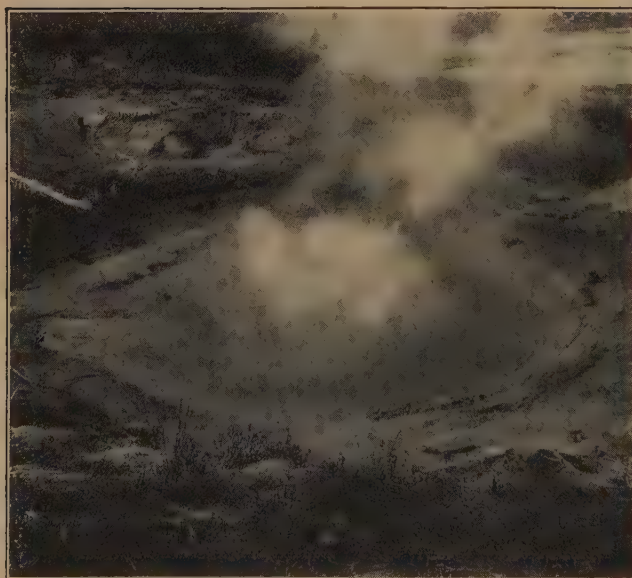
But Yellowstone is so immensely greater than its geysers that I purpose to say very little about them here. Everybody knows their names, their dimensions and their periods. Without them, it is one of the wonder regions of the world. Had it nothing but its myriad waters, or its marvelous wilderness, or its extraordinary canyon, it would still measure National Park quality. Also, it has a wild animal population unequalled outside of Alaska and tropical Africa.

TEMPESTUOUS HISTORY

Though in the very heart of the granite Rockies, the Yellowstone landscape is not granitic. Immediately south, rise the Teton Mountains, one of the most conspicuous granite piles in all America. Immediately north, granite resumes sway in the Montana Rockies. Yellowstone is a volcanic interlude. Once this area was the center of disturbances of great violence. Evidences remain of many craters and of one of greater size. In the Lamar Valley, an eroded mountain side discloses remains of twenty-two petrified forests, tiered one above the other, separated by deep layers of volcanic ash. Which means



RIVERSIDE GEYSER. PHOTO © HAYNES.
 THUMB GEYSER. PHOTO, NORTHERN PACIFIC C
 GRAND GEYSER. PHOTO © CURTIS
 GIANT GEYSER. PHOTO © CURTIS



Geysers are, roughly speaking, water volcanoes. They occur only at places where the internal heat of the earth approaches close to the surface. The Yellowstone National Park, which lies principally in Wyoming, is possibly the most celebrated in the United States, as it contains the greatest geysers in the world.

that, for twenty-two successive times, twenty-two forests matured here and were by turn smothered by the outpourings of as many intermediate eruptions. Some of these prehistoric forests may have flourished for many centuries before they were submerged beneath hot gray snows. Many of the trunks are those of large trees.

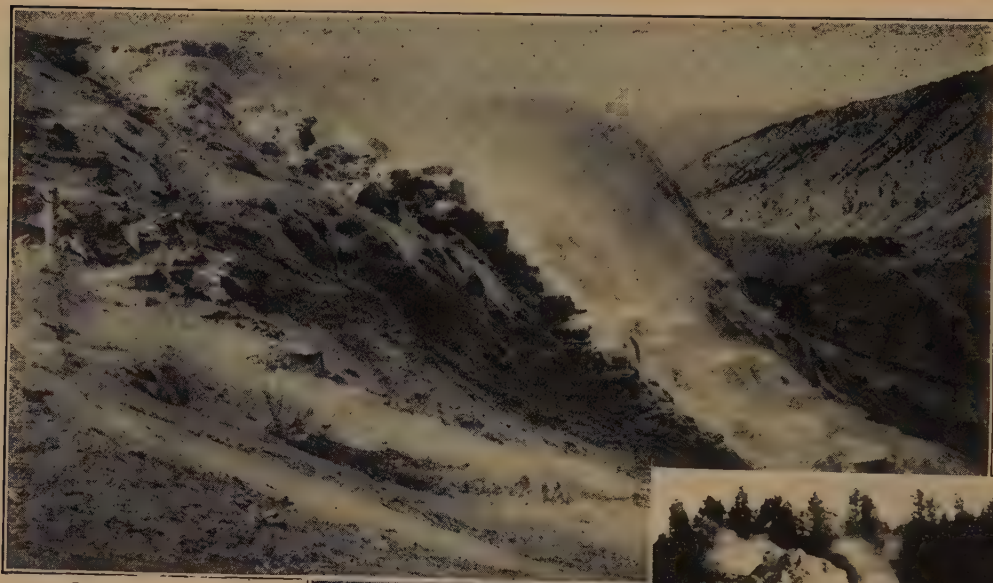
It is certain that Yellowstone volcanism was continued through very long periods of time. Presently your driver will call your attention to an enormous granite boulder in the woods near the road, where it rests upon lava perhaps miles in depth. How could it have come there? That ice-flows followed the volcanic period appears to be the answer.

But it was the water erosion during still later periods which has imparted Yellowstone's graceful and inspiring configuration of today. The rock and soil is all volcanic, yielding readily to erosion. The surface is, therefore, soft and flowing, lying in billowy sweeps, making for broad forested reaches and open grassy plains. Yellowstone possesses both forests and plains in great abundance; also broad meadows glowing with wild flowers; also swamps and bogs rich with beautiful growths. Low mountains and forests are in every picture.

The mountains like the plains are soft in outline, never angled and knobbed as in the granite Rockies north and south. But they do not, for this reason, lack majesty. On the contrary, Yellowstone is one of the most inspiring mountain regions in America, none the less impressive because so different from other high altitude areas of distinguished scenic quality. It is suffused with charm.

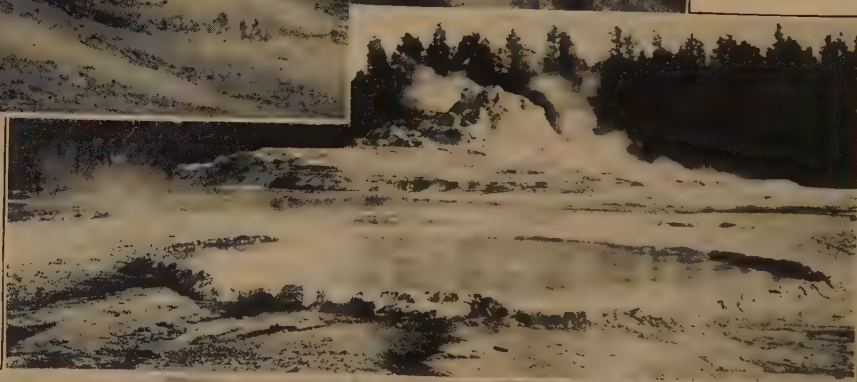
ELEMENTS OF THE YELLOWSTONE PICTURE

The National Park occupies the northwestern corner of Wyoming, slightly overlapping the Montana and Idaho boundaries. It encloses 3,348 square miles, and is much the largest National Park. Three rivers of importance, the Yellowstone, the Snake and the Madison, two of them principal sources of the Missouri, rise in its mountains. It includes very many lakes, several large. It has many water falls, two nationally conspicuous for their size, volume and magnificence. It carries the Continental Divide on the ridge of a high plateau, where it is crossed twice by the public road. It contains more and far greater geysers than those in all the rest of the world together. It shows other hot-water phenomena, springs deeply colored and some boiling giddily, mud volcanoes, "paint pots" and noisy



PHOTOS. © HAYNES

*The Angel Terrace and
Castle Wall.*



NORTHERN PACIFIC PHOTO. SOHNITZMEYER

Jupiter Terrace, Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone, National Park.

steam vents, in greater number and more striking variety than any other region. Its greatest river, the Yellowstone, passes through a lava-sided canyon, a thousand feet deep, which, for vivid and varied coloring and fantastic carvings, is second only (though vastly smaller) to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It carries on its open plateaus greater herds of elk and antelope than are found elsewhere on the continent and, in its shadowed wilderness, it supports large and interesting populations of moose, deer, bear and other creatures of the forest.

SEEING YELLOWSTONE

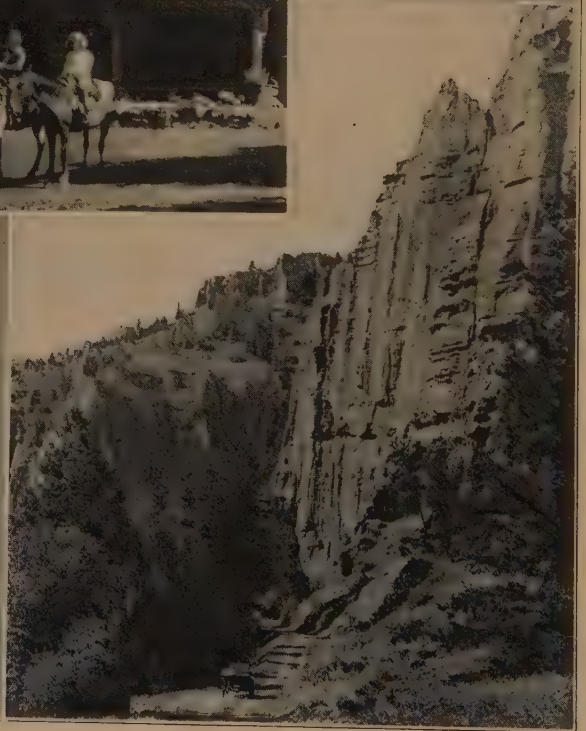
One cannot see Yellowstone in a week, although round-trip tourists hustle through it in motor busses in four days and a half. They don't see it; they glimpse it. For the accommodation of these hasty myriads, two hundred miles of road are laid out in a huge figure eight round which the busses whirl. Stops are made at the geysers, Yellowstone Lake, the Canyon, and Mammoth Hot Springs. But those who really see Yellowstone linger at each of these stops, often making them centers of wide departures. They travel the trails. They hire camp outfits and explore the outlying regions. If they are motorists, they drive afield and camp far from the beaten paths.

The point I am making is that, extraordinary though Yellowstone's "sights" may be and are, the thing that makes Yellowstone stupendous is her vast primeval wilderness. Take a month or a summer to it. See the "sights," of course, and then see Yellowstone. How? Live in it. Live it. You will have had the greatest experience of your life.

A YELLOWSTONE HOLD-UP

The geologic romance of Yellowstone centers not in its geysers but in Yellowstone Lake, whose waters were stolen from the Pacific Ocean for the benefit of the Atlantic. This was a "western hold-up," indeed.

The Yellowstone River rises in certain glaciers in the Absaroka Mountains east of the park and originally, after resting awhile in the lake, flowed southwesterly into the Snake River. At that time there was no Yellowstone Canyon. In fact the great plain in which the famous falls and canyon are located was covered by the lake, which was then much larger and deeper. The northern lip of the lake



TOP, COURTESY BURLINGTON ROUTE PHOTO © CURTIS

*Holm Lodge and scenes on the Cody Road.
The Golden Gate Driveway, Yellowstone.*

*The Palisades on the Cody-Yellowstone road,
Shoshone National Forest, Wyoming.*

approached the top of a low divide just south of Mount Washburn.

Thus the scene. Enter the thief. We find him wholly insignificant in appearance, as of course a thief ought to be. He is nothing more important in fact than a small stream rising on the Washburn slopes, just across the low divide from the immense lake, whose name is Sulphur Creek. It wandered northward.

The deed could have been done in several ways. It is possible that the creek itself, sapping back in the soft lava soils, unaided



Yellowstone Lake,

found the lake. Heavy winds from the South, storm winged, may have made the connection from the lake. The slightest of earthquake shocks might have done it. Anyway, connection was made through the low divide between the great lake emptying in the Pacific and the tiny creek flowing Atlantic-ward, and the famous piracy was accomplished.

Yellowstone Lake lost a hundred and sixty feet of depth and half its area forthwith. At that time two hard rhyolite dikes crossed the lake, far below its surface. As the level fell below them, the nearest of them, acting as a dam, divided the lake into two lakes, one emptying over the dike into the other. Thus began the Great Fall. And in time the dike above it became the Upper Fall.

All this time, the current below the falls kept digging deeper and deeper the canyon which had been Sulphur Creek's shallow bed. In

time emerged the wonder canyon of the Yellowstone as we know it today. Thus Sulphur Creek became, dishonestly, one of the most celebrated rivers in the world. Its beginning still trickles down the slopes of Mount Washburn.

THE VARIEGATED CANYON

And so we come to the Canyon. Gaze deeply into it. Is there any color missing?

Roughly, it is about a thousand feet deep and twice as wide between rims. At its upper end is the majestic Great Fall, nearly twice the height of Niagara. It is the King of Falls. It forbids comparison with any other. Its personality commands every view of the great Canyon.

The supremely scenic part of the canyon reaches perhaps four miles below the Great Fall. Several rocky points extend far into it, and from these it may be viewed as from an airplane. From Artist's Point on the East side is the view Moran chose for his famous painting for the Capitol at Washington. From Inspiration Point on the West side, the view is deeper and more comprehensive. Let us see it from there.

We are, apparently, close to the center of the Canyon looking almost vertically down upon the foaming river in its depth. Before us, southward, a waterfall of great height and majesty rushes seemingly out of the pine-clad hills and pours downward to be lost again in green.

From that point, two or three miles to where you stand and beneath you, widens out the most glorious kaleidoscope of color you will ever see in nature. The steep slopes dropping on either side a thousand feet and more from the pine-topped levels above are inconceivably carved and fretted by the frost and the erosion of the ages. Sometimes they lie in straight lines at easy angles, from which jut high rocky prominences. Sometimes they lie in huge hollows carved from the side walls. Here and there jagged rocky needles rise perpendicularly for hundreds of feet like groups of Gothic spires.

And the whole is colored brokenly and vividly. The whole is streaked and spotted and stratified in every shade from the deepest orange to the faintest lemon, from deep crimson through all the brick shades to the softest pink, from black through all the grays and

pearls to glistening white. The greens are furnished by the dark pines above, the lighter shades of growth caught here and there in soft masses on the gentler slopes and the foaming river so far below. The blues, ever changing, are found in the dome of the sky overhead.

PEOPLE OF THE WILDERNESS

There is no defining the wilderness feature of the Yellowstone exhibit. Its spirit pervades all. It is even emphasized by very contrast with the hotels and camps. All the elements which make up Yellowstone contribute to it. In no other wild area I know is the vivid impression of sheer wilderness so abundantly, so constantly, so inevitably in evidence. Think of the vast size of this wilderness!



Bears near Camp Roosevelt. Yellowstone Park.

How noble the inheritance which a Congress of more than fifty years ago left for us today! What an extraordinary inheritance for us to leave, untouched, to our children of fifty years hence!

Life! Free, abundant life, everywhere! That is Yellowstone. Whether it be the moving waters (even the hot springs grow their algae), or the tangle of vegetation, or the lusty forests, or the innumerable birds, or the wild animals which may be seen daily by



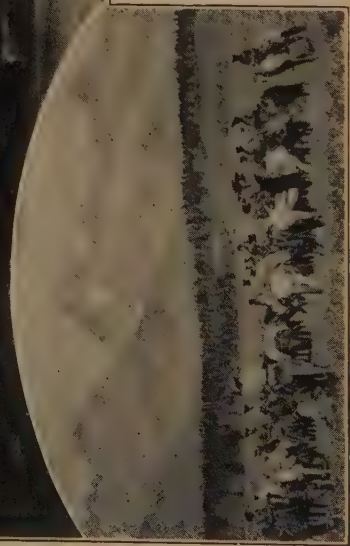
STATE COMMISSIONER AGRICULTURE

*The romantic Jackson Hole
Country and the Teton Range
in Wyoming.*



NORTHERN PACIFIC

*Where Mountains appear
on the distant horizon as well
known friends.*



G. M. RANCH

"If you've breathed the air of her vales and hills

If you've filled with pride, as her horsemen ride

those who draw apart from the human caravans, Yellowstone is always and everywhere alive. Forty thousand elk wander in the open, bands of antelope canter across the rolling plains, deer and bear are common sights in the forests, bison herd in valleys, coyotes sneak from cover to cover. One does not see the foxes, the wolves and the greater and lesser cats. The mountain lion can only be seen when tracked and treed. No wild animal is ever friendly, but none are dangerous to man because here they are not hunted. They live their natural lives in their own way in the historic environment of their ancestors.

THE TETONS

Geologically, Yellowstone is complete. It is a volcanic region. To add the gigantic, splendid granite Teton Mountains, just across its southern boundary, would introduce a wholly foreign type of landscape. I have heard that argument made against the proposition to enlarge our largest national park. It will not hold.

The Tetons belong in Yellowstone National Park because they are part of its picture. The Rockies are granite, and Yellowstone is a Rocky Mountain region. It is nature which here has reduced its granites to ash. It will complete nature's own story to tie together such stupendous examples of Nature's own way with her mountains.

The Tetons rise seven thousand feet from the surface of the lake at their feet. They bear aloft glaciers and perpetual snows. Around their feet are some of the most exquisite spots which America has to show to those who love her in all her moods.

This is not the story, nor the picture, nor even an outline sketch of Yellowstone. It is an impression.

An Appreciation of Yellowstone

By EMERSON HOUGH

Author of The "Covered Wagon"

OUR great National Parks are sections of the old American wilderness preserved practically unchanged. They are as valuable, acre for acre, as the richest farm lands. They feed the spirit, the soul, the character of America.



Emerson Hough.

Who can measure the value, even to-day, of a great national reserve such as the Yellowstone Park? In twenty years it will be beyond all price, for in twenty years we shall have no wild America. The old days are gone forever. Their memories are ours personally. We ought personally to understand, to know, to prize and cherish them.

The bears of Yellowstone have made it famous, as has its Painted Canyon. Its vast elk herds—the last hope of that species in America

—have no like anywhere in our country now. The bighorn sheep, rarest and wildest of our big game animals, still lives its old life there. The wise and busy beaver builds its dams as it always did. The antelope still may be seen—shadowy, fleet. The two species of American deer still thrive. Lastly, there still are to be seen some hundreds of the noblest of all our wild animals, the bison; a herd larger now than it was when, in the winter of 1894, the writer of these lines explored Yellowstone Park on ski and made public the danger then existing of the extinction of the wild bison at the hands of ruthless wild hunters.

Who can measure the value of the native treasures? Where else can you see them? What other country, what other printed page, can teach you so much as a week's reading of Nature's page here?

And you may travel and live in perfect comfort! That is almost the most astonishing thing about Yellowstone. You may photograph a wild bear and eat a course dinner within the same hour. You perhaps may see the buffalo from your seat in a comfortable touring car. You may see the Canyon and geysers and the Grand Tetons and a dozen bold mountain lakes and streams and yet sleep in as good a bed as you left at home. And no discomfort or danger or weariness will mar your day's delights.

I know the Yellowstone—why should I not, who have seen its last corners, summer and winter? I have fought for its elk, its buffalo, its trout, its wider-flung boundaries. I know it and love it all. So will you love it when you know it. And you ought to know it. That is part of your education as an American, as well as one of your American privileges in pleasuring.

Thank God, you Americans, that Yellowstone is now and ever shall be—your own! Thank God that there you still can see a part of the old West—your own West—as it was in the Beginning!

WONDERLAND

By BARBARA ANN SCHARR

*In the Great, Big West there's a Wonderland—
't is guarded by mystic walls
And all who pass are lured within
For a strange, sweet siren calls.*

.

*The Great Designer passed here one day
And fashioned of charm and worth
Such scenes as man will view but once
In his coursing upon the earth.*

*Great geysers burst from painted bowls
Like prisms aflash in the sun;
A hiss! A roar! then steaming clouds
In ethereal beauty spun!*

*Deep, colored sands weave far about
This royal, intense domain
And form a carpeted, sylvan path
Whereon footsteps find no pain.*

*In the castl'd homes where wanderers rest
There is friendship, song and cheer;
Great halls ring out with merriment
Telling of kindliness near.*

.

*By your mountain strength you bring to men
Inspiration to build and grow;
And eyes that have bandaged been before
Find hope in a sunset glow.*

.

THROUGH THE JACKSON HOLE COUNTRY

By HERRMAN G. SEELY

Seventy or more years ago, a little band of five white men and an Indian interpreter stood spellbound before the glorious majesty of the mighty Tetons.

Led by Lieutenant John Mullan of the United States Army, they had worked a laborious way up the Snake River valley from the southwest in search of a new pass through which the first railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific could be run.

The journey had been a difficult one. Snow had fallen. A pony had escaped, to be returned by a friendly Bannock Indian in exchange for tobacco. High winds and frigid temperatures harassed the explorers.

They found instead of the sought-for railroad pass, a country that was the great hunting grounds of the Bannocks, the Shoshones, the Arapahoes and the Crow Indians, a country whose "holes" teemed—as they do now—with game of every variety and whose streams were filled with native trout. And they found the Tetons!

Adams, the artist of the expedition, sketched those mighty, awe-inspiring peaks, the first day they were sighted. Their majesty moved Lieutenant Mullan from his soldier's stoicism.

"On gaining the ridge referred to," the artillery officer reported, "we came in view of the 'Three Tetons' with their lofty tops covered with glistening snow, towering high in the clouds. They are represented as being formed of rock from their base as far as they can be seen toward the summit and the tops are covered at all seasons with snow to an unknown depth."

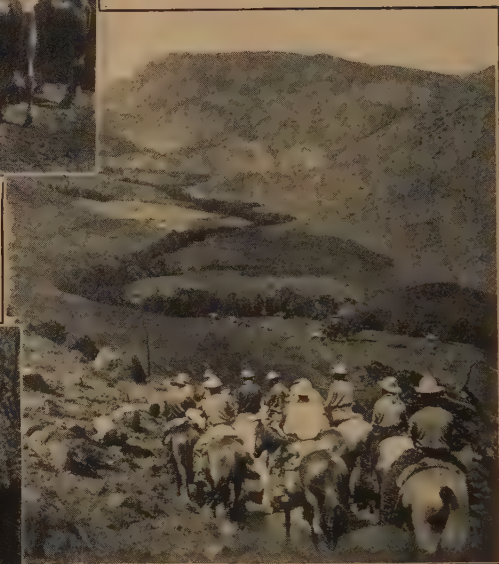
"We were told by the guide that there is a beautiful cascade in the mountains where the Tetons occur, having a fall of sixty feet over a vertical wall or precipice."

Today the tourist who seeks the paint pots, the geysers, and the tame bears of Yellowstone Park can view the wondrous Tetons and the historic Wind River valley with the same enthusiasm of those early explorers.

Every foot of the country traversed by the winding road is filled with the lore of the Old West. Just before the Indian School is reached is a lane at the left, past the Episcopal Indian Mission, to a Shoshone Burying grounds.



Typical Ranch scene, Wyoming.



Riders of the Hills returning to the C. M. Ranch.



Of interest to anglers at the Eaton Ranch and elsewhere.



STATE COMMISSIONER, AGRICULTURE

The spirit of the old West still glows. The West of Jim Bridger, John Coulter, Lewis and Clark, Buffalo Bill and Custer, remains new and youthful, crude, heroic, and cordial—in Wyoming.

In the old days before the arrival of the white invaders, the Shoshones laid their dead on the cliffs and in the caves of the Wind River and Absaroka Mountains which bound the fertile Wind River valley. Later they abandoned their primitive burial customs and created this cemetery. It is well worth a visit if there is time, for here lies the body of Sacajawea, sixteen-year old "Bird Woman" or "Lost Woman" who guided the Lewis and Clark Expedition across the Rockies in 1804. Here are the graves of two white women who were massacred during the early days of Lander.

Thirty feet away is another mound, marked with the insignia of the American Legion. The visitor wonders what it is doing there until he reads the inscription. Then he realizes that he is looking at the last resting-place of John Washakie, grandson of the old chief, who died in the service of the United States during the World War.

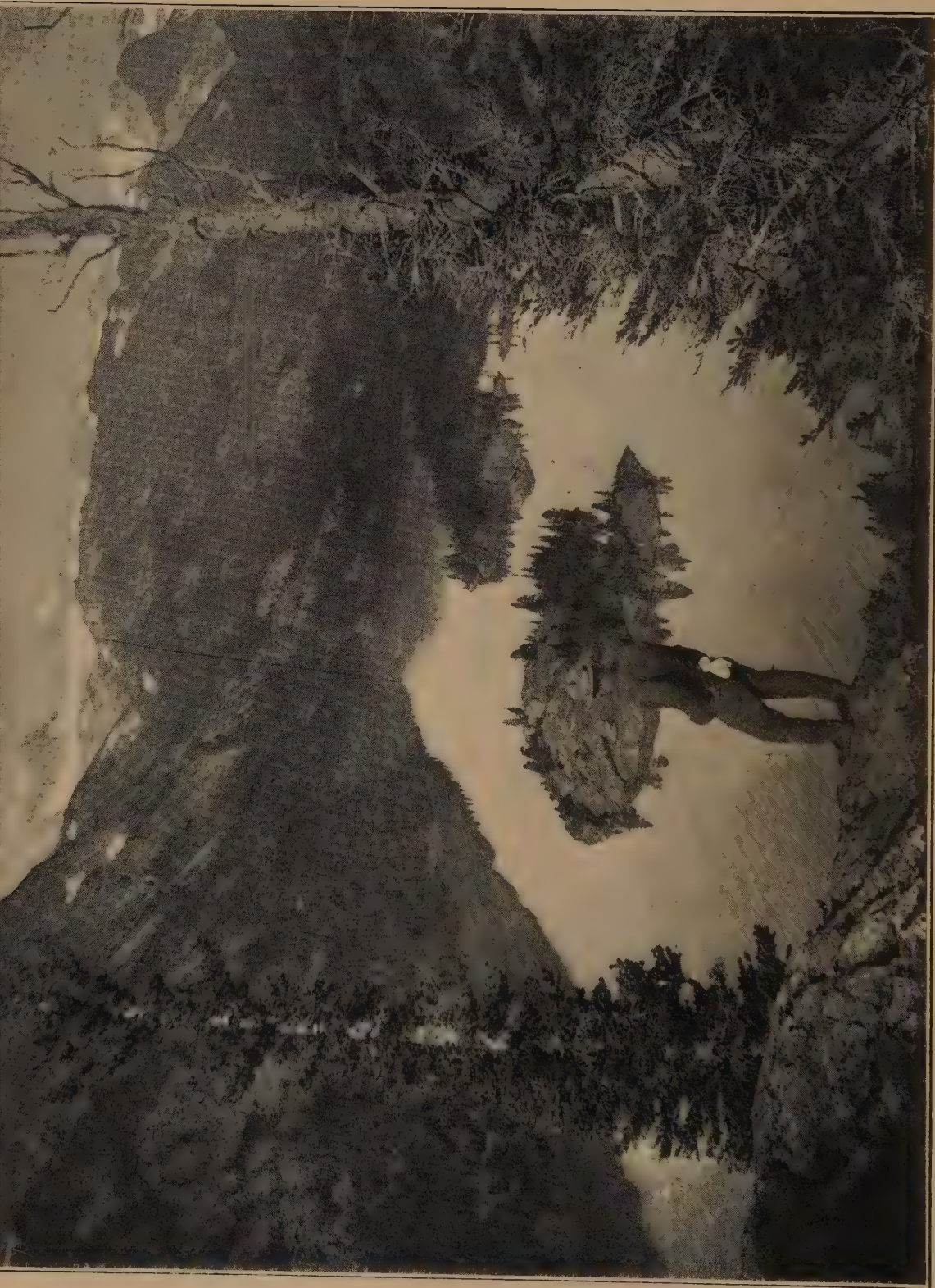
Not so very long after, the tourist sights a huge irregular hill which lacks only a few hundred feet of being a mountain. Indeed, it is somewhat like a mountain whose upper part has been removed by an irresistible force, leaving level land where the peak should be.

"Crow Heart Butte," says the driver and tells of the sanguinary battle between the Shoshones and the Crows which settled the possession of the rich hunting grounds about its base. The battle was finally decided by a hand-to-hand combat between Washakie, then a young warrior, and the chief of the Crows atop the butte.

We come gradually into the Jackson Hole country, famed in the Old Wild West. The floor of this valley is a fertile basin twenty by fifty miles, fenced in by inspiring mountain scenery. The region was first explored by John Colter in 1807 and has been the scene of some of America's most vivid melodrama.

The Tetons have been revealed now and then by turns in the road or clefts in the lower mountains, but their full glory bursts upon the tourists as the motorbus nears Jackson Lake.

Although the peaks are nine full miles away, this beautiful body of water seems to lie at their very base. Mount Moran and the Grand Teton lift their proud peaks high above the timber line to look down upon a double of their glory—the reflection in the still surface of the lake. The words of Lieutenant Mullan, leader of that early band of army explorers, come back. "We came in view of the 'Three Tetons' with their lofty tops covered with glistening snow, towering high in the clouds."



PHOTO, SANFORD MILLS

IN THE HEART OF THE GLACIERS OF WYOMING

Mount Bonneville, near Du Bois, Wyoming, has glaciers which are claimed to be the most extensive in the United States. This section is well known for its hunting.

IN THE GLACIERS OF WYOMING

By E. H. FORT

Midway between Yellowstone National Park and South Pass, through which the early pioneers toiling westward blazed the overland trail to the Pacific, the Wind River Range of the Rocky Mountains flings up its rugged crest to form the two highest peaks in the State of Wyoming. They are Fremont and Gannett, both of which are over 13,700 feet in elevation. On their eastern flanks are glaciers, perpetual snow-fields, and deep canyons separated by ice-scored ridges. Swift-flowing streams, colored in midsummer with the soft greens of glacial flour, emerge from all the valleys. For almost one hundred miles these Wind River Mountains, extending southeastwardly from the Yellowstone National Park, form one of the highest and most inaccessible ranges of the Rockies. Its crest seldom drops below 11,000 feet in elevation and many of its peaks reach well above 13,000 feet.

There can be nothing more sublime than the view from this greatest glacial area in the United States.

Gannett Peak is 13,786 ft. and the surrounding peaks are nearly as high. The Canyon walls drop nearly perpendicularly to a point below the timber line or near 10,000 ft. These huge bodies of ice are annually replenished by the winter storms. On the sides of the canyons facing the southerly sun, the ice melts, the edge of the ice field weakens and these huge bodies, miles in length and width, slowly move downward, grinding the rocks and plowing up the great "Snouts" of the glaciers. This sometimes leaves large crevasses and yawning caverns against the upper peaks where they form their contact with the glaciers, to be filled in and replenished when the winter storms come.

To the northwest the majestic summits of the Grand Tetons and Mt. Moran, towering above Jackson Lake, are in full view. Further to the north we follow the course of Lewis Fork and the Snake Rivers, down which Lewis and Clark with their Indian Girl Guide Sacajawea followed on their way to the Pacific. From here it looked like a great pass to the northwest.

To the southeast one sees Mt. Chauvenet, where Capt. Bonneville "reached the top of the world," and called it the most beautiful place in the world. He made copious notes of his first impulsive



Pack train in Bighorns.



Brooklyn Lake, Laramie River and Range of the

impressions, realized the inadequacy of words to portray the scene and turned his notes over to Washington Irving, who could scarcely improve upon the expressions of the man who saw the great view first. One sees the valley of the Snake as it leaves Yellowstone Park on its way to Puget Sound. The valley of the Green River as it leaves Fremonts Peaks is only twelve or fifteen miles distant. One can realize the exultation of Fremont as he unfurled his flag upon that magnificent peak, whose waters he was again to see as they enter the Gulf of California, when he was there to receive California into the United States at the close of the Mexican War.

To the East appear the head waters of the Missouri System, the Wind River, Sweetwater and North Platte as they wend their way through the Great Plains, past Laramie Peak, more than two hundred miles away, but in full view on any clear day.

IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

*Here where the continent lifts to the sky
Its rock peaks, where green-blue glaciers lie,
And mighty winds reach restlessly and make
White froth upon the blue-black, tiny lake
Held in the mountain's hand, here where the snow
Taunts inefficient summer, where there grow
Strange flowers upon the glacier moraine—
And grotesque mountain creatures, carved by rain
And snow and frost are silent hosts and grim,—
Where the mists veil the valleys with their dim
And far thrown veil, here where the silence keeps
That stone eternity within its deeps,
Where naught is old and and nothing can be new,
How far and futile seem the world and you!*

It was down these valleys of the Snake and Green Rivers that Chief Washakie traveled when he met the Shoshones, became a leader in their fight with another tribe, and later their chief when their leader was numbered among the casualties.

When the Treaty of 1868 was made, Washakie was offered many desirable tracts of land but refused them, and when asked what he did want, he waved his hand toward the Wind River Valleys and said he "wanted the warm valleys." He got them, would have been unable

to hold them against the Crows, Sioux, Cheyennes and other tribes, but he made a firm friend of the white men and held them. Just below is the famous Crow Heart Butte where Washakie had a finish fight with the Crows. The latter were defeated and they retreated with their chief. He, with a few braves reached the top of this Butte, Washakie pursued them; all were killed. When asked by an old friend, only a few years before he passed away, whether it was true that he had eaten the Heart of the Crow Chief, Washakie sat silent for some time, then said "Oh! Washakie young man, heat crazy, mebbby do anything."

WYOMING DAYS

By ROY CHURCHILL SMITH

*O sing us a song of the wilds of Wyoming,
A song of the Plains and the rolling brown hills.
Not boastful, but playful, that sets Fancy roaming
To the sunny greenslopes where the meadow lark trills.*

*The great silent spaces where cattle are grazing,
Remote from mankind in this altitude high;
The shadowy dusk, with the red sunset blazing
From behind the bald peaks sharp against the clear sky.*

*There's a sod-covered shack on the old Reservation,
A corral of pine poles by the side of a stream,
And here, far removed from all civilization
Are the cow-ponies trained by the cowboy, supreme.*

*There are ranches, and farms—there are mines in Wyoming;
There are hamlets remote, from which news never comes.
There are forests untouched, where the big game is roaming,
Where the trout leaps the falls and the wood partridge drums.*

*Our progress is marked by wonderful changes
In our cities and towns since the country was young.
But this song is a song of the wide open ranges
Where the livestock is grazing the brown hills among.*

RANCH LIFE—BIG HORN MOUNTAINS

Anonymous

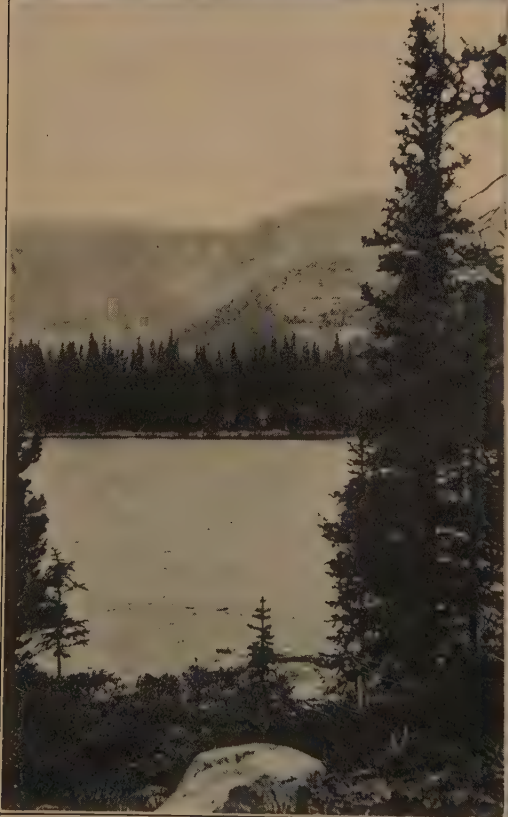
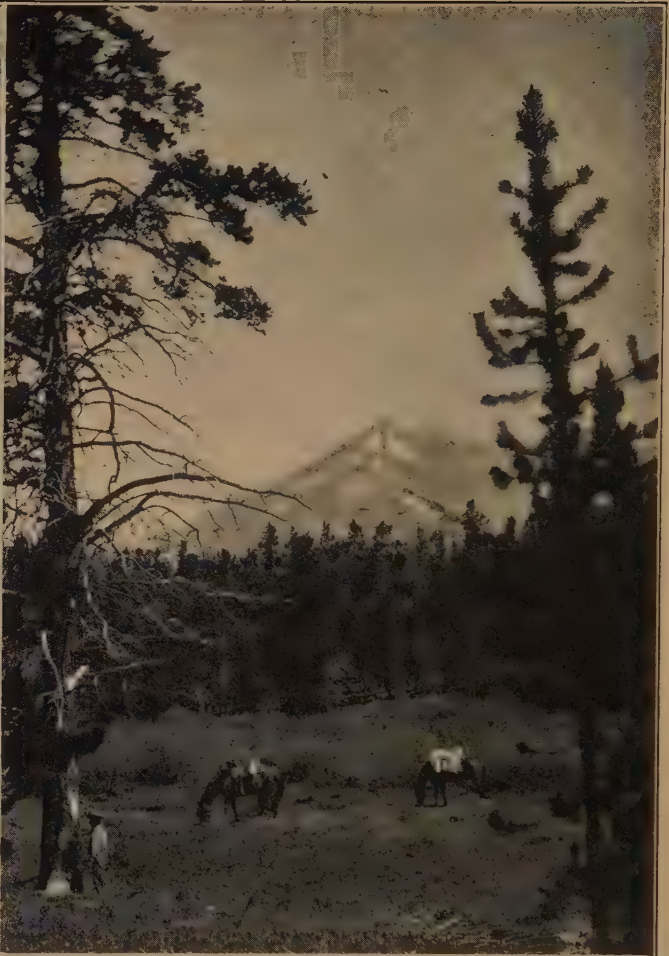
In Wyoming the spirit of the old West still glows. The West of Jim Bridger, John Coulter, Lewis and Clark, Buffalo Bill and Custer, remains new and youthful, crude, heroic and cordial. The memory of the covered wagon, Indian warfare, buffalo stampedes, pony express, and the wild, free life of the unfenced, open range still hangs as a romantic halo over this old-new land which today represents the last stronghold of the stirring frontier life which forms such a colorful chapter in the annals of American history and literature.

The Indians—the Shoshones, Cheyennes, Crows, and other tribes still roam over large areas of Wyoming and Montana; the ranges swarm with cattle and sheep; the fall round-up is as important an economic event as ever—cowboys, lassoes, saddles, spurs, branding irons, and bucking broncos are still the important symbols of Wyoming's activities; the Tetons, Big Horns, and Absaroka mountains rear their snow-capped summits skyward; many parts of the wilderness remain untrod by the foot of man; streams teem with game trout, and Wyoming is now as ever the greatest big game hunting region in all the United States.

A great conservation movement, of which every red-blooded American should be vastly proud, has been the setting aside as everlasting heritages of posterity, thousands upon thousands of square miles of Wyoming's sacred lands; its chiefest scenic regions, its greatest mountain ranges, its forests and waters, "and all that in them is" for you and for me; "For the Benefit and Enjoyment of the People."

The Big Horn National Forest embraces approximately 1,136,000 acres of the Big Horns, including all of their best scenery—crag, canyons, precipices, rivers, streams, a virgin forest, and innumerable lakes. Many of the peaks reach an elevation more than 13,000 feet above sea level and are snow capped the year 'round. Glaciers hang high up in the jagged sides of some of these, and in their tortuous progress down the slopes, will grind out new basins for sparkling lakes of blue snow water.

From timber line down to grassy meadows all is dense, green forest—mile after mile of wilderness broken here and there where a



U. S. FOREST SERVICE

*"Dudes" on Wolf Creek Trail, Bighorn National Forest, Wyoming.
The National Forest of Pinedale, Wyoming.*

*In the Big Horn district of Wyoming.
A glacier scene in the Washakie National Forest.*

waterfall bursts over some tremendous height to dash itself to white spray hundreds of feet below.

The great forest is a safe refuge for countless denizens of the wild; eagles soar over the uppermost pinnacles of the lofty peaks and float between sheer canyon walls, and trout abound in the hundreds of icy streams.

This forest was once a favorite hunting ground of the Sioux, Crow, and Cheyenne Indians, and the scene of many bloody battles.

The Big Horn peaks were objects of veneration in the religious life of the Indians. Into these solitudes they went to make their "medicine." On Medicine Mountain is the "Medicine Wheel" built so long ago by early aborigines that even legendary history is lacking.

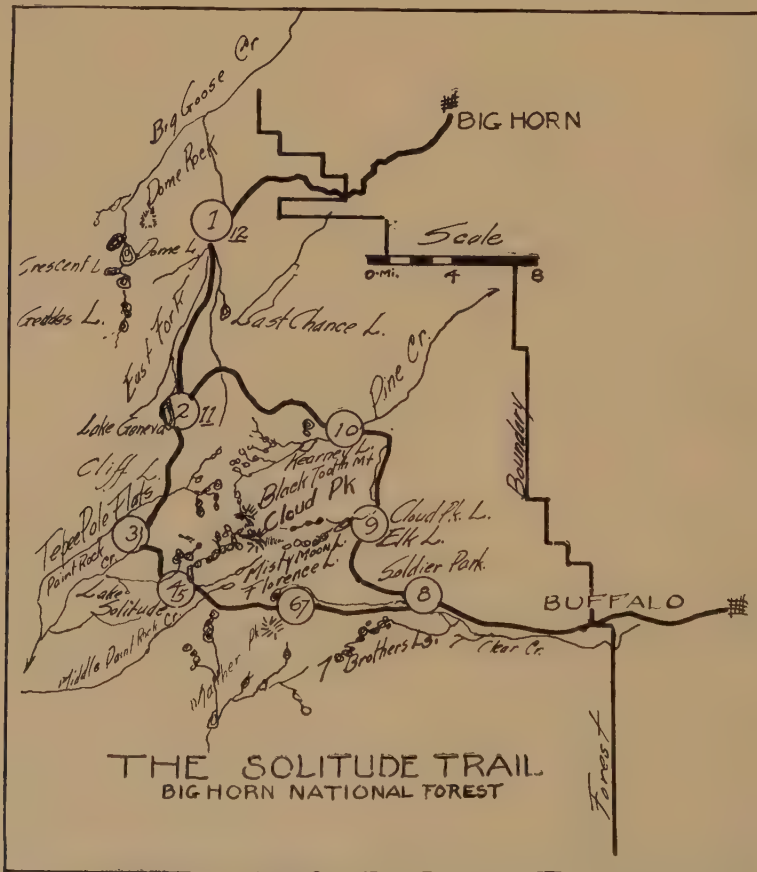
Near the base of the range are the ranches—extending from the very foot of the mountains out over the rolling plains for many miles. Five thousand acres, ten thousand, and in many cases even more, constitute the holdings in land of many of the great stock and grain ranches. They are a source of wonder to eastern folks especially, whose ideas of property are measured in terms of city lots.

Acceding to the demand of friends drawn westward by the fame of the Big Horns, ranchers have come more and more to the practice of throwing open the wide portals of their domain to the entertainment of guests. Old established ranches of the highest type now have a new and interesting field of activity—that of serving as host to greatly increasing numbers of "dudes" from back East, come to the Big Horns for rest, for recreation, for entertainment of a sort possible only here, for horseback riding in western cowboy saddles, for range riding, mountain climbing, trail hiking, some of the finest trout fishing in the world, and for the enjoyment to be taken from the thrills which come from mere observation of the conduct of the large scale affairs on a big western ranch.

PACK TRAILS INTO BACK COUNTRY

By ARTHUR HAWTHORNE CARHART

Has it been your privilege to ride the timber-line trail? Have you made camp under shadowing spruces, by streams newly born of snowbanks? Have you beheld the suntouched clouds of the evening from some mountain-top camp, watched the shadows in the canyons below blot out rock and tree, and later sat until bedtime by a friendly camp-fire, doubly welcome at timber-line, where autumn chill is perpetual?



A fifty mile typical circle—trip

If you have traveled into the country where pack travel is necessary you have memories beyond value. If not, you have missed some

of the joys of a most intimate touch with the outdoors and have a great adventure to look forward to and plan for.

Going into back country is not so difficult. Even the softest tenderfoot can take a pack trip in comfort. A lot depends on the attitude of mind attained before the trip is started. You must be prepared for real camp life, to enjoy little hardships and discomforts by treating them as part of the fun. When you can take things as they come and not grouch, then you are ready for your real pack trip.

A pack trip should not be a race against time. The full joy of a trip in the beyond-country lies in your ability to loaf along the trail. If you make ten miles a day, you camp at camping time. If it is fifteen or twenty, camp is with you and you lodge where you will. Do not try to make time on a pack trip. It is a most disappointing trip if you do. More pack-trip vacations are ruined through not observing this rule than from all other causes combined.

Come, may I not introduce you to some delightful trips to the country beyond the auto highway? The introduction may pave the way to your full acquaintance. It may open the door to a joyous vacation time spent in the heart of the hills.

THE WEST IS THERE

By ROY CHURCHILL SMITH

*There is no West," we hear men say, "its glamour is a lie.
The good old days and wild ways have gone forever by."
Some say the cowboy is no more, except upon the screen;
The Indian now drives a steed that feeds on gasoline.
But I tell you, while it is not seen from modern Pullman trains,
The West is There, that's what I mean, beyond the sage brush plains.
By the rim-rock where the stunted trees are warped by sun and gale
Where the Pine Ridge forms a background for a silent, sun-lit vale,
There's a country vast, where cattle feed by the thousands I declare;
Where the cowboy rides and unshod steed—and the West, I say, is
there.*

*Of course, along the highways we find the tiresome town;
The homesteads and the jitney camps, and cities of renown.
The tourist speeding westward brings his little world along,
His ears are deaf to woodland calls; he hears no brooklet's song.
He has no time to change his ways, the West he cannot find;
So he takes the short and easy route and leaves it all behind.*

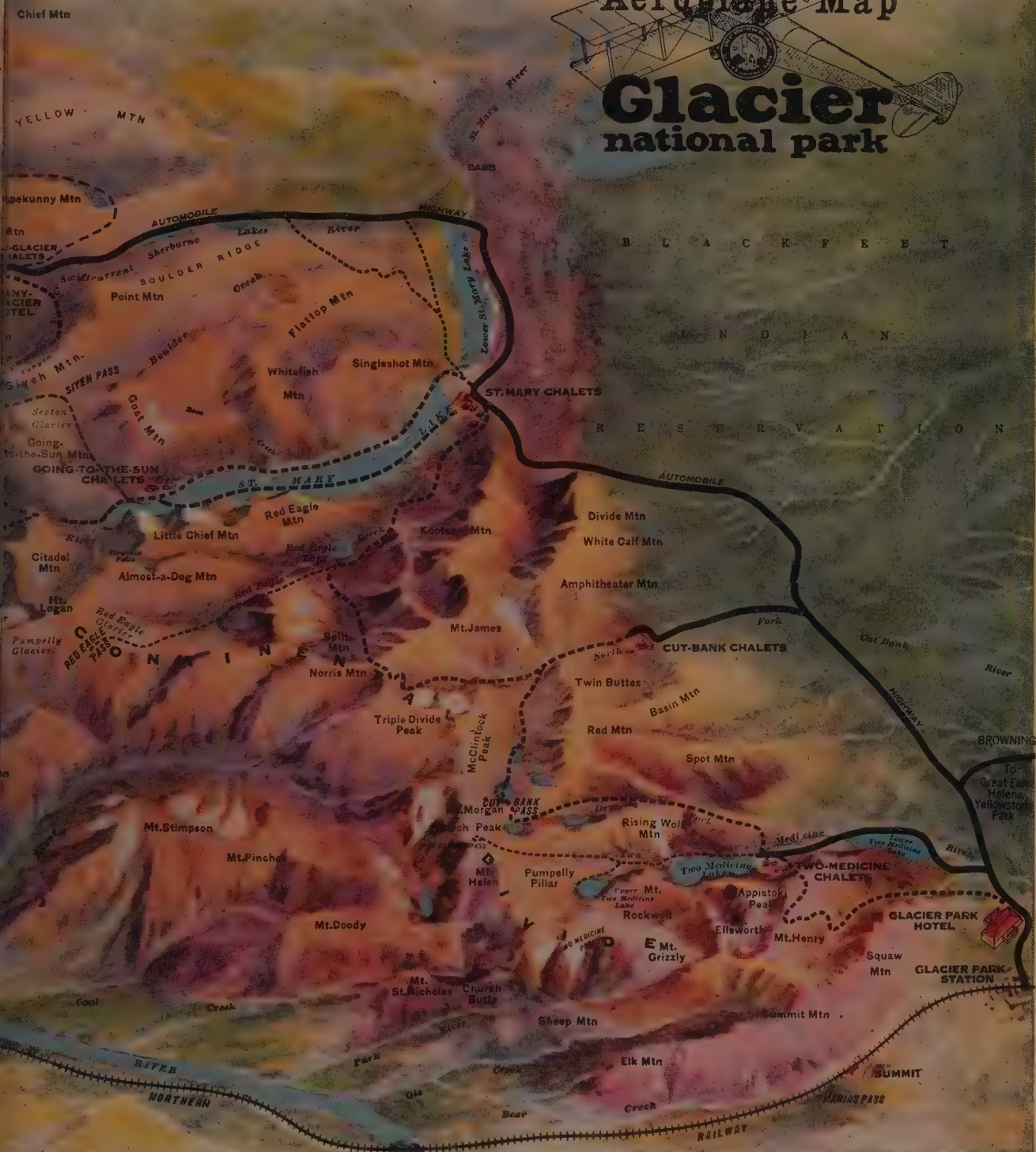


Sun Dance. Shoshone Indians. Wyoming.

*It's a long hard trail thru mountains wild beyond the desert waste
To scenes by tourists undefiled, where Nature's wealth is placed.
And there in mining shafts remote, are minerals rich and rare,
Where pioneers have delved long years; and the Golden West is there.
Then the Shoshone Reservation where the pinto ponies run;
Where miles of bending prairie grass is shining in the sun.
A reservation set apart, wherein the Indians dwell,
And where the war-drums measured beat oft casts its mystic spell.
Along Wind Rivers wooded banks the canvas tepees stand,
And ponies graze, close herded, on the nearby mesa land.
The half-breed dogs of coyote strain, beneath the wagons sleep;
A kettle smokes upon the coals while evening shadows creep.
Three stately chieftains, blanket wrapped, their ancient peace-pipe
share
Around the drift-wood fire; and the old-time West is There.*



*"Here are trails that follow the old game trails
along the mountain side; here are meadows of
wild roses, forget-me-not, larkspur, and Indian
paintbrush growing beside glaciers, snowfields
and trails of a beauty to make you gasp."*



...radiate to practically all parts of Glacier National Park;
which are shown by darker lines, carry the
...to scenic points of interest.

COURTESY GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Montana—Western



© KISER

EVENING. LAKE ST. MARY TRAIL; GLACIER PARK

*When living is losing its flavor to you
 When worry is making you old;
 When there is no joy in the thing you do,
 Nor truth in the thing you are told;
 There's balm for you, calm for you out in the
 wild,
 There's hope for you up on the hill,
 Get up in the timber and play like a child;
 You can overcome it—you will.*

*Get up in the timber; the trail and the trees
 Will make you a man in a day.
 The smell of the soil and the breath of the breeze
 Will blow all your troubles away.
 There's a pine for you, wine for you, hope for
 you there
 The sun and the moon and the star—
 If the ways of the city are not on the square,
 Get up in the woods—where they are.*

DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

Glacier National Park

By ROBERT STERLING YARD

AMONG the dramas of America's creation, there is none more stirring than that which has left us Glacier National Park. Before viewing this incomparable spectacle, let us dwell for a few moments upon how it came to be.

These towering limestone peaks and knife-like ridges were created as solid strata out of the shells of uncountable millions of tiny sea creatures in the bottom of the ocean. These pink and purple and green shales were laid in sea depths by rivers which carried them there as sediments from distant mountains perhaps eighty, perhaps far more than a hundred, million years ago. That was when one continuous sea connected the Gulf of Mexico and the Arctic Ocean. The internal earth pressures which raised the western part of North America from the waters, elevated these sea strata to where they tower today.

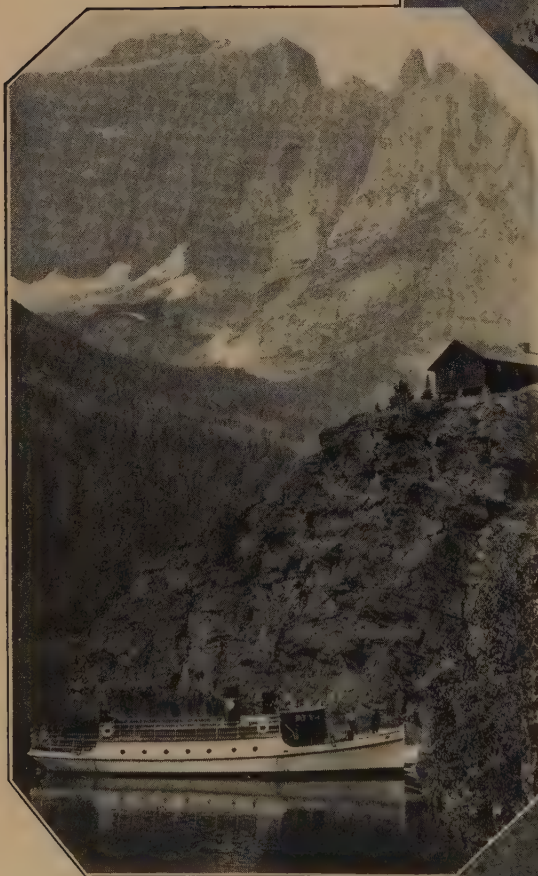
But before these strata rose from the sea, the same processes which deposited them had deposited also many thousands of vertical feet of other rock strata upon them. What we see in Glacier National Park is what we also see in the very depths of the Grand Canyon. How then came this part of those ancient deposits to be mountain peaks, here, ten thousand feet in altitude?

Conceive this story of a hundred or more millions of years of Creation hastened to the showing of a motion picture. Very early therein, we would find internal pressures cracking the earth's surface in a long line from Northern Montana hundreds of miles northwesterly into Canada, uplifting her famous scenic Rockies. Higher and higher would rise these two edges till they make a vast mountain chain. Then come lateral pressures. The western half of the crack is shoved over the eastern half fifteen or twenty miles. Geologists call this

St. Mary Lake lies in a region unsurpassed for the personality of the mountains which surround it.



On the south shore of St. Mary Lake, Red Eagle and Little Chief Mountains project their ship-like prows into the water.



© HILEMAN

The launch makes trips to the Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, Glacier Park, rich in the folk lore of the Indians.



process overthrusting. As a result, strata a hundred million years old here overlay strata perhaps eighty million years younger; and therein lies the tale.

MOUNTAIN SCULPTURE

For meantime, during these millions of years, Erosion, Master Workman, with snow and glaciers and frost and rain and wind and flood for his tools, was chiselling at the mountain summits. And today all the overlying strata have been loosened and washed away until the bottom of the western overthrust edge, the oldest and the lowest strata of them all, these same ancient limestones and shales are exposed as the lofty summits whose magnificent carvings and coloring Americans travel thousands of miles to see.



Glenn Lake. Pyramid Peak and Shepard Glacier.

Knowing this, it does not surprise you, here in Glacier, to find rocks and weather-carven forms whose like may not be seen combined elsewhere in all the wide world. Once I met at St. Mary Lake a much traveled Englishman, literally a "globe-trotter." "Where are your artists?" he cried. "I've seen the world and all her mountains, even the Andes and Himalayas, and never anywhere anything like this! Nothing like this! Where are your artists?"



© MARBLE



© HILEMAN

*Two Medicine Lake and Cut Bank Valley, Glacier Park, which adjoins the Blackfeet Indian Reservation and the Waterton Lakes of Canada.
Indian Lake, on the trail through Bear Grass Lands; Canada is seen in the distance.*

It is true. There is nothing else like Glacier, anywhere in the world. In our nineteen National Parks there are many incomparable spectacles, each of its own vastly different kind, each supreme of its kind in the world of scenery, but is there anything even remotely resembling Glacier National Park?

And after you are there for days or weeks, or perhaps months, you will still be unable to analyze Glacier's peculiar charm. The more intimately you study it, the closer becomes your bondage to this mysterious charm.

QUALITY OF GLACIER'S CHARM

The greatest single difference between Glacier and all other scenic regions lies in the shaping of its rocks. Conceive this overthrusting edge, which is potentially ten or twelve thousand feet in thickness, attacked during continuous millions of years by glaciers, frost, wind and rain. Thus we have precipices four and five thousand feet high, enormous canyons once the channels of glaciers, more than sixty remainders of glaciers, thousands of streams, hundreds of lakes; a most extraordinary multiplicity and richness of scenic phenomena.

But we have these elsewhere, you say. No doubt the texture of the ancient shales and limestones, the long winters, the abundance of trickling and rushing waters, and the fearful length of time involved account for the richness of the rock carvings and their extraordinary shapes.

Glacier's mountains are not built up nor forced up from below, but are what are left after Erosion has dug and scooped at what was potentially a lofty plateau. You may see this for yourselves from the top of Swiftcurrent Mountain, where, so far as your eye can reach, appears a plane of mountain tops with glacial cirques and the emptied courses of former glaciers scooped into it.

The mountains fall into two more or less parallel chains, between which the Continental Divide, which is the line dividing stream flow between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, shifts back and forth. After you have studied Glacier's geography and viewed the region as a whole from several mountain tops, what appears at first a meaningless hodge-podge will fall into organized groupings which will greatly enhance your pleasure in exploration.



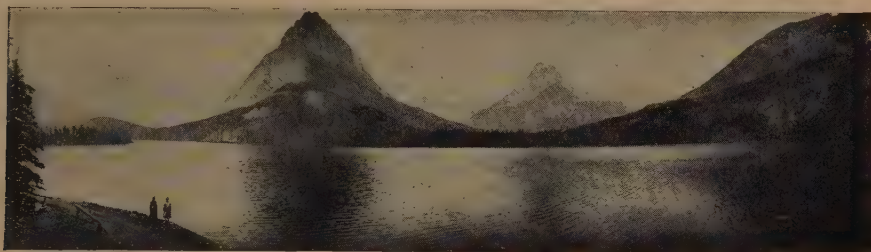
PHOTOS. © TOP, MARBLE. LOWER, HILEMAN

CUTBANK VALLEY AND GRANITE PARK, HEAVEN'S PEAK

These towering limestone peaks and knife-like ridges of Glacier National Park were created as solid strata out of the shells of uncountable millions of tiny sea creatures, at the bottom of the ocean.

In the birth chamber of every glacier goes a double process. The ice freezes to the back of its cirque, and the forward flowing motion pulls rocks therefrom and carries them down to the valleys. The glacier therefore is working backward as well as forward, and in time the cirque eats deeply into the rock behind it.

In Glacier National Park are miles upon miles of knife-like rock edges which show where, during millions of years, glaciers on either side of the Continental Divide, or of lesser divides, have eaten backward till only these thin fences remain. One of the finest of them,



Many Glacier Hotel, Lake McDermott and Mt. Grinnell. Glacier Park.

known as the Garden Wall, is one of the spectacles from the Many Glacier Hotel, where it is seen directly behind the beautiful Grinnell Glacier.

CONSIDERED GEOGRAPHICALLY

Let us consider the region geographically. From the glaciers and snowfields of the Continental Divide, seven principal valleys flow eastward and twelve westward. The two sides are so different that they might be separate National Parks. On the east side, where the overthrust edge has been carved into gigantic and often grotesque shapes, is most of the sensational scenery. On the west side are long slopes heavily forested, and many large elongated lakes lying between transverse mountains. But the west side is also gorgeously scenic. Also it is the home of most of the wild animals, especially the elk and deer. Glacier is second to Yellowstone as a wild-life refuge.

Between these parallel mountain chains is one of the distinctive valleys of the world. It extends from the center of the National Park, where you will enter it through Logan Pass on the trans-mountain road, northward to the Canadian boundary at Waterton Lake. I have called this the Avenue of the Giants, because of the splendid mountains that rise on either side. One of its peculiarities is that the



© FIER

Many Glacier Hotel, Glacier National Park.



© HILMAN

Mount Stanton, Gunsight Lake and Mount Jackson.

Continental Divide crosses it midway by way of Flattop Mountain, and that, from this low elevation, a stream flows southward through the valley to empty finally into the Pacific, and one flows northward through the same valley to empty finally into the Atlantic by way of Hudson Bay. The south-flowing stream is McDonald Creek, the north-flowing stream the Little Kootenai River.

SEEING GLACIER

There are two rail and highway entrances to Glacier National Park from the United States, and two highway entrances from Canada—for Glacier abuts the Canadian border, across which lies Canada's Waterton Lakes National Park, one of the principal charms of which is its view into our own National Park. Waterton Lake straddles the border, half on each side.

The southern entrances, both on the Great Northern Railroad, are at Glacier Park Station on the east side and Belton on the west side. Entrance is usually at Glacier Park Station, where there is a great hotel. From here motor busses carry you north to the chalet at St. Mary Lake, and to a second great hotel, Many Glacier, built on the border of McDermott Lake. The ideal trip is to cross the Continental Divide, make Lewis's on Lake McDonald your west-side center, and go out through Belton.

Many Glacier Hotel is practically the traveling center of Glacier National Park, the point of departure for most of its famous spectacles. Within the limitations of this brief chapter, I can only consider some of the wonder places reached from this center.

You can make seeing Glacier as easy or as strenuous as you please. One disembarks from the motor stage at Many Glacier Hotel on McDermott Lake, at the head of the Swiftcurrent Valley. This center of all departure, itself unique, is an exposition in one way or another of all the varied manifestations of the entire Park. What I mean is that one may spend a week or a few weeks in the Many Glacier Hotel at the end of the auto trip, and, without staying a night away from its comforts, may see all Glacier in the sense that he may see and study at least one satisfying example of every scenic variety in the Glacier catalogue.

From Many Glacier Hotel, for example, a trail walk of four miles will bring you to Grinnell Lake, from whose opposite side springs a



Lake Josephine, Grinnell and Gould in the distance. © KISER
Grinnell Glacier from the trail of the Garden Wall. © HILEMA
Sperry Glacier, Glacier Park, Montana. © MARBLE

rugged precipice shelving the beautiful Grinnell Glacier, to which, if you choose, you may climb. Or a trail trip of seven miles will bring you to the edge of Cracker Lake, bowled in pink shale in the bottom of a lofty, gray limestone cirque, an unforgettable spot. Or you may follow seven miles of open level trail in another direction to the unique Iceberg Lake, a miniature polar sea, whose turquoise surface is crowded with floating ice fragments broken from the foot of the glacier, which, slanting sharply from enclosing sculptured limestone



Trail through Bear Grass. Glacier Park.

walls two thousand feet high, rests upon the water. Or you may zig-zag thousands of feet up Glory Trail and cross Swiftcurrent Pass, a journey of nine miles, to a quaint stone chalet looking across an enormous valley to Heaven's Peak and stretching northward into Canada. These and others are one-day journeys from and to the Many Glacier Hotel.

You may also undertake from this center journeys of greater length, from chalet to chalet, or, leaving the beaten paths, with saddle horses and with pack train, travel from campground to campground.

Or you may take the Red Gap Trail and cross into the twin canyons of the Belly River region, explore their immense depths and from there, by way of Indian Pass, travel northward to Waterton Lake Park and back along the Continental Divide over Flattop moun-



© HILEMAN

NORTHWEST STREAM, TWIN FALLS, GLACIER

*Green temples closed against the beat
Of noontime's blinding glare and heat,
Open to any pilgrim's feet.*

THEODOSIA GARRISON

tain to Granite Park. Or you may journey westward over the Garden Wall Trail, from Granite Park, and over Logan Pass to Going-to-the-Sun Camp. Or, joining the regular daily trail-horse party from Many Glacier, you may make the journey over Piegan Pass to Sun Camp, and out to Glacier Park Hotel by way of the Triple Divide; or else climb over Gunsight Pass, visit the Sperry Glacier, and so reach Lake McDonald, the key of the west side.

TWO MEDICINE, GUNSIGHT PASS AND OTHERS

But before even reaching McDermott Lake, there are notable places to see. At Glacier Park Hotel, when you leave the train, you look up at the looming mountains from the outside, a gorgeous spectacle, and plan your excursions within them. You may enter them here by horse-trail, if you prefer, but most visitors take the motor busses direct to Many Glacier Hotel, stopping en route as long as they please at beautiful St. Mary Lake where Sun Camp occupies an adorable promontory at the foot of Going-to-the-Sun Mountain.

While still at Glacier Park Hotel, one may take a day's round trip to Two Medicine Lake, which is a miniature sample of all Glacier, a genuine masterpiece of nature's most exquisite workmanship, enough in itself for a little National Park of the highest scenic quality. It is difficult to believe that Mount Rockwell, which towers sublimely across the lake, is merely the lesser gabled end of a vastly greater mountain which reaches its climax on the Continental Divide several miles westward. If you can spare the time, two or three days spent on horseback exploring the spectacular country west of the Two Medicine Chalet will be an experience to be remembered always; and if it is possible, instead of resuming the stage, to continue your horseback journey from there to St. Mary Lake, through the wonderful Cut Bank cirques and over Triple Divide, you will fill another unforgettable page in memory's album.

To me the passage of Gunsight Pass, which carries the Continental Divide across a shelf a thousand feet above Gunsight Lake on the east side and above Lake Ellen Wilson on the west side, is one of the most stirring experiences in our mountains. The immense glaciated sides of Mount Jackson on the south of the pass, the wild snow-daubed and ice-furrowed sides of Gunsight Mountain dropping



to the upturned strata of red shale at the water's edge, the zigzag trail up slopes seemingly perpendicular, the crossing of a gigantic snow field tipped at a sharp angle, the pass itself, the look back at the lake lying darkly in the well at our feet with magical Going-to-the-Sun Mountain shining on the distant horizon, the look forward over that other lake, also in a well with one end hanging over still another wall, this one eighteen hundred feet deep—no other passage brings to me quite the same thrill.

The Belly River basin, little known to travel although just across the wall from Iceberg Lake, is another of Glacier's wonder places, to me unforgettable. Confluent valleys surrounded by Glacier's highest mountains bearing eighteen glaciers, a dozen lakes, several sunk thousands of feet in wells, splendid forests, rich meadows, the best of fishing, and at their head a massing of arctic cirques not often excelled—these are the elements of a region where one could spend parts of many summers.

EARLY ASSOCIATIONS

Glacier, like all our parks, means more to us when we have in mind its early background. I am glad that the publishers are including a word in this section written by the man for whom the beautiful Grinnell Glacier was named, that friendly references are made to the American Indian, and that a good likeness of Howard Eaton is shown in one of his favorite spots.

I first met this pioneer, trapper, hunter and fighter convoying one of his parties in Yellowstone, and later saw him many times. He was a wonderful human being, a dramatic story teller in his slow, hesitating, effective way. Neighbor and friend of Theodore Roosevelt in their ranch days in Dakota Territory, he had many guests at his ranch to enjoy the frontier life. This was early in the eighties, the halcyon days of the West.

In this way developed the first of the "dude" ranches. The long pack trips on which Howard took his guests were the first of their kind. As a memorial, the circuit trail in Yellowstone was named the Howard Eaton Trail after his death. The orator at its dedication, July 19, 1923, said:

"Howard Eaton was a pioneer. All honor to those valiant pioneers, the explorers, the fur traders, the guides, the Indian fighters,



UPPER LEFT, KISER. OTHERS, HILEMAN

Forest Lobby, Glacier Park hotel.
Kintla Lake and Peak in the Northwestern section of the Park.
Tourist party on the Garden Wall Trail.

the prospectors, the miners, the stockmen and the settlers, whose believing hopes, whose magnificent optimism settled and is settling this mighty empire of the West."

"Howard Eaton was an optimist. No man can achieve any success unless he is an optimist. Optimism vitalizes energy, it makes buoyant the courage and leads on to victory. What miracles steadfast hope has performed! What cities it has laid, what states it has founded, what mighty wildernesses it has transformed into civilization!"

THE SCENIC CLIMAX

Far outside regular routes of travel, high among the northwestern mountains adjoining Canada, another region of the future seldom visited is Glacier's scenic climax, the valleys of Bowman and Kintla Lakes.

Approach from Waterton Lake by the Brown's Pass trail to the Bowman cirques, and thence over a skyland trail to the Kintla cirques, furnishes inspiration indeed for poet and painter.

The sensational cascades down Mount Peabody from glaciers perched upon its summit; the Hole-in-the-Wall Fall emerging from the center of a limestone precipice; the faint blue windings of Bowman Lake seen from far aloft between the fluted precipice of Rainbow Peak and the rugged incline of Indian Ridge; the gray tower of Kintla Peak rising five thousand feet from the lake at its foot, spreading upon its shoulders, like wings prepared for flight, two broad white glaciers! These are stirring spectacles whose like I have never seen suggested elsewhere by any other combination of water and rock and ice.

Glacier is one of our largest national parks and is not yet so much visited as many which lie nearer to the highways most convenient to trans-continental motor travel. The trans-mountain motor road, uncompleted at this writing, will increase travel many times, but the difficult conformation of the mountains and the established popular routes of trail travel together will conspire to keep much the greater part of this region of distinguished scenery uncrowded for those to whom the fullest enjoyment of nature means isolation from crowds of mere sight seers.

I advise you, lover of grandeur, see Glacier soon, and when you do, allow yourself plenty of time.

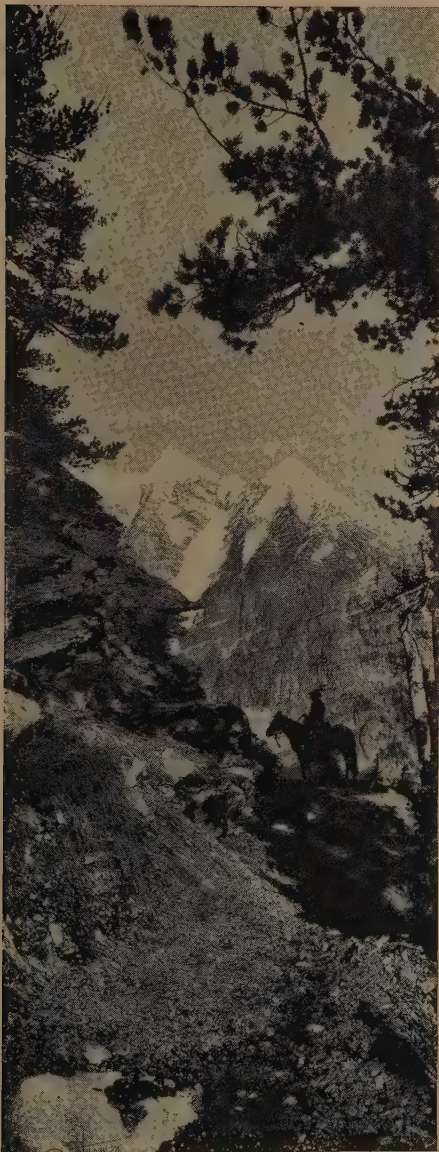


GREAT NORTHERN R. R. PHOTOS, HILLMAN

Trails radiate in all directions from Many Glacier Hotel. The country has a wild charm, which lends to extensive horseback trips. Scarface Point, a popular mountain trail. Tenting affords new thrills for tourists in the Altitude Derby.

THE CALL OF THE MOUNTAINS

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



© HILEMAN

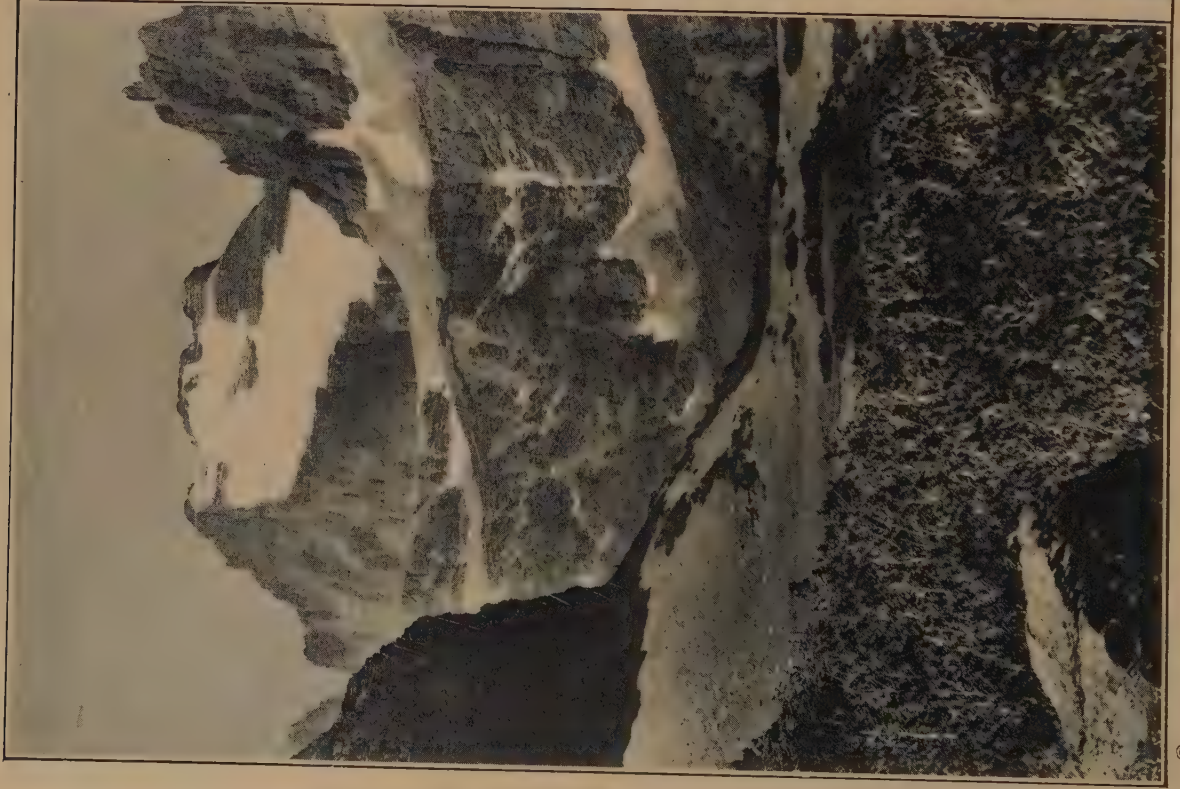
*The Call of the Mountains. Glacier Park.
Mountain-sides threaded with white,
and over all the great silence of
the Rockies.*

If you are normal and philosophical, if you love your country, if you are willing to learn how little you count in the eternal scheme of things, go ride in the Rocky Mountains and save your soul.

There are no "Keep off the Grass" signs in Glacier National Park. If the Government had not preserved it, it would have preserved itself, but you and I would not have seen it.

Here the Rocky Mountains run northwest and southeast, and in their glacier-carved basins are great spaces; cool shadowy depths in which lie blue lakes; mountain-sides threaded with white; where, from some hidden lake or glacier far above, the overflow falls a thousand feet or more, and over all the great silence of the Rockies. Here nerves that have been tightened for years slowly relax.

Here is the last home of a vanishing race—the Blackfeet Indians. Here is the last stand of the Rocky Mountain sheep and the Rocky Mountain goat; here are elk, deer, black and grizzly bears, and mountain lions. Here are trails that follow the old game trails along the mountain



During millions of years, Erosion, Master Workman, with snow, glaciers, frost, rain, wind and flood for his tools, was chiselling at the mountain summits. Mt. Merrit and Morning Glory Lakes, Glacier Park.

side; here are meadows of June roses, forget-me-not, larkspur, and Indian paint-brush growing beside glaciers, snowfields and trails of a beauty to make you gasp.

Here and there a trail leads through a snowfield; the hot sun seems to make no impression on these glacier-like patches. Flowers grow at their very borders, striped squirrels and whistling marmots run about, quite fearless, or sit up and watch the passing of horses and riders so close they can almost be touched.

The call of the mountains is a real call. Throw off the impediments of civilization. Go out to the West and ride the mountain trails. Throw out your chest and breathe—look across green valleys to wild peaks where mountain goats stand impassive on the edge of space. Then the mountains will get you. You will go back. The call is a real call.

I have traveled a great deal of Europe. The Alps have never held this lure for me. Perhaps it is because these mountains are my own—in my own country. Cities call—I have heard them. But there is no voice in all the world so insistent to me as the wordless call of these mountains. I shall go back. Those who go once always hope to go back. The lure of the great free spaces is in their blood.

JOYFUL NIGHTS

By BARBARA ANN SCHARR

*To drift, to dream, to sing, to sigh
Over waters dark and still,
While silhouette trees lean on the sky
And the moon tints yonder hill;*

*To list to lapping waves that woo
Bubbled joys from out the deep,
Soft banjos tinkling idly, too,
Lulling the world to sleep;*

*To scent the sweet, aromaed air
On a lake grown silvery white,
To float toward tomorrow fair,
In the quiet, star-lit night;
Is to learn to love, to feel the free,
Big grandeur of the West;
To learn to live, content to be
In a world of joys possessed!*



© KISER

A silent district, save for the notes of the birds and Dawn Mist Falls, in the northern part of Glacier National Park.

THE INDIAN AS GAME PROTECTOR

By GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

It is interesting and instructive to consider the attitude which was maintained by the Indian toward the game as his food supply and the ways he adopted to conserve it.

Centuries before the white man came, the Indian, through the necessities of his life, had worked out systems of game protection, the object of which was to provide a continuing supply of food and of fur. His reasons were in no degree sentimental. He cared nothing about

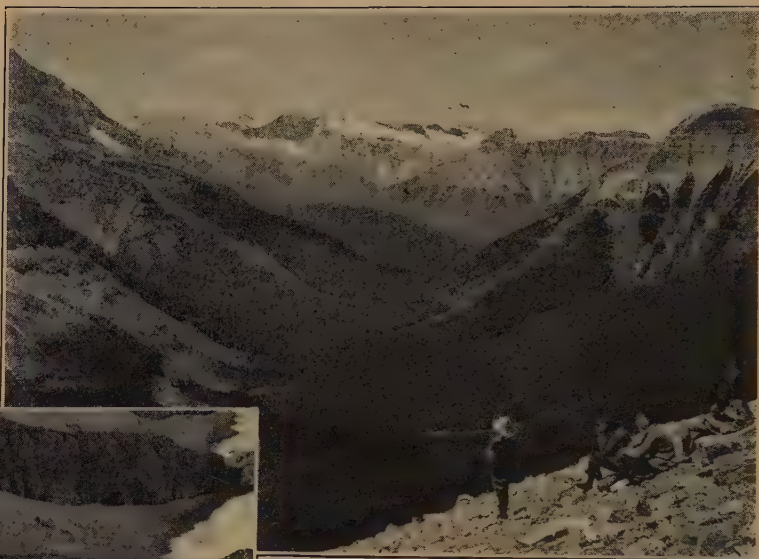


Oke—Chief of Many Tail Feathers. Glacier Park.

the preservation of species or the sport of hunting—he knew nothing of sport—but he felt it essential that the wild animals on which in large measure he depended for subsistence should continue to exist and in considerable numbers, in order that food might always be plenty and the supply go as far as possible. In other words, his reasons were economic. One of the methods he had worked out, and which was practiced on the western plains within the memory of men still living, was the communal chase of the buffalo.

Since the buffalo contributed very largely to the support of many of the plains tribes and were found in great herds, it was important that when hunted they should, if possible, be taken in numbers suffi-

*The Summit of Dawson Pass—
where rocks and shale afford com-
fortable seats after a strenuous
climb. Glacier Park.*



*Iceberg Lake, and Lake Ellen
Wilson, when the storm clouds darken
the day, as if it were a part of night.*

PHOTOS. © MARBLE

*The outlet of Lake McDonald lies in a region spotted with snowfields and
glistening glaciers.*

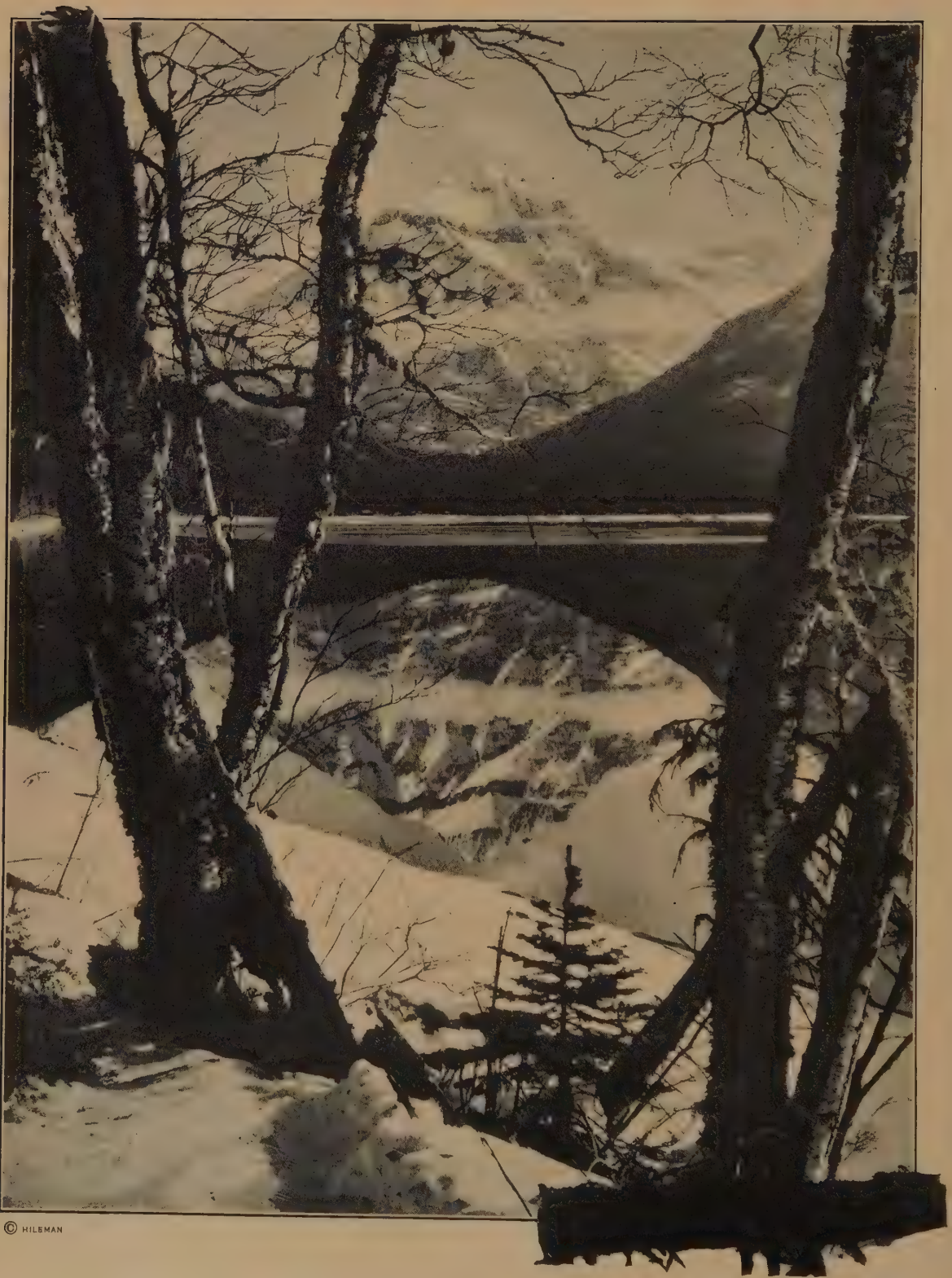
cient to supply food for the whole tribe—not merely food for today, but enough to last for a long time. In the later days, after the Indians had obtained horses and killed the buffalo by the chase, the hunt was systematized, in order that every man in the tribe might have an equal chance with every other man to secure the food required. When a surround was to be made, in order to make sure that the buffalo should not be alarmed, individual hunting by members of the tribe was forbidden. When the time came for the chase all the men took part in it; it was organized.

The laws in buffalo hunting were well understood and their usefulness acknowledged. They were generally observed, and the regulations, strictly enforced, were seldom violated. If such violations took place they were severely punished.

The Indian hunter had worked out for himself the conclusion that a wasteful destruction of the animals on which he subsisted might bring suffering to him and his, and for that reason he protected them from such wasteful destruction, and practiced methods of economy in hunting that were wise and far-seeing. He had profited by the experience of the generations before him.

In other ways the Indian showed foresight in protecting game and fur for himself and his descendants. In many parts of the wooded country, especially in the North, each family of Indians possessed its own territory for hunting and for trapping, and other members of the tribe did not trespass on this ground. The animals found in this territory were considered the property of the family and only its members possessed the right to take them. For another to kill them was a serious violation of tribal custom—the appropriation of food or fur which belonged to other persons. Such violation might be punished in a variety of ways; but the law, being generally understood, was seldom disregarded.

The Indian took these precautions in behalf of himself and his immediate family, but not alone for these. He thought also of the welfare of his descendants—those who were to come after him in the future, generations which he himself would never see. In other words, he regarded himself as the custodian of the hunting grounds, which he was to occupy and use for the period of his life, and then to hand down in as good condition as he had received them, to his children, who in turn would pass them on to their children, and so on to the end of time. The practice closely parallels the view that the Indian



© HILMAN

Mount Cannon reflects its beauty like a diamond into the mother-of-pearl waters of Lake McDonald, the western key of Glacier Park.

took of the ownership of the tribal lands, of which he regarded himself merely as the life-tenant.

We sometimes think and speak of the Indian as an improvident savage, but in his control of the game supply he showed a wisdom which it has taken his white successors generations to acquire. Had we followed his ways from the beginning, the story of American big game would have been quite different.

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

By BARBARA ANN SCHARR

*Lakes and mountains, skies of blue,
Birds that sing all day to you.
Hills to climb, vales to descend,
Breezes that enchantment lend.
Swishing woodland, plunging streams,
Hours to fill with naught but dreams.
Snows that cool the sun of day,
Flow'rs to welcome all the way.
Songs you've never heard before,
Tuned from nature's mystic lore.
Suns that flame, pale clouds that blush,
Joys that come with twilight's hush.
Moons that weave into your heart
Friends from whom you'll never part,
Space that opens new desires,
Kindling dead ambition's fires—*

*O, what treasure land awaits
Him who knocks at Glacier's gate!*

TROUTING

BY JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

*With slender rod, and line, and reel,
And feather-fly with sting of steel,
Whipping the brooks down sunlit glades,
Wading the streams in woodland shades,
I come to the trouter's paradise:
The flashing fins leap twice or thrice:
Then idle on this gray boulder lie
My crinkled line and colored fly,
While in the foam-flecked, glossy pool
The shy trout lurk secure and cool.*

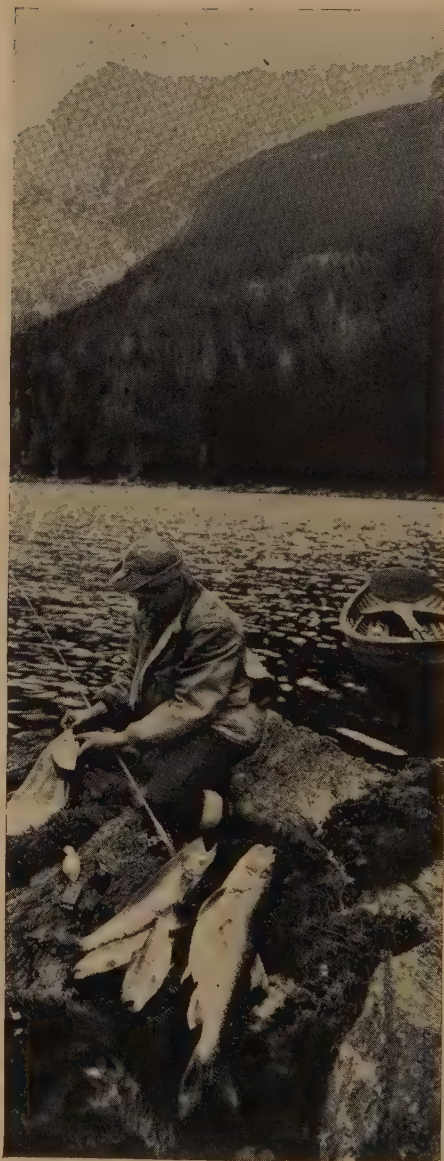
*A rock-lined, wood-embosomed nook—
Dim cloister of the chanting brook!
A chamber within the channelled hills,
Where the cold crystal brims and spills,
By dark-browed caverns blackly flows,
Falls from the cleft like crumbling snows,
And purls and splashes, breathing round
A soft, suffusing mist of sound.*

*And, see! far on, it seems as if
In every crevice along the cliff
Some wild plant grew: the eye discerns
An ivied castle: feathery ferns
Nod from the frieze, and tuft the tall
Dismantled turret and ruined wall.*

*Strange gusts from deeper solitudes
Waft pungent odors of the woods.
The small, bee-haunted basswood-blooms
Drop in the gorge their faint perfumes.
Here all wildwood flowers encamp,
That love the dimness and the damp.*

*High overhead the blue day shines;
The glad breeze swings in the singing pine.
Somewhere aloft in the boughs is heard
The fine note of some warbling bird,
In the alders, dank with noonday dews,
A restless cat-bird darts and mews.*

*Dear World! let summer tourists range
Your great highways in quest of change,
Go seek Niagara and the sea—
This little nook sufficeth me!*



Lake St. Mary, Glacier Park.

*With slender rod, and line, and reel,
And feather-fly with sting of steel,
I come to the trouter's paradise.*

THE SPIRIT OF MONTANA

By BARBARA ANN SHARR

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

Once within Glacier Park the traveler may close the door to worry and regret—if such he has—and, after a journey through the magnificence of colossal wilds; after witnessing for himself the unbelievable splendor of a mountain sunrise and sunset; after breathing deep of the crisp, cool air found only in the higher altitudes and after communion with people from all parts of the earth, who are no longer strangers when they meet beneath the roofs of the spacious elaborately builded rustic hotels in the hidden places of the mountains, he will close the Gates of Glacier behind him and return to his daily abode with a lighter heart, renewed ambitions and a broader faith in himself and in his neighbor.

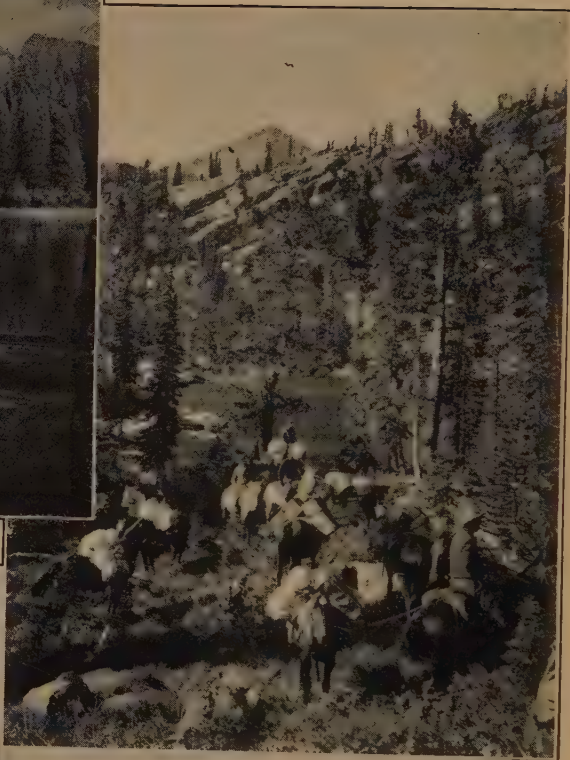
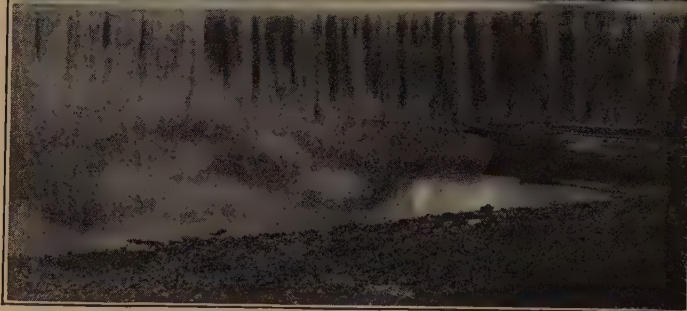
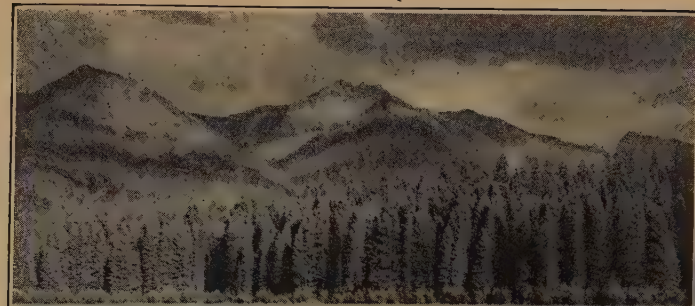
THE INDIANS

In the hearts of the younger generations in Montana today, those who have heard from the knees of their grandparents the stories of the early winning of the West, there is a deep awe as they look on the sure-footed Indian who now treads the streets of the city with the pale face, no longer vicious but clothed for the most part in white man's apparel, except for atrociously gaudy shirts and shawls, and distinguished, of course, by long, braided hair, high cheek bones and a reddish-brown skin.

THE GATE OF THE MOUNTAINS

A MOUNTAIN PASS ON THE MISSOURI RIVER 15 MILES FROM HELENA

"The Gate of the Mountains," the name given this spot by Lewis and Clark over a hundred years ago, is still in vogue today. As is always the case, when one pauses before opening the door or gateway into an unexplored field of adventure, so does he wonder, as he approaches this mountain wall, what lies just beyond. Nor is he disappointed! The gateway opens, and the sun breaks through, gilding the great rocks on either side and the waters before, as the traveler's boat passes on, coming unexpectedly face to face with even



Swan River Ranch and the Switch Back of Holland Lake. Montana Rockies.

Camp site at Lagoon Lake and supplies on the move by pack train.

BREAKING CAMP

NORTHERN PACIFIC © CURTIS

*Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch-log burning?
Who is quick to read the voices of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight.*

—KIPLING

greater, more beautiful mountain heights than those he is leaving behind.

.....

As the gateway closes again we see the traveler still drifting on—on and on, up a silent, peaceful river with the overpowering spell of the great, big hills at his side forcing him into silence, too. He is hoping that the journey will never end.

FLATHEAD LAKE, NORTHWESTERN MONTANA

Flathead Lake, lying in the northwestern corner of the State is, in beauty, representative of innumerable smaller lakes in Montana. A fascinating highway—one hundred-odd miles in length—follows closely around the edges of this Alpine Lake, charming the traveler as it ascends over high, rugged cliffs, winding about massive, projecting points, gradually receding far back, perhaps to meander around a low, wooded bay; passes beside fertile orchards whose fruits have claimed national prominence; through happy colonies of summer homes, bordered by delightful bathing beaches—a route of freedom, wholesome atmosphere and aesthetic appeal, destined some day to become one of the Nation's most desirable resorts. Forty miles in length and twenty miles across at its widest point, Flathead Lake is one of the largest fresh water bodies lying wholly within the United States, and claims a potential rating of one hundred and sixty-five thousand horse power, including storage possibilities.

Beautifully plotted in the heart of the Rockies where there lives a thrill and romance, unknown to other lands, Flathead Lake rests like a big, magic pool. Here, the tourist, as did Alice in Wonderland, chances upon spell-binding wonders and moments of inexplicable joy.

FLATHEAD VALLEY

To ride through this valley at sunset on a summer evening brings one a joy and tranquillity hard to explain—a sudden realization that here lies a beautiful, immortal “something” which cannot be taken away.

The spirit of adventure that lived in the hearts of the first trail blazers, the courage it called for, and the vision it finally gave them, smoulders now in the beings of their progeny, and it is this that helps to make Montana the wonderful place to live in which it is. A person

just passing through the State, or one living there but a short time, might question what this spirit is; but let him spend a season in Montana going into the far, wild heart of the mountains where America's untouched grandeur lies and the choicest of wild game and fish abound; let him journey over the long, seemingly endless plains that lead on and on, only to join the distant, fading purple of the big hills at night, after the far-spread flame of the sunset has vanished. Let him find all the pastimes and conveniences of the modern age at his very door in a charming mountain city nearby, and he will then hardly need to ask what this spirit is. It will "get" him, and he, too, will love Montana every step of the way.

Imposing in height, with beautifully snow-crowned, jagged summits, lying in close, masterful formation, these mountains at sunrise, midday, and evening reveal a wonder never tiring to the passerby and characteristic of the charm of the entire stretch of the Rockies which passes north and south through western Montana.

I sometimes think that when we speak of the beauty of the mountains we misinterpret our own impressions and instead mean the strength, inspiration, and thrill which we receive at sight of their massive shoulders, seeming to buoy up the very sky. There is a beauty, too, in the snowy peaks as they reflect, like prisms, the deepest and brightest of sunset colors on a western evening sky, but it is rather that beauty which one finds emitting only from the lives of strong and forceful characters, wherein we know there exists a worth truer than mere outward splendor.

EAST AND WEST

By BARBARA ANN SCHARR

*God gave the glorious sunrise
To the far, strange eastern lands;
There the bright pinks of morning
He spread on the ocean sands.*

*To the West He gave the sunset
And the close of the wanderer's day,
Who, tired, looks to the mountains
Changing from purples to gray.*

*Hushed are the hills, and the valleys
Pale in the mists of the night,
Open their arms to the stranger—
Above is the white starlight.*

SONGS OF THE WEST

By BARBARA ANN SCHARR

THE INVITATION

*Mountains, golden in the morning
As the snow peaks meet the sun,
Gild the slowly wakening waters
And the valleys, one by one,
Midday—though it bring a labor,
Or a sorrow break the while—
In the warmth of friendly sunshine
Makes the saddest lip to smile,
For the big hills ever summon
Man to turn away from earth
T'ward the open blue above him,
Where there's more of strength and mirth.
Watching there, he sees the heavens
Color, as by artist's brush,
't is the Great Designer painting
In the cooling twilight hush!*

.

*I would ask no habitation
Save where rugged mountains shine;
Where there's wholesome, care-free pleasure
'mid a beauty deep, sublime.
I would ask no recreation
On a far, uncertain shore
For the Rocky haunts invite me
Just without my city door.
I would ask a clime no sweeter
Than where fragrant mountain breeze
Cools the warmth of day at evening,
Bringing sleep 'neath moon-edged trees.*

IN THE WEST

*In the West you'll find there's laughter
—Falls from out the sky somewhere!
In the West you'll find there's freedom
—Folks don't seem to, somehow, care.

In the West, we're always happy,
—Shadows never come 'til night,
Then they're just along the wayside
—Caused by trees and bright moonlight.

Oh, we live! Out in the Westland,
—Mountains seem to make you glad,
And the thoughts of ever leaving
—Makes you feel just kinda sad.

Don't know why, but drifting
—On a glassy lake out West
Makes you feel you own creation
—From the sea to mountain crest.

When you see the blue sky fading
—And the sunset colors rise
You don't speak. You must sit and wonder
—If you're lost in Paradise.

Crimson crawls along the snow peaks,
—Gold and reds and amber, too,
Melt into the white clouds hanging
—Just above the lowland dew.

In the West you'll find there's gladness,
—Don't know why—just can't explain,
But you'll love it, too, if ever
—You see night upon the plain.*

DAYBREAK

By BARBARA ANN SCHARR

*If you've never breathed the sweetness
Of a morn on mountain air,
When there's glory in the sunrise
And a gladness everywhere;
If you've never seen the colors
Of a dawn that's wild and clear,
When the sky flames up, all golden,
Spreading o'er the hemisphere;
If you've never felt at morning
That your very soul could sing
With the same free, leaping rapture
That a wakened stream can bring—
You have never lived—nor will you
'til you seek the Golden West,
For you'll find out there at daybreak
Life springs new from mountain crest;
All the world spreads out before you,
Moving on in beauteous miles;
And above you'll find there's always
A sunny friend who smiles—and smiles!*

THE PASSING OF THE WEST

By BRUCE D. BROCKETT

*All we've got to show you
Is Western—but it's real,
From the cattle on the prairies
To the bronchos that we "peel."
Our country is a good one,
With no future, but a past,
And the cowboys that were numerous
Are going—going fast.
The Injuns in their tepees,
Get older—moon by moon,
Like the long horns they are leaving
For the Great Beyond—too soon.
But the spirit is as Western
As it was so long ago,
When the cowboys ran the long horns
And watched the buffalo.*

TRAILS

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

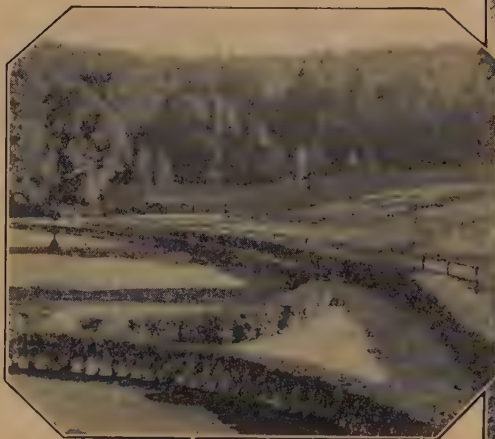
*Where the hidden mountain trails twist and wind and reach. rough
leading,
When your strength and courage fail, you will find the faith you're
needing;
Faith again in grass and tree, wisdom and eternity,
Faith in rock and root and sod, faith in friendliness and God
Where the great trails twine and take you far from all your world
and wake you
Once again to sheen of cedar and to glow of goldenrod.*

*Far from noise and care and hurry, far from scorn and competition,
While the dawn-sky still is blurry, ere the morning's full fruition,
On the wet trail you will see God's skilled hand in fern and tree,
Find wild beauty in a leaf, in a spider's web belief,
Where the wise trails wind and reach you, comfort, rest, and calm,
and teach you
That there is no woe the forest can not heal, nor any grief.*

*Down the lake the great cranes cry and the thick white mist is breaking,
And the wild ducks dark the sky, and the slender trees are shaking,
Then you leave the lake behind, and a sharp twig strikes you blind
For a moment, and the sting makes you too a woodland thing,
And through brush and brier and thistle do you tramp and smile and
whistle,
With your gun strapped o'er your shoulder. And you know yourself
a king.*

*Tamarack and pine and beech, balsam, birch and maple reddened,
Turn and sway and give you speech, as your heavy footfall deadened
By the moss, you know the good comradeship of sky and wood,
Where no trees or blossoms fail to extend a friendly hail;
And the shadowed coolness stealing o'er your senses brings your
healing,
And you find your youth and laughter, on a shaky mountain trail!*

Central States



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

"—and here, in the Valley of Contentment to which he had been guided by friendly Indians, Ponce de Leon found what he sought, the Fountain of Youth." So runs the tale as it has been told to thousands who year after year come to Hot Springs National Park of Arkansas for recreation and the benefits of its healing waters. For, indeed, this is the Valley of Contentment nestling in one of the most picturesque settings of the romantic Ozark mountains.

Hot Springs and Platt National Parks

BY ROBERT STERLING YARD

TWO minor National Parks conserve springs of healing waters rather than areas of scenic grandeur, but both are exceedingly beautiful to the eye of the visitor. One of these, Hot Springs National Park, lies on the edge of the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas. The other, Platt National Park, is in southern Oklahoma near the Texas boundary.

HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK

The hot springs which constitute the American National Spa were famous for their healing powers before the white man discovered them. Indian tradition says they had been accounted neutral territory in time of war from dim beginnings. Their fame traveled far. There are those who claim that here originated the rumors which brought Ponce de Leon from Spain to search for the Fountain of Youth in Florida.

In the early years of the last century white settlers traveled for many miles to sit on the edges of these springs with their feet and legs in the hot water. I have seen a quaint early photograph of this very scene. One of the men wears a solemn silk hat, a genuine stove-pipe, and women wear poke bonnets; one of them wears one of those saucer-shaped flowery hats we see in ancient pictures perched jauntily on a mass of piled-up hair. All are knee-deep in the spring. The pilgrims of those days traveled horseback, the women on pillions, or in buckboards, and lived, while there, in tents.

To prevent the springs, of which there are forty-six, being exploited for profit, the United States Government set aside a square mile and a half containing them and called it the Hot Springs Reser-



NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Platt National Park, Oklahoma has a number of flowing wells, medicinal Springs and good camping grounds. The Park is near the Arbuckle Mountains and has many interesting walks and drives. Rock Creek and Lincoln Bridge are two well known views.

vation. That was in 1832. Exactly forty years later Yellowstone National Park, the first National Park, was created, and the Secretary of the Interior administered it with the same office force that administered the Hot Springs Reservation. Other National Parks, as created, were turned over to the same office force. So it was natural that, a few years ago, Congress should decree that Hot Springs also was a National Park. In that sense, it may be called our first National Park.

Today Hot Springs is the National Spa. A thriving city has grown up around the springs. There are many hotels, some of them as luxurious as any in the country. The new Arlington, opened in 1925, is unequalled among the spas of the world. Besides the elaborate systems of baths in the Arlington and others, there are nineteen private bath houses unexcelled in the luxury and completeness of their equipments. And besides these the Government maintains a large and complete bath house where all who apply are treated free of charge. There are hotels in the city of Hot Springs with living charges to suit every pocket book, and the corps of physicians who prescribe the bathing to suit the patient's need is in charge of the United States Public Health Service.

PLATT NATIONAL PARK

The town of Sulphur, Oklahoma, which adjoins the two square miles which are called Platt National Park, suggests the nature of most of the medicinal springs which many thousands of people visit every year. But there are also springs impregnated with mineral salts of other kinds.

The park is the center of novelty and charm for visitors from the east and north. The intimate communion of prairie and forested valley and the range of human types from the cosmopolite to the cowboy, with a plentiful admixture of Indians of various tribes, has its unusual fascinations. It was made a national park in 1904.

The mountain country is extremely beautiful. There are countless bridle paths, and fine motor roads lead thereto and exploit the mountains.

The baths are a remarkable tonic for all, and many healthy business men take them annually for general recuperation.

SACAJAWEA

By IRWIN D. ALDRICH

Sacajawea, meaning "Bird Woman", was a Shoshone Indian, which tribe lived in the northwestern part of what is now the state of Wyoming. When as a very small child, she was captured by a roving band of Indians of the Sioux tribe and taken by them to their home on the banks of the Missouri about forty miles north of Bismarck, the capitol city of our state. There she grew up and at a very early age was married to Toussant Charbonneau, a French Canadian trapper. It was to this particular Indian village in



Sacajawea, Bismarck, N. D.

late October 1804 that the Lewis and Clark Expedition arrived in that memorable history-making race with England as to who should first reach and thereby claim sovereignty of that vast stretch of country then known as Oregon but, which now comprises the three great states of Oregon, Idaho and Washington. They were kindly welcomed by these Indians and there they wintered. Neither Lewis or Clark had any knowledge of the vast tractless wilderness between the Missouri and the point of their destination. Neither had they any knowledge of how to find the pass over the Rocky Mountains. They took council with the Indian Chief and told him of their trouble and fears. He pondered gravely over the situation and finally replied "My people know not that long way. Many bad Indian tribes

live in that country and they are our enemies. In the village is a young squaw, who once lived in the land where the sun sets. She may remember the way." He called her to the council. She gladly agreed to act as guide; glad because she saw a chance to once more see the home of her childhood and the people she loved. From the Missouri to the base of the Rockies was a long hard journey and the strongest men of the party faltered and grew faint. Sacajawea, then but twenty years of age, with her little boy papoose in a leather cradle strapped to her back, guided them unerringly during the long weeks and months that followed. She never faltered, never complained. Finally, after untold hardships and dangers, they reached the home of her people and there they tarried to rest awhile. Through her intercession the men of her own tribe went with her to show the pass over the Mountains, which they finally crossed and won the race by the scant margin of eighteen days, and Oregon was won.

A SONG OF DAKOTA

By JAMES W. FOLEY

*Land of the flawless suns and cloudless skies,
With cloth of wheaten gold, and glistening fair,
Whence wings the whirring wild fowl that flies,
A type of the full freedom reigning there.
Vast fields that stretch away where the dim light
Grows dimmer in the distance, and that lie
Broad, endless acres, where the husbandman
Bronzed, bearing Nature's sterling stamp of toil,
A king, his fruitful heritage may scan,
And gather a king's store from out the soil.
Hills where the herdsman rests, and out along
Contented valleys lowing herds revealed,
Where Nature reigns alone, and where her song
Of promise with the sign of Plenty sealed.
Stands Bounty there and with uplifted hand
Flings fruits of her full harvest far and wide,
To beckon Hunger to her fruitful land
And bid it partake and be satisfied.*



DEPARTMENT OF IMMIGRATION

Scenes in the Black Hills of South Dakota—Cathedral Spires; Bridal Veil Falls in Spearfish Canyon; Roughlock Falls and Sylvan Lake.

THE BLACK HILLS OF SOUTH DAKOTA

By IRWIN D. ALDRICH

Thrust upward out of the undulating prairie stand the Black Hills, a distinct group of mountains. North, south, east and west are the plains, drinking thirstily of the crystal clear streams that find their sources in the shaded slopes of the guardian peaks.

Although in reality mountains they have retained the name given them by the Indians as translated from the musical Pa-ha Sa-pa of the Dakotahs. Blue spruce and Norway pine in eternal struggle to conquer the rugged, rock-topped peaks give the mountains the color of midnight blue and so they remain the Black Hills though undervalued by the name.

Up to fifty years ago they remained uninhabited by either Indian or white man. To the Indian they were sacred, his Olympus, where resided the gods that guided his welfare and from which came his blessings and his chastisements.

Then came the gold rush of the 70's, the final and greatest battle of red man against further encroachment of the white man, and the Black Hills passed forever from the dominion of the Indian.

The mystery and magic with which the red man imbued these mountains still remain, and the gold fever abating has brought their scenic splendors again into prominence. Friendly, inviting and of rare charm, the Black Hills are becoming known each year in wider circles for their unique beauty.

The Black Hills are the highest mountains east of the Rockies on the North American continent and cover an area of about one hundred miles north and south and fifty miles wide.

CUSTER STATE PARK

Not until recent years have States interested themselves in establishing parks as playgrounds for the people. South Dakota was among the first to recognize the importance and desirability of such a movement, for it was in 1911 that the legislature provided for securing an extensive area in the Black Hills portion of the State, when 61,440 acres were obtained in Custer County, in the very heart of one

of the most wonderful and scenic regions of the West. That area has since been augmented through acquisition from the adjoining Harney Peak (government) Forest Reserve of over 46,000 acres as a game sanctuary, making the Custer State Park the largest state park in the United States.

THE FRIENDLY PRAIRIES

By HAYDEN CARRUTH

The Prairie, level or gently rolling, is the earth we inhabit brought to its highest point of perfection; it is the world ordered, arranged, settled; the world at peace; the world kind, thoughtful, brooding; the world passed beyond the treachery of the sea, the clamor and savagery of the mountains; the earth with its other half, the sky, above us and about; the world open, frank, constant, giving man to look about him and know his littleness or to exult as a god; the Prairie is the world in its calm, serene, beautiful old age, meditative, unhurried, unafraid; approaching Nirvana. To know the prairie friendly-wise, above all to know it as mother, is to feel "the exceeding beauty of the earth."

There is no other place where so fully may be realized the immensity of the earth as in the midst of the Prairie. There we know our earth for what it is, and turn our faces to our sky, and know that we are part of all.

The Prairie is clothed by the universal grass, and beautified by the flowers that are fitted to it, the pasque flower of spring, the wild rose of summer, the goldenrod and wild sunflower of autumn; the sky is a deeper blue, the clouds a more glowing white than anywhere else; at night there are the stars.

Every spot on the Prairie is a High Place whereon may be offered sacrifices to Truth and Beauty. The Prairie is but the desert watered, and, as hath been said, "The desert is of God, and in the desert no man may deny Him."

* * * South Dakota is the heart of the prairie region of North America. Take a pair of compasses and on your map set the legs to cover six hundred miles. Plant one in the middle of South Dakota and swing the other around, and in your great circle, twelve hundred miles in diameter, you will have the Prairie, nipping the Rocky Mountains a bit, to be sure, and missing some plains to the north in Manitoba and Saskatchewan and to the south in Oklahoma

and Texas; but mostly you'll have your Prairie inclosed in your imaginary line—as good as anybody's imaginary line.

And South Dakota, in the exact middle of this great plain of the world, should be its very heart and soul, and is.

A LETTER HOME

By JAMES W. FOLEY

*Like to come and see you, daddy, and perhaps I will some day;
Like to come back East and visit, but I wouldn't care to stay.
Glad you're doing well, and happy; glad you like your country best,
But for me, I always hunger for the freedom of the West.
There's a wholesomeness about it that I couldn't quite explain;
Once you breathe this air you love it and you long for it again;
There's a tie you can't dis sever in the splendor of its sky—
It's just home to you forever and I can't tell you why.*

*It's so big and broad and boundless and its heaven is so blue
And the metal of its people always rings so clear and true;
All its billowed acres quiver like the shudder of the sea
And its waves roll, rich and golden, in upon the shore for me.
Why, your farm and all the others that we used to think so fine
Wouldn't—lump 'em all together—make a corner lot of mine;
And your old red clover pasture, with its gate of fence rails barred,
Why, it wouldn't make a grass plot in our district school house yard.*

*Not a foot has touched its prairies but is longing to return,
Not an eye has seen the sunset on its western heavens burn
But looks back in hungry yearning, with the memory grown dim,
And the zephyr of its prairies breathes the cadence of a hymn
That is sweet and full of promise as the "Beulah Land" we knew
When we used to sit together in the queer, old-fashioned pew,
And at eventide the glory of the sun and sky and sod
Bids me bare my head in homage and in gratitude to God.*

*Yes, I love you, daddy, love you with a heart that's true as steel,
But there's something in Dakota makes you live and breathe and feel;
Makes you bigger, broader, better; makes you know the worth of toil;
Makes you free as are her prairies and as noble as her soil;
Makes you kingly as a man is; makes you manly as a king;
And there's something in the grandeur of her seasons' sweep and swing
That casts off the fretting fetters of your East and marks you blest
With the vigor of the prairies—with the freedom of the West!*



HARNEY'S PEAK

By H. HOWARD BIGGER

*When yer feelin' sad and lonely,
And the days just drag along,
When you'd give most all yer pleasure
For a bit of laugh and song
When the clouds are hangin' heavy,
In the sky no brilliant streak,
Mount a Rocky Mountain Burro
Hit the trail for Harney Peak.*

*When the friend you thought sincerest,
Like a traitor proves untrue,
When the shadows quickly gather,
Hiding every tint and hue,
Seek the trail that's winding upward
Where old Nature seems to speak,
Mount a Rocky Mountain burro
Hit the trail for Harney Peak.*

*And you'll canter through the gulches
Where the streams reflect the blue,
And you'll wander through the forest
Where the sun is hid from view;
Through the pine-clad peaks a trailin'
Where old Nature seems to speak,
Mount a Rocky Mountain burro;
Hit the trail for Harney Peak.*

THE GREAT BLACK HILLS

By EARL EMMONS

THE NEEDLES

*Stately and grand in a row they stand,
Cloaked in a somber hue,
Shaming the pines with their slender spines
Piercing the azure blue.
Silent and gray in a vast array,
A vision that awes and thrills;
Holding sublime in contempt of time—
The Needle Rocks of the Hills.*

SYLVAN LAKE

*Shimmering jewel, as crystal clear,
Clearer, methinks, than an Angel's tear
Held in a setting of peak and pine
Wrought by the hand of the Great Divine.
Deep as the love in a woman's eyes,
Mirror of Nature serene it lies
Flashing reflection of hill and brake—
Gem of the Black Hills—Sylvan Lake.*

THE BLACK HILLS

*Oh pa-ha-sa-pa, God was doubly kind
When you He made, with all your wondrous charms;
Your tow'ring peaks with bounding plain behind,
Your sparkling streams whose far outreaching arms
Embrace a wealth of beauty vast and rare,
Of rugged canyons, gushing streams and rills,
'Neath azure skies and sweetly scented air—
A Nature's Paradise—the Great Black Hills.*

THE CALL OF KANSAS

By ESTHER CLARK HILL

*Surfeited here with beauty, and the sensuous-sweet perfume
Borne in from a thousand gardens and orchards of orange bloom,
Awed by the silent mountains, stunned by the breakers' roar—
The restless ocean pounding and tugging away at the shore—
I lie on the warm sand beach and hear, above the cry of the sea
The voice of the prairie, calling,*

Calling me.

*Sweeter to me than the salt sea spray, the fragrance of summer rain
Nearer my heart than these mighty hills are the wind-swept Kansas plains;
Dearer the sight of a shy, wild rose by the roadside's dusty way
Than all the splendor of poppy-fields, ablaze in the sun of May.
Gay as the bold poinsettia is, and the burden of pepper trees,
The sunflower, tawny and gold and brown, is richer, to me, than these.
And rising ever above the song of the hoarse, insistent sea,
The voice of the prairie, calling,*

Calling me.

*Kansas, beloved Mother, today in an alien land,
Yours is the name I have idly traced with a bit of wood in the sand.
The name, that sprung from a scornful lip, will make the hot blood start,
The name that is graven, hard and deep, on the core of my loyal heart.
O, higher, clearer and stronger yet, than the boom of the savage sea,
The voice of the prairie, calling,*

Calling me.

IN THE HEART OF THE DUNE COUNTRY

By ALBERT A. HANSEN

Thousands of years ago gigantic glaciers crept down from the frigid north, tarried for a while and retreated before the attack of a warming climate. In their wake they left great basins in the surface of the earth, coated with billows of tiny rock fragments that had been pounded from huge boulders.

But the icy glaciers left a wonderful heritage. In place of basins and rock fragments we now have beautiful lakes and gleaming sand. Conspicuous among the lakes in the glaciated region are the Great Lakes, and the remarkably pure sands that line the bottoms and shores owe their origin largely to glacial action. Great areas of sand



Dunes of Lake Michigan, Indiana.

have been exposed in the remote past by the lowering of the level of the ancient Lake Chicago, the predecessor of Lake Michigan and a body of water that existed for a long period before the dawn of history. The sands have ever been playthings of the waves and the winds. Countless millions of sand particles are constantly being cast upon the beach where they are dried by the sun and carried inland by the wind. The southern shore of Lake Michigan is an ideal dune-forming region because the lake currents carry great masses of sand southward and the prevailing winds blow inland, a complete formula for the formation of dunes.

During periods of high wind we have in effect miniature sand storms similar in their origin to the tremendous sand storms of the



DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION

Typical rock formations in Washington County, Indiana—with their fascination for those who know the joy of climbing and exploring.

*For I'd rather be thy child
And pupil, in the forest wild,*

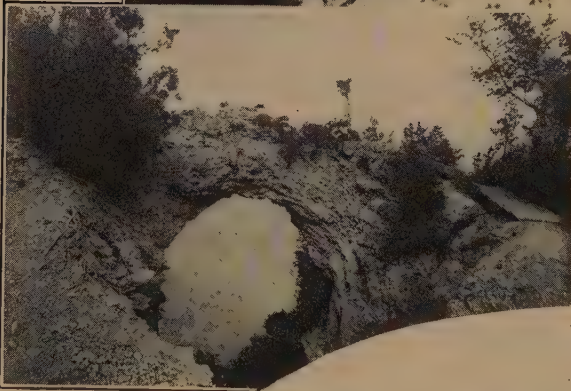
*And most sovereign slave of care;
To have one moment of thy dawn*

Sahara, during one of which, history relates, an army of fifty thousand men perished in the swirling sand. As the sand is blown hither and thither, piles accumulate wherever an object impedes motion. One of the commonest sand catchers is a native grass called marram or beach grass, *Ammophila arenaria*, a species that refuses to be buried by the shifting sand. Instead, this interesting plant gives battle to the accumulating sand by sending out new roots, thereby climbing as the sand-pile grows. There comes a time, however, when the power of the wind is too great, the marram gives way and the young dune begins to wander inland, propelled by the action of the lake winds. As the juvenile dune journeys inland, it grows from a child to a giant. Its triumphant march is slow but irresistible and everything in the dune's path, from tiny mosses to huge trees, is completely enveloped and destroyed. The ever-changing scenery presented by the mobile dunes is fascinating beyond description.

Here we see Nature in various moods, cruel in destroying rich forest land, artistic in fashioning a graceful topography, kindly in providing scenic beauty of great splendor, powerful in the irresistible movement of the gigantic piles of sand. The picturesque region of the active dunes is a wonderland of soul-gripping, awe-compelling sights—weird, beautiful, inspiring. They provide a favorite rendezvous for moving picture folks and many a thrilling mid-Sahara tragedy has been staged in the ever-changing shadows of the Hoosier dunes.

Many strange sights may be seen among the traveling dunes. Here one may witness in a striking manner the last despairing efforts of dying vegetation to reproduce its kind in accordance with Nature's laws. It is a strange experience indeed to walk on the crest of a dune after it has invaded a forest and wander among the uppermost branches of great forest trees loaded with heavy crops of acorns, beech nuts and other tree fruits, mute evidence of Nature's attempt to reproduce on the approach of death.

Another interesting sight is the cottonwood, which battles the advancing dune by sending adventitious roots from the trunk, thereby enabling the tree to mount higher and higher on the ever-increasing mound of sand while the lowermost parts of the tree decay. It is a one-sided struggle, however, because the cottonwood cannot grow after the leaves have dropped in the fall and the doughty fighter usually succumbs to the handicap of winter.



UPPER PENINSULAR DEVELOPMENT BUREAU

*River Scene, Sault Ste. Marie.
Stoney Point, Lake Michigamme.
Arch Rock, projecting from the face of a cliff, 200 feet high, a gigantic bay window of stone
supported by an arch 149 feet high at its summit; and view from the Grand Hotel, Mackinac Island.*

Then there are the singing sands that ring musically at each step, the turret dunes that resemble battleship turrets in outline, although merely remnants of larger dunes that have passed on, and the climbing plants that mount the trunks of trees until their hosts are completely submerged and they expire on the sandy surface, reminding us of a sailor climbing the mast of a sinking ship.

The dunes are of such invaluable scientific interest that they attract geologists, botanists and zoologists from all corners of the earth. Duneland is a favorite outdoor classroom into which nearby universities pour their students by the hundreds to obtain economical instruction at the hand of the great teacher, Nature. The dunes of northern Indiana are the best examples of dune formation to be found anywhere and many believe they offer the finest natural scenery in the Middle West. With twenty miles of almost perfect bathing beach, excellent fishing and camping facilities and a number of great natural amphitheatres for outdoor meetings, their recreational opportunities are almost unsurpassed.

THE ISLE OF PURE DELIGHT—MACKINAC

By FRANK A. KENYON,

Supt. Mackinac State Park

Thousands of years ago, Nature, while putting into shape this old earth of ours, carved out a most wonderful monument in the Straits of Mackinac, and endowed it with a delightful climate and exquisite scenery, with instructions to the gods to forever keep the air pure and invigorating, by gently wafting cool breezes from the surrounding lakes.

The American Indians were the first inhabitants to be attracted by the fascinating beauties of this magic isle, holding possession throughout the French occupancy of the Mackinac country, but being attracted by the English coin of the realm, and what finery it would buy, transferred their rights to the British Government, A. D. 1780.

Before there was any "United States of America," the farsighted English commenced building Old Fort Mackinac for the protection of their vast trading interests, which extended throughout the great Northwest and the Mississippi Valley, with Mackinac Island as the base of operations.

After the war of the Revolution this became American territory, and the old fort was occupied by the American Army from 1796 until 1895, with the exception of a short period during the War of 1812.

The war department abandoned Fort Mackinac in the year 1895, and the federal government gave to the State of Michigan the Old National Park, and military reservation, to be maintained as a State park.

The State Park thus established constituted 1020 acres, and last year the State of Michigan acquired by purchase 620 acres, which was the old battefeld where the British and Americans fought during the war of 1812, making a total of 1640 acres, being about three-fourths of the island.

If you are making your first visit to Mackinac, take a short run through the State Park, in a comfortable horse-drawn rubber-tired carriage, on horseback, or "hike" it, just as you see fit, for no automobile driving on the Island is permitted.

The scenic beauties of Mackinac Island are unsurpassed. It is not only the leading summer resort of the Middle West, but it is one of the very oldest. Mackinac Island was the mecca for nature lovers even before railway lines had penetrated the region.

TREK TO THE OUTDOORS—IN MICHIGAN

By W. B. MERSHON

Of the three seasons, spring, summer and autumn, I am undecided in my own mind which provides the most attraction and joys for going into Northern Michigan.

I usually go to the so-called jack pine plains country, a country that is considered worthless by many; yet to me it is the most valuable of all Michigan land, for the air is clean and the water is pure. It is high land. It is the great filter and reservoir for supplying water to the lower part of Michigan. It is quiet, peaceful and health-giving. It affords a home for wild life, something that is as necessary to human beings as wheat, sugar, beets or potatoes, but I am drifting.

The three seasons I have mentioned each attract me to the country that I have been describing. In spring the excuse is trout fishing, but after all that is but an excuse. Trout fishing is not what it used to be but there is just as much fun in going. The first of May may be balmy or it may be wintry. We never know what kind of

weather we are going to get, but we do know that the phoebe will be there with her nest nearly finished. She has been over the window ledge of my little bungalow on the North Branch of the Au Sable from the very first year it was built, fourteen or fifteen years ago. A pair of king birds (*Tyranus Tyranus*) will be waiting and will be there to greet me if I go again in midsummer or early autumn. The crows have already nested and their young are nearly full grown. The great blue heron will be flying up and down stream. A lone black duck will have already selected its nesting place and possibly has deposited in the down with which it has lined its nest at least part of its clutch of eggs. The arbutus will be in bloom, soon to be followed by the white, billowy Juneberry or shad bush, the choke cherries and pin cherries, and above all, early in the morning the air is laden with the odor of the sweet fern. You will notice I have not said anything about the trout fishing other than it is the excuse for going, but with the joy of getting outdoors in the springtime and seeing all of these things I have just talked about one can afford to forget the trout fishing. There is no better water in the world, no purer, clearer streams, no better air, and the peace and quiet fill us with thankfulness.

Now for the summertime. The cherries have ripened. What fun it is to pick the Juneberries, or the raspberries, or by the middle of August, the great big long blackberries that are found in the shady places. Generally somewhere on the jack pine plains is a huckleberry patch, and I love to pick them. I like them with cream for my breakfast, and at dinnertime what is better than a big, thick, juicy huckleberry pie? The flowers have changed. The woods lily glorifies the plains. The blazing star, the goldenrod, the wild asters and yellow flowers of various types are there. The days may be hot. You have come from the scorching heat of the city, but the nights are always cool and one or two blankets towards morning are good to cuddle under. Some of the birds are getting ready to go south, but the bluebirds that have nested in one of the boxes are busy feeding their second brood, and the young of the first brood are helping feed their young brothers and sisters. The busy little wren is in and out everywhere and its youngsters who are late comers are tagging the old ones around in their search for food. A heavy dew early in the morning greets you and the air is still laden with that delicious odor of the sweet fern. There is a little trout fishing in the evening now, for trout won't rise in the middle of the day, but at dark the big fellows come out to feed.



AKRON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Iowa River scenery near Algona.

The Portage Trail Monument, Akron, Ohio, in 1785 marked the western boundary between the United States and the Indian Nations.

Portage Lakes, a State Park five miles south of Akron.

Then shift to the autumn. The nights are cold. The forest hues are no longer the delicate green of springtime or the maturer green of midsummer, but the yellows and browns and reds of a forest that has lived its season, always flanked of course with the perpetual green of the pine, cedar and spruce. Some of the birds are still there. It is good to have the birchwood fire in the fireplace now. How grateful is the odor of burning white birch, and how comfortable it is when you get up in the morning to stand with your back to the great roaring fire. The trout season is over, but one can go afield with gun for partridge or woodcock or snipe or duck, and if you stay on later perhaps have a chance at a bounding buck, but the crispness of the air, the glorious moonlight nights, the tingle of the frost and the exhilaration that comes with all these makes one feel young again.

UP IN THE WOODS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

*They're cuttin' of a tote road through the hemlock on the hill,
I kin hear their axes ringin' in my dreams;
An' I'm gittin' kind o' weary of the work around the mill
An' I'm gittin' kind o' nervous an' it's hard a-settin' still,
Fer I think I hear the pawin' of the teams.
Boss was into town last night a-layin' in of beans,
Of pork an' prunes an' other kinds o' goods;
An' there's somethin' down inside me that's a-tellin' what it means,
An' darned if I ain't wishin' now fer other sights an' scenes,
A-longin' to git back up in the woods.*

*Now, why a man should want to go up in the woods at all
Is somethin' I can't seem to understand.
I can't see nothin' pleasant in the ordinary haul,
An' yet I'm kind o' restless when the leaves begin to fall
An' spread their fancy carpet on the land.
There's surely other methods with a heap sight more o' fun
Fer men like me to earn their livelihoods;
They roll you out at four o'clock beneath the jobber's sun,
An' the stars are all a-shinin' when the day's hard work is done—
An' yet I want to git up in the woods.*

THE LURE OF OLD NEW ORLEANS

By WILSON S. CALLENDER

When you find about you in concrete reality, redolent with old romance, the very streets, stones and ancient buildings, and even the rooms in which great scenes in history were enacted and were imaged in fiction—

When you find on every hand the relics of the quaint customs and lives of an interesting and unique people who took a stirring part in the making of the story of America—a story which here has spread its pages over two centuries—and

When, finally, you see and talk to the direct descendants of the principal performers in historic romances and romances not historic of days gone by—



Avenue of Live Oaks. New Orleans, Louisiana.



Courtyard, French Quarter.

Then and there you find undeniable fascination. All these and more go to make up the charm of Old New Orleans and lure in her direction the visitor to the South.

In and around the heart of interesting Old New Orleans—its Vieux Carre, or old quarter, with its Place d'Armes, its alleys shaded by banana trees, its ancient St. Louis Cathedral, its artistic wrought, iron lace work, the gardens of its patios, its balconies overhanging its banquettes, its narrow streets and fan-lights in French windows—the city of the Creole is to be seen today virtually as it was laid out by Sieur de Bienville and his engineer, Le Blond de la Tour, in 1718—207 years ago.

In the Sala Capitula of the old seat of the Spanish, French and



Bridle path in the Palo Pinto hills surrounding Mineral Wells, Texas, the Southwestern health and pleasure resort.

MINERAL WELLS. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



The meandering Brazos River, which moves in a leisurely southern fashion.



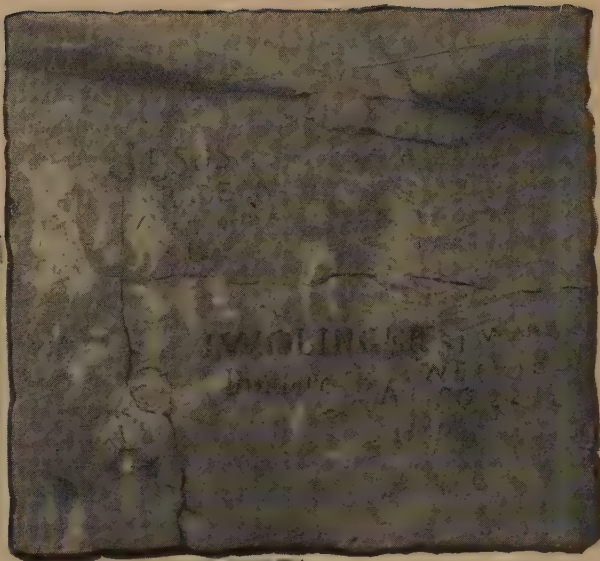
SAN ANTONIO. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The Lily Pond, in the Sunken Gardens of Brackenridge Park. The San Antonio river, bordered with trees hung in long gray moss, runs through the park. Red cardinals haunt these trees which border the aquamarine stream. Nature's color scheme here is superb.

The old Mission Guadalupe, Juarez, established in 1549. The Cauhetemoc Market, and the old streets lined with adobe houses still retain their old time atmosphere. Not so long ago the oxen with their load had their right of way.



GATEWAY CLUB



Pictographs in the Hueco mountains southeast of El Paso, Texas; nearby are the famed Hueco tanks.



In El Paso Valley where white cotton turns to yellow gold.

American regimes of government—the mansarded Cabildo, flanking the Cathedral—the transfer of the vast Louisiana Territory from France to Spain, from Spain to France and from France to the United States, three times took place.

At Chalmette just below New Orleans stand the Versailles Oaks, said to be the finest oak grove in the world, the Chalmette monument, and the old plantation home that was Jackson's headquarters.

BILOXI—LAND OF "THE FIRST PEOPLE"

By ANTHONY V. RAGUISIN

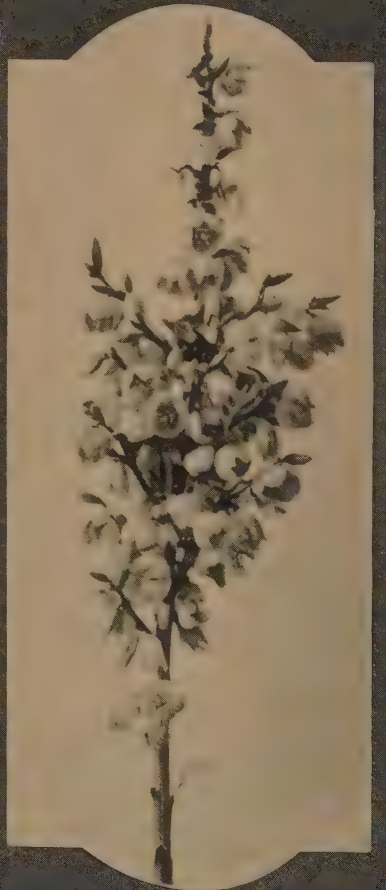
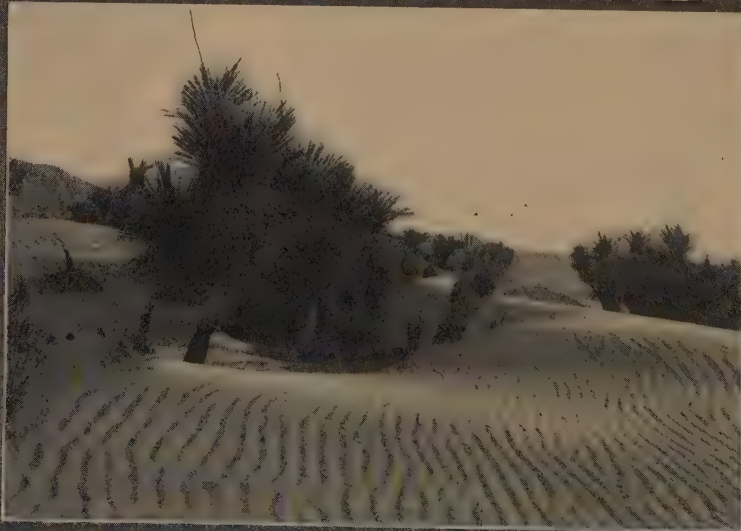
On a February day in the year 1699, the gallant French naval officer, d'Iberville, sailed into the Back Bay of Biloxi and planted the first capital of the great Louisiana Territory. That huge territory, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Mississippi River, including that little strip known as the Mississippi Coast, which later became known as the Louisiana Purchase, was first governed at Biloxi.

Even though way down on the Gulf of Mexico, the French explorers came in contact with the Biloxi tribe of Indians, which was a branch of the famed Sioux family.

To the southward of the City lies a chain of beautiful islands. On Ship Island, thirteen miles off Biloxi, is the famed Fort Massachusetts, which was built by the Federal forces during the Civil War. On Biloxi's West Beach Boulevard is the Old Jefferson Davis home, where the President of the Confederacy spent his last days. This beautiful home is now the Mississippi Confederate Home and over 200 veterans of the Gray are spending their last peaceful days there. On the north shore of the Back Bay stands a granite boulder dedicated to the spot where d'Iberville landed in 1699.

The lighthouse on the West Beach Boulevard, built over seventy-seven years ago, is a bit out of the "old days." Massive oaks, paved boulevards and pretty homes flank it on one side, while on the other sparkle the waters of the Mississippi Sound. Flowers, especially roses, have no definite season in Biloxi but bloom all the year round.

The islands of the Mississippi Sound in the vicinity of Biloxi, are noted for their entrancing scenery. The unusual names given to the islands lend a touch of old-world charm to the softly blended beauty of Biloxi and her environs.



GATEWAY CLUB

*The last spur of the Rocky Mountains in the United States, Texas.
Yucca on the Mesa in the foothills of Franklin, El Paso.
Sand lies on the Mesa, in ripples row upon row,
The flower of the Yucca, one of many beautiful desert flowers.*

Eastern States



PROPOSED SHENANDOAH AND GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS NATIONAL PARKS

"The Southern Appalachian Mountain System consists throughout of very many parallel ranges and detached ridges extending in a broad sweep from Pennsylvania southwesterly through nine states to the center of Alabama, where it merges into the plains. Of all these, there emerge by reason of com-

manding topography two ranges, the Blue Ridge on the east which extends the entire length of the Appalachian System, and the Unakas on the west which closely parallel it along the border between North Carolina and Tennessee."

The National Parks of the East

By ROBERT STERLING YARD

THE accident of public ownership alone is why our National Parks have been concentrated in the far west; because, up to this writing, no Congress has considered the preservation of sublime or otherwise extraordinary landscape sufficiently valuable to the nation to warrant purchase with public money.

But our eastern mountains possess locations of just as great magnificence, in their own different way, as the finest of those in the west. It is only because western mountains spring from basal altitudes five or six thousand feet higher than those in the east that their summits rise above timber line and carry snow and ice the summer through. Eastern mountains, quite as lofty measured from their bases, possess differences all the more striking because they include both landscape and life forms; few indeed of the innumerable tree, flower and bird species of our eastern mountains appear also in our Western National Parks. But, if we are going to make our National Parks System representative of the United States, it is essential that the range of life as well as scenic examples be there represented.

These are the basic reasons why, during some years past, popular demand for representative National Parks in the east has become universal. It is why George B. Dorr, a resident of Mount Desert Island on the coast of Maine, has spent the last eighteen years of his life acquiring gifts of property toward the making of Lafayette National Park, and why a Committee appointed by Secretary of the Interior Work, after eight months of exploration, has chosen two great areas in the Southern Appalachian Mountains as worthy of admission to the National Parks System. At this writing neither the Shenandoah National Park in Virginia nor the Great Smoky

LAFAYETTE PARK

*Green pine, unchanging as the days go
by,
Thou art thyself beneath whatever sky:
My shelter from all winds, my own
strong pine,
'Tis spring, 'tis summer, still, while
thou art mine.*

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.



PHOTOS. THE GALL STUDIO

*"Lafayette is the National Park of the trail
walker, as Glacier is the National Park of the
trail rider. A network of trails discloses its
beauties which can be enjoyed in successive
efforts of no great length or exertion."*



*Frenchman's Bay and Rock Stairs on Emery
path; a scene in Lafayette Park whose entire
surface is a garden of beauty.*

Mountains National Park in Tennessee and North Carolina, has been created, but the chances are that, with the States sharing the cost of purchase, Congress will, within a few years, create both.

The Appalachians skirt the Atlantic Coast. In the north are many detached ranges of great age, low granite remainders of a vast mountain region existing long before the Rockies and the Sierra rose from sea bottoms. The Southern Appalachians are far loftier because much younger. Erosion has not yet removed the sedimentary coverings of their granite cores, which are still protected in large part by forests.

Thus the eastern units of our National Parks System will add, to its picture of creation, examples of the oldest and the youngest eras of mountain making. Lafayette has already added sea level life forms to the gamut ending in the dearth of all life in Mount McKinley's summit of perpetual snow.

LAFAYETTE NATIONAL PARK

Lafayette National Park on Mount Desert Island, Maine, is unique in these respects: it adds the oldest granite forms, sea level forms and eastern types of scenery to the exhibit of our National Parks System; it shows plant examples from the shores of the arctic to those of the Gulf of Mexico; its human history is highly romantic, involving incidents in the history of two great nations before the birth of our own; its creation was a distinguished achievement of conservation.

The keynote of Lafayette is beauty. The Yosemite Valley has its almost unbelievable beauty of titanic rock elements, Mount Rainier its beauty of snow and glacier, the Grand Canyon the beauty of its appalling crimson gulf. Lafayette's beauty is none of these and can be compared with that of no other national park. It comes of an exquisite combination of elements common to all eastern scenery, namely sea, mountain, valley and meadow and the life thereof. There is nothing startling, nothing which cannot be duplicated in its details ten thousand times, but I challenge the existence of any other combination of these same elements approaching this in exquisiteness.

In fact, no small part of Lafayette's contribution to the national park conception is its illustration of the fact that scenery of full national importance may result from the extraordinary association of

elements which are not individually commanding. Just as genius fashions a masterpiece from a few pigments, so nature has wrought here a perfect work.

Mount Desert Island is the most celebrated beauty spot on the famous coast of Maine. It is the largest of a group of many islands east of Penobscot Bay. Its general shape is round, cut deeply into



nearly east and west halves by *Somes Sound*, the only fiord, or glacial estuary, east of the Pacific and south of Newfoundland.

The island is indented on all sides by bays and inlets. Its ocean front is rocky, abounding in granite headlands and wave-swept cliffs. East and west across it for twelve miles stretches a range of more than twenty low granite mountains lying usually side by side. North, west and south of these lie broad forested levels, rolling hills, lakes, meadows, marshes and bogs.

BACKGROUNDS

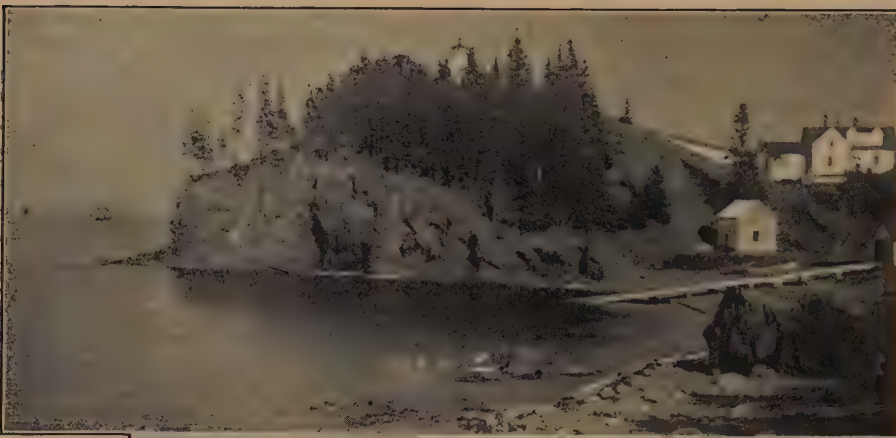
The National Park consists of all but one of the mountains, their enclosed lakes and certain outlying properties including a part of the sea-lashed ocean front. It includes, so far, twenty-seven square miles, and is increasing yearly.

Northeast of the park boundary on Frenchman's Bay is Bar Harbor, nationally known as a resort, and other resorts are on the southern shore. Intermediate are beautiful estates, beautifully planted, contrasting charmingly with the exquisite wilderness of the mountain background.



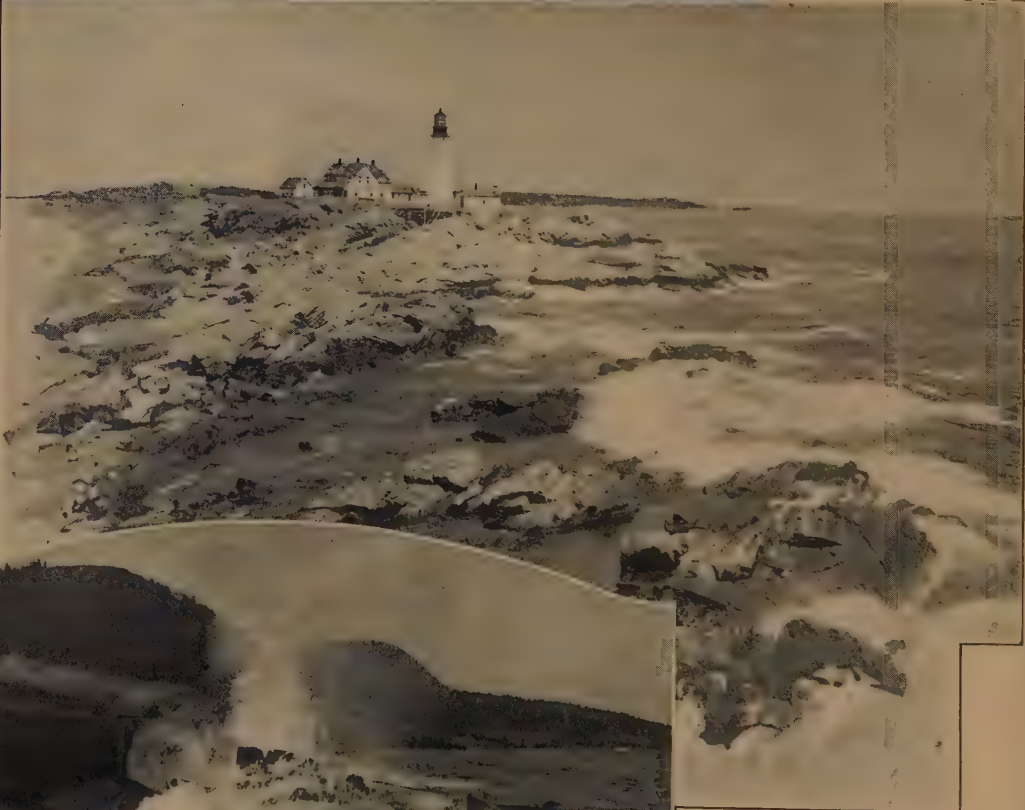
Maine rugged seacoast.

The geologic and historic backgrounds of Lafayette are both fascinating. These low mountains are what are left of the summits of a lofty range sunk into the sea by the slow subsidence of the Atlantic coast. The surrounding archipelago were the high points of this great range which doubtless once rose fifteen thousand feet or more above the sea. Somes Sound is the granite gorge of a glacier of past ages.



*The Maine Coastline;
a magnificent sword-
play of land and sea.*

ROCKLAND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



GALLOWAY

GALLOWAY

*"Flower-enameled, ocean-girdled,
Green bright shores of Maine."*

*"Bays resplendent as the heaven,
Starred and gemmed by thousand
isles."*

—ISAAC McLELLAN

The Portland Head Lighthouse was for years a beacon to mariners on the wave-swept rocks of Maine, where the breath of the woods flavors the air of the sea, and the salty tang pervades the woods.

The island was discovered in 1604 by the French navigator Champlain, who named it "Isle des Monts Deserts" because the summits were "destitute of trees." In 1613 a Jesuit mission to the Indians was founded on Somes Sound, but destroyed that same year by Captain Samuel Argall, the British Admiral of Virginia, who ran up the English flag. But it was still claimed by the French, for Louis XIV gave it to the Sieur de la Mothe Cadillac, who settled there. In 1713, Louis XIV ceded Acadia to England following a



Mountains rising from the sea. Camden, Maine.

defeat in Europe, and Queen Henrietta Maria persuaded her husband, Charles I, to cede it back to France. The struggle for possession ended with Wolfe's victory on the plains of Abraham in 1759, when immediately hundreds of English colonists started for Maine. The island's occupancy began at that time.

Mount Desert Island lies at the overlapping of the forest species of the far north and the south. Two hundred and thirty species of plants common to the arctic grow here in association with coastal examples as far south as Florida.

MOUNT DESERT—ISLE OF ENCHANTMENT

By H. D. WALDRON

Mount Desert is indeed an isle of enchantment. She weaves a spell over you the moment you step foot on her shores.

Try to explain the secret of her illusive charm and you find you are thwarted. So many of her enticements crowd in upon your memory and clamor for expression that you are at a loss for words adequately to describe them.

Perhaps the amazing range of impressions of which she is so prodigal accounts for much of her charm.

Just consider the striking differences that mingle and blend to make this isle the enchanting spot it is. Never have they been epitomized in so small a compass, yet so sympathetically, as by Clara Barnes Martin.

"Bleak mountain-side and sunny nook in sheltered cove; frowning precipice and gentle smiling meadow; broad, heaving ocean and placid mountain lake; clashing sea-foam and glistening trout brook; the deep thunder of the ground-swell and the solemn stillness of the mountain gorge; the impetuous rush and splash of the surf and the musical cadence of far-off waterfalls."

Long ago, when a few storm-beaten explorers were groping about the coast, seeing everywhere nature seemingly intrenched against civilization, this region obtained the romantic name of Acadia. The French voyagers who adopted it, or coined it, as the case may be, hastened to secure its official sanction by letters-patent bearing the spacious scroll of Henri Quatre, "that lusty gallant, that very devil," who then and there extended his royal scepter over all New England, and much besides.

The romantic story of the exploration of Maine's hundred-harbored coast really begins when a quaint little vessel, no larger than a fishing-smack of to-day, glided one summer morning in 1604 under the frowning crags of the Grand Manan, and held its way up the river which marks to-day the boundary of Maine and New Brunswick.

On board this little vessel was a strangely mingled company. The best and meanest of France were crowded there. There were

nobles from the Court of Henry IV. and thieves from the Paris prisons; there were Catholic priests and Huguenot ministers; there were ruffians who were flying from justice, and there were young volunteers of high birth and character. The head of the expedition was Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts, to whom King Henry IV. had granted the title of lieutenant-general in New France with viceregal powers.

De Monts was a Huguenot gentleman of good standing and proved ability, who, led partly by hope of gain in the fur trade and partly by romantic spirit of adventure, had formed a company for the purpose of transatlantic colonization. In the ship with him were the Baron de Poutrincourt, the future founder of Port Royal, and the pilot Monsieur Samuel de Champlain.

Another ship followed in command of one of the merchant adventurers, the Sieur du Pont Grave. De Monts chose as a site for his projected colony an island which he called St. Croix, a name now borne by the river itself. The island commanded the river and was well-suited for purposes of defense. The colonists landed, and with hardy industry cleared the woods, built a fort, mounted the cannon, set up rude shelters, and inclosed the whole with a palisade. There were workshops, a magazine, chapel and cemetery, and a big covered gallery for labor and amusement in the approaching winter.

When their labors were well-advanced the company parted. Poutrincourt and Pont Grave took the ships and sailed for France to bring back reinforcements the succeeding spring. Seventy-nine men remained at St. Croix; and of these, early in September, Champlain took twelve, and, together with two Indians, set out on a voyage of discovery in what he called a *pattache*.

Let the story of the discovery of Mount Desert Island be told in Champlain's own words, translated from the musty little quarto published in 1613.

Setting out from the mouth of the St. Croix and sailing westward along the coast, "we made the same day some twenty-five leagues and passed by many islands, reefs and rocks, which sometimes extend more than four leagues out to sea. The islands are covered with pines, firs and other trees of an inferior sort. Among the islands are many fine harbors, but undesirable for permanent settlement. The same day (September 5, 1604) we passed near to an island some four



*"I wonder if, at home tonight,
The hearth-log burns with flick'ring light*

*I wonder if, across the snow,
The silent shadows come and go*

or five leagues long, in the neighborhood of which we just escaped being lost on a rock that was just awash and which made a hole in the bottom of our boat. From this island, to the mainland on the north, the distance is not more than a hundred paces. The island is high and notched in places so that from the sea it gives the appearance of a range of seven or eight mountains. The summits are all bare and rocky. The slopes are covered with pines, firs and birches. I named it *Isle des Monts-Deserts*."

WAY DOWN IN MAINE

By KARL V. BENNIS

*I wonder if the Summer skies
Shine as they used to when your eyes
Looked into mine?*

*I wonder if the evening breeze
Still whispers in the maple trees.
I wonder if the moonbeams play
In golden pathways on the bay,
And robins sing at break of day,
Way down in Maine.*

*I wonder if, in distant skies,
The wild goose honking homeward flies
The trackless lane.
I wonder if the Autumn weaves
Its brilliant mantle on the leaves
And in the fields are golden sheaves—
Way down in Maine.*

*I wonder if the old oak stands,
With markings crude from idle hands,
Down by the lane.
I wonder if the wayside sod*

*Is covered by the goldenrod,
And brooklets sing where alders nod,
Way down in Maine.*

*I wonder if the tall ships ride
At anchor on the restless tide
To swinging chain.
I wonder if the falls still roar
At night, when childish fancies soar,
And fairies play beyond the door,
Way down in Maine.*

*I wonder if, at home tonight,
The hearth-log burns with flick'ring
light
Upon the pane.*

*I wonder if, across the snow,
The silent shadows come and go.
I wonder if, fond memory,
Before the hearth on Mother's knee
What visions still might come to me
Way down in Maine.*



MAINE CENTRAL R. R.

*"I think of thee, my hermit stream,
Low singing in thy summer dream,
Thine idle, sweet, old tranquil song."*

—ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL

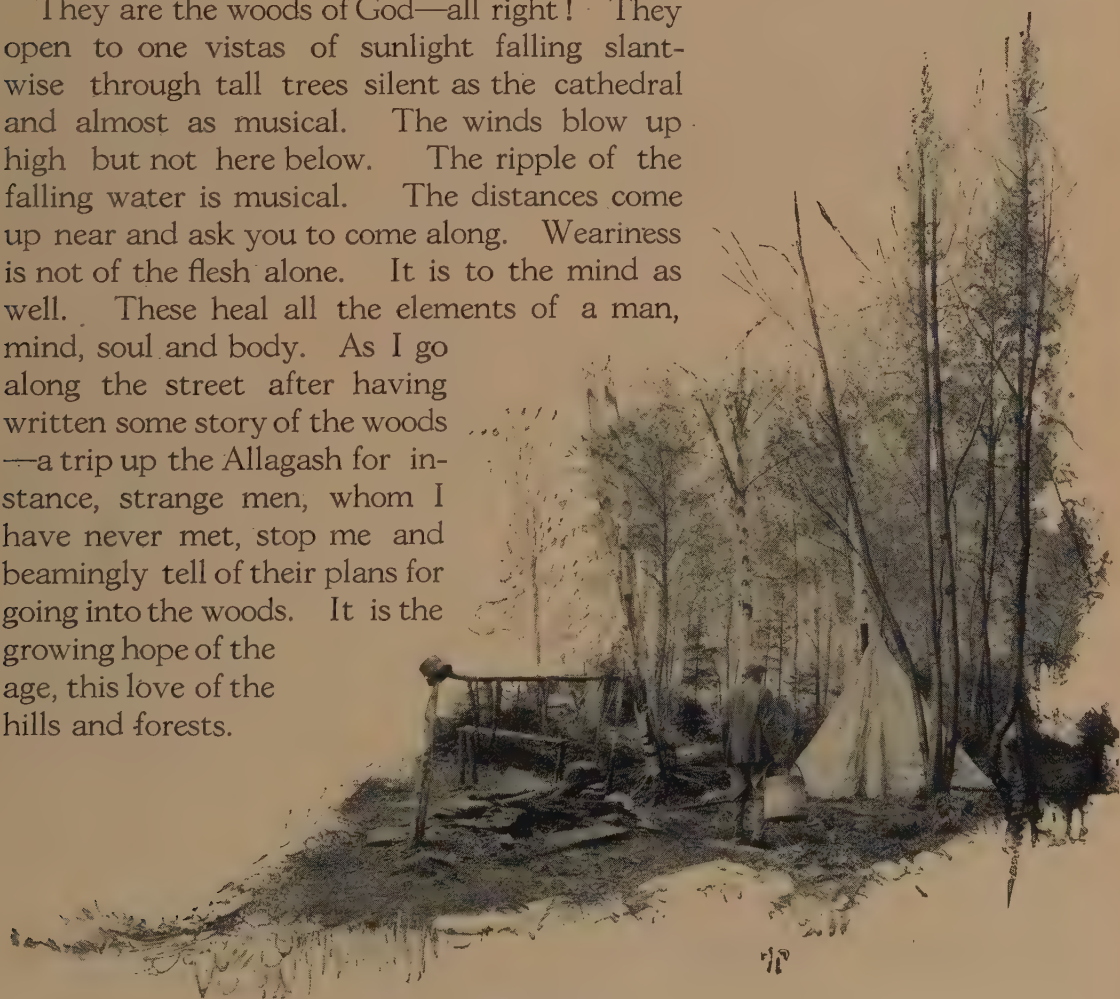
*Birches, which the Indians used for their canoes, line this road at Kineo, Moosehead Lake.
The Songo River is typical of Maine streams which lure the white man, as the Indian of the past.*

A Tribute to the Maine Woods

By ARTHUR G. STAPLES

THERE is no joy like that of the deep woods. The woods have a power over the mind and a serenity of their own. No wonder we are always getting ready anxiously to go. No wonder we meet in the business offices of the men, who are to make up the party, and discuss every detail and laugh and wonder if the day will really ever come as it has come so many times with so much pleasure.

They are the woods of God—all right! They open to one vistas of sunlight falling slantwise through tall trees silent as the cathedral and almost as musical. The winds blow up high but not here below. The ripple of the falling water is musical. The distances come up near and ask you to come along. Weariness is not of the flesh alone. It is to the mind as well. These heal all the elements of a man, mind, soul and body. As I go along the street after having written some story of the woods—a trip up the Allagash for instance, strange men, whom I have never met, stop me and beamingly tell of their plans for going into the woods. It is the growing hope of the age, this love of the hills and forests.





Poland Spring House from Middle Lake, Maine.

THE CALLIN' OF THE PINE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

*The sailor on the shore hears the rollin' ocean roar, an' it beckons an'
it beckons to the deep;
He kin hear the tackle shake when he lays at night awake, he kin feel
the deck a-rollin' in his sleep.
He kin hear the flappin' sail, he kin see above the gale the petrel
risin' skyward brave an' free;
An' there ain't no sailor man thet is happy on the lan' when he
listens to the callin' of the sea.*

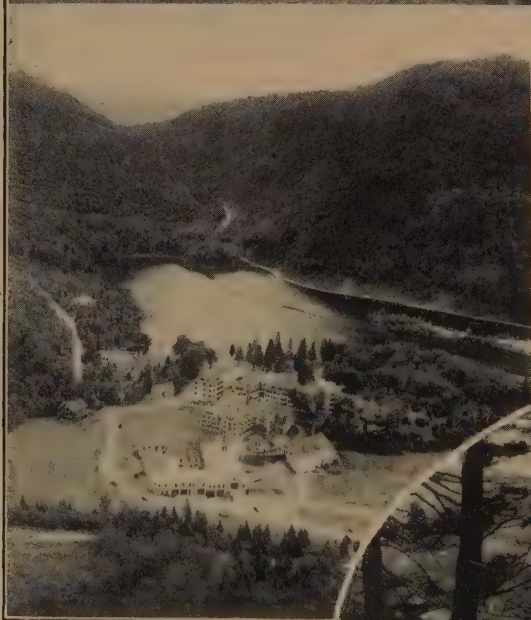
*When he listens to the callin' of the sea,
When he hears the breakers roarin' on the lee—
Then his heart is far away where the billows leap an' play,
When he listens to the callin' of the sea.*

*As the sailor hears the sea, so I hear a-callin' me a voice thet ever
beckons to the wood,
I kin hear the pine tree sigh to the wind a-passin' by, I ketch a
breath of air thet's sweet an' good.
Yes, the sailor's far away where the billows leap an' play, when he
listens to the music of the brine;
But my soul is with the trees an' the river an' the breeze, when I
listen to the callin' of the pine.*

*When I listen to the callin' of the pine,
When I drink the brimmin' cup of forest wine—
Then the path of life is sweet to my travel-weary feet,
When I listen to the callin' of the pine.*

*But I like the pine tree best when the river is at rest an' the winter
holds the world in its embrace,
When the snow gleams fur an' white, when the moon is cold an'
bright, when the pine tree wears its diamonds an' its lace.
Though the winter winds are keen, still its boughs are ever green, like
the love of her who has this heart of mine;
An' I know thet she is true as the verdure ever new, when I listen
to the callin' of the pine.*

*When I listen to the callin' of the pine,
Then I pledge her in my cup of forest wine—
An' the stars that shine above all are singin' of my love,
When I listen to the callin' of the pine.*



BOSTON AND MAINE R., R.

*Mt. Washington hotel affords a lovely view of the Presidential Range.
Dixville Notch.*



*The Old Man of the Mountains, as Hawthorne called it, is one of New England's scenic freaks.
Echo Lake, White Mountains, New Hampshire.*

NOTCH OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

BY TIMOTHY DWIGHT

VISITED IN 1797

In the morning of Tuesday, October 3, we pursued our journey. The scenery in the Notch of the White Mountains, commencing at the distance of five miles from Rosebrook's, was one of the principal objects which had allured us into this region.

The Notch of the White Mountains is a phrase appropriated to a very narrow defile extending two miles in length between two huge cliffs, apparently rent asunder by some vast convulsion of nature. This convulsion was, in my own view, unquestionably that of the Deluge. There are here, and throughout New England, no eminent proofs of volcanic violence; nor any strong exhibitions of the power of earthquakes. Nor has history recorded any earthquake or volcano in other countries of sufficient efficacy to produce the phenomena of this place. The objects rent asunder are too great, the ruin is too vast and too complete, to have been accomplished by these agents. The change appears to have been effectuated when the surface of the earth extensively subsided; when countries and continents assumed a new face and a general commotion of the elements produced the disruption of some mountains, and merged others beneath the common level of desolation. Nothing less than this will account for the sundering of a long range of great rocks, or rather of vast mountains; or for the existing evidences of the immense force by which the rupture was effected.

The entrance of the chasm is formed by two rocks, standing perpendicularly at the distance of twenty-two feet from each other: one about twenty feet in height, the other about twelve. Half of the space is occupied by the brook mentioned as the head stream of the Saco; the other half by the road. The stream is lost and invisible beneath a mass of fragments, partly blown out of the road and partly thrown down by some great convulsion.

When we entered the Notch, we were struck with the wild and solemn appearance of everything before us. The scale on which all the objects in view were formed was the scale of grandeur only. The rocks, rude and ragged in a manner rarely paralleled, were fashioned

and piled on each other by a hand operating only in the boldest and most irregular manner. As we advanced, these appearances increased rapidly. Huge masses of granite, of every abrupt form and hoary with a moss which seemed the product of ages, recalling to the mind the "Saxum vetustum" of Virgil, speedily rose to a mountainous height. Before us the view closed almost instantaneously and presented nothing to the eye but an impassable barrier of mountains.

About half a mile from the entrance of the chasm we saw in full view the most beautiful cascade, perhaps, in the world. It issued from a mountain on the right, about eight hundred feet above the subjacent valley, and at the distance of about two miles from us.



Glen Ellis Falls. White Mountains National Forest.

The stream ran over a series of rocks, almost perpendicular, with a course so little broken as to preserve the appearance of an uniform current, and yet so far disturbed as to be perfectly white. The sun shone with the clearest splendour from a station in the heavens the most advantageous to our prospect; and the cascade glittered down the vast steep, like a stream of burnished silver.

At the distance of three-quarters of a mile from the entrance, we

passed a brook, known in this region by the name of the Flume from the strong resemblance to that object exhibited by the channel which it has worn for a considerable length in a bed of rocks, the sides being perpendicular to the bottom. This elegant piece of water we determined to examine further, and, alighting from our horses, walked up the acclivity, perhaps a furlong. The stream fell from a height of 240 or 250 feet over three precipices: the second receding a small distance from the front of the first, and the third from that of the second. Down the first and second, it fell in a single current; and down the third in three, which united their streams at the bottom in a fine basin, formed by the hand of nature in the rocks immediately beneath us. It is impossible for a brook of this size to be modelled into more diversified or more delightful forms; or for a cascade to descend over precipices more happily fitted to finish its beauty. The cliffs, together with a level at their foot, furnished a considerable opening, surrounded by the forest. The sunbeams, penetrating through the trees, painted here a great variety of fine images of light, and edged an equally numerous and diversified collection of shadows; both dancing on the waters, and alternately silvering and obscuring their course. Purer water was never seen. Exclusively of its murmurs, the world around us was solemn and silent. Everything assumed the character of enchantment; and had I been educated in the Grecian mythology, I should scarcely have been surprised to find an assemblage of Dryads, Naiads, and Oreads sporting on the little plain below our feet. The purity of this water was discernible, not only by its limpid appearance, and its taste, but from several other circumstances. Its course is wholly over hard granite; and the rocks and the stones in its bed, and at its side, instead of being covered with adventitious substances, were washed perfectly clean; and by their neat appearance added not a little to the beauty of the scenery.

From this spot the mountains speedily began to open with increased majesty; and in several instances rose to a perpendicular height, a little less than a mile. The bosom of both ranges was overspread, in all the inferior regions, by a mixture of evergreens with trees whose leaves are deciduous. The annual foliage had been already changed by the frost. Of the effects of this change it is, perhaps, impossible for an inhabitant of Great Britain, as I have been assured by several foreigners, to form an adequate conception,

without visiting an American forest. When I was a youth, I remarked that Thomson had entirely omitted, in his *Seasons*, this fine part of autumnal imagery. Upon inquiring of an English gentleman the probable cause of the omission, he informed me that no such scenery existed in Great Britain. In this country it is often among the most splendid beauties of nature. All the leaves of trees which are not evergreens are by the first severe frost changed from their verdure towards the perfection of that colour which they are capable of ultimately assuming, through yellow, orange, and red, to a pretty deep brown. As the frost affects different trees, and the different leaves of the same tree, in very different degrees, a vast multitude of tinctures are commonly found on those of a single tree, and always on those of a grove or forest. These colours, also, in all their varieties are generally full; and in many instances are among the most exquisite which are found in the regions of nature. Different sorts of trees are susceptible of different degrees of this beauty. Among them the maple is pre-eminently distinguished by the prodigious varieties, the finished beauty, and the intense lustre of its hues; varying through all the dyes, between a rich green and the most perfect crimson.

The darkness of the evergreens was finely illumined by the brilliant yellow of the birch, the beech, and the cherry, and the more brilliant orange and crimson of the maple. The effect of this universal diffusion of gay and splendid light was to render the preponderating deep green more solemn. Over the whole, the azure of the sky cast a deep, misty blue, blending toward the summits every other hue.

ENCHANTMENT

By JENNETT SPENCER

*A leafy, luring, sun-flecked trail,
Deep in a mountain glade,
Is quite the most enchanting thing
That Nature ever made.
The mellow sunlight sifting down
Through quivering aspen trees;
The breath of summer wafted by
On balmy mountain breeze;
The dainty fragrance of the flowers
Perfuming all the air,
Their colors bright as rainbow mist,
Than artist's dream more fair;
The dells of lacy, fragile fern
That, floored with mosses, seem*

*The dancing place of fay and elf,
A gay midsummer dream;
The smiling face of bubbling spring,
Agleam o'er amber sand—
A mirrow clear for flower folk
And sprites of fairyland;
The lilting song of happy bird,
The glint of velvet wings,
The sparkle of the mountain rill—
The lullaby it sings;
These are the most alluring things
That Nature ever made,
And for her lovers hid away
Deep in a mountain glade.*

THE MOUNTAINS OF NEW ENGLAND

A Challenge to the Mountaineer

By ALLEN H. BENT

It seems to be generally recognized that playgrounds are necessary adjuncts to our civilization and that mountainous regions are among the best. Naturally the hill places within easy reach of the large centers of population are bound to be used the most; but the people who most need their health-giving ozone, their beauty, their inspiration, do not always know where or when or how to go. On one thing only are they agreed, that vacations, like sugar-coated pills, are easy to take.

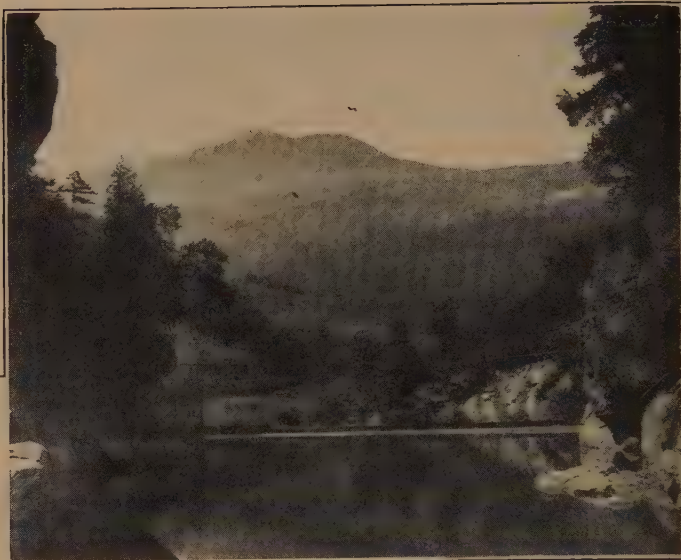
As Switzerland is the playground of Europe, so the mountains of New York and New England form the principal playground for the dwellers in the busy cities of northeastern United States. The dwellers in our northwest are fortunate in having Mount Rainier and the other snow-covered giants of the Cascade Range for their holiday outings; but let us of the northeast be content with what we have. In winter—and vacations at that time of year are rapidly increasing—we have Alpine conditions within easy reach. Emerson called Monadnock a "link in the Alps' globe-girding chain." The White Mountains and the other heights of New England are in the broadest sense a few more links in the same chain, but more specifically they are a part of the Appalachian chain, which begins with the heights of Alabama and Georgia and ends fourteen hundred miles to the northeast, with the Shickshock Mountains of the Gaspé peninsula. The same Shickshock has a sort of fascination about it and some day I hope to brave the hordes of black flies and mosquitoes that are reported to haunt the region and penetrate its fastnesses, for as every traveler up the St. Lawrence knows,

The mountains of Gaspé are fair to behold,
With their fleckings of shadow and gleamings of gold.

The Taconic Range along the western border of Massachusetts is the link that connects the Catskills of New York with the higher peaks of northern New England. Greylock—the Saddleback of earlier days—3,535 feet, in the northwestern corner of the state, is the highest in the Commonwealth, and Mount Everett, "the Dome of the Taconics," 2,624 feet, in the southwestern corner, the next

Camel's Hump, one of the highest peaks of the Green mountains.

MANCHESTER BOARD OF TRADE



A trout stream near Manchester, Vermont, where one would wish to fish and dream.

*Is this a time to be gloomy or sad,
When our mother Nature laughs
around;
When even the deep blue heavens
look glad,
And gladness breathes from the
blossoming ground?*

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



PHOTOS, CHANDLER

Smugglers' Notch, Mansfield mountain.

loftiest. Both are state reservations, are well supplied with roads and trails and are easily and profitably climbed. The first has a fire lookout upon it, the second a small hotel. Bear Hill, the highest eminence in Connecticut, 2,355 feet is only four miles from Mount Everett. The Taconic Range, which continues northward along the western border of Vermont for half the length of the state, has had its geological history minutely and interestingly told by T. Nelson Dale, of the United States Geological Survey. The highest of the range, near the beautiful village of Manchester, where the sidewalks are of marble, the commonest rock thereabouts, is Mount Equinox, 2,816 feet, which probably has nothing to do with the sun crossing the equator, though it was first climbed about the time of the autumnal equinox, in the year 1823. It is most likely an Indian name, Equanok.

East of Taconic Range are the Green Mountains, beginning with the hills of Connecticut and continuing through Massachusetts, the watershed of the Hoosatic and Connecticut Rivers. On the hill tops of the latter state are the highest towns in New England, Peru, Windsor, Savoy and Florida; all over two thousand feet above the sea, recalling Dr. Johnson's lines,

Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru.

In Vermont there are four of the Green Mountains over four thousand feet, the highest, Mount Mansfield, 4,364 feet, having a little hotel, built in 1858, near the top. The backbone of this mountain is a long, rocky ridge; but most of the mountains, as their name would imply, are covered with evergreen trees to the top. There are twenty-five summits between three thousand and four thousand feet. To connect these various heights the Green Mountain Club was organized in 1910, and soon there will be a forest trail along the entire chain from Massachusetts to Canada, one hundred and fifty-seven miles air line, which of course the Long Trail, as it is called, does not follow. It is very earthly and very woody and will probably be nearly two hundred and fifty miles long. The mountains do not stop at the northern border; they keep right on into the Province of Quebec.

The mission of the Green Mountains and of the state that has taken their name is to look pleasant, to cheer. Other states have Black, Blue, White and Ruby mountains, but Vermont stands by her

color and invites the pilgrim to climb her green heights or rest by the way,

Under the greenwood tree
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat.

In central Massachusetts, east of the Connecticut valley, is another ridge of hills, which after crossing into New Hampshire, sends up a well-known watch tower known as Mt. Monadnock, 3,186 feet. This range, in the main low, the watershed between the Connecticut and the Merrimac, continues northward sending up an occasional



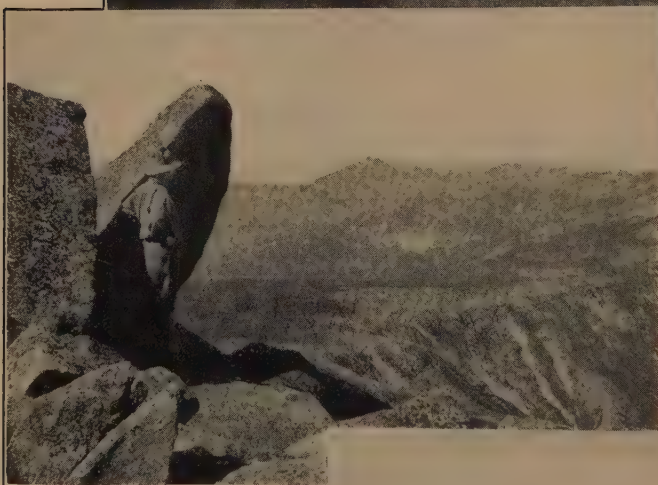
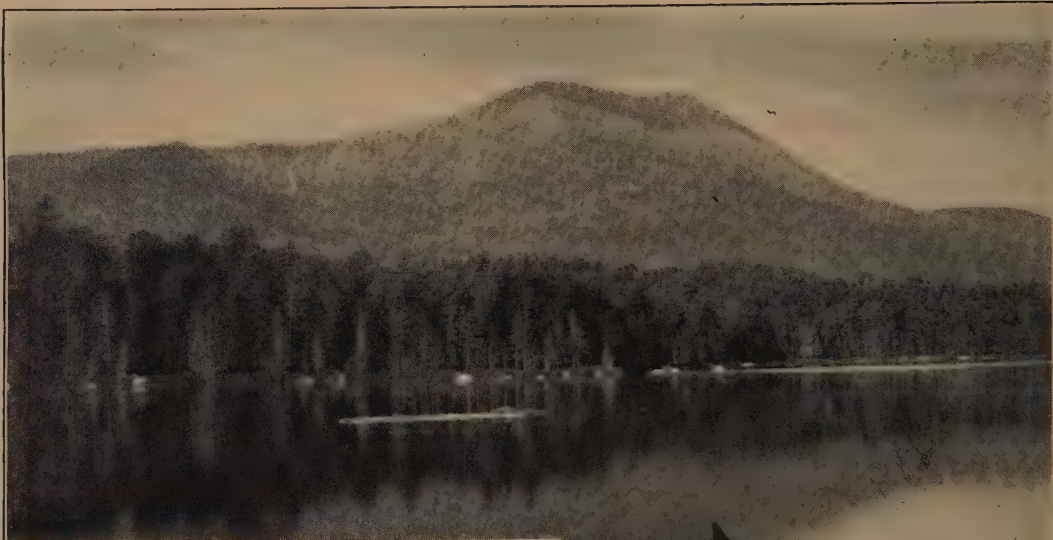
Snow Shoe Party. The White Mountains

peak like Mt. Sunapee, the southern Kearsarge and Mt. Cardigan, until half way up the state near the headquarters of the Merrimac it breaks all bounds and increases greatly in height, forming an irregular mass, the White Mountains, roughly forty miles square and spreading out clear across the state. Beyond the White Mountains are still more mountains extending well into Canada, in fact the northern half of New Hampshire has very little level land. Somewhat north of the center of the White Mountains the New England highlands culminate in Mount Washington, which rises a few hundred feet above its peers to a height of 6,293 feet. In the sixty miles from

Randolph, at the north of the White Mountains, to the northern point of New Hampshire only two roads cross the state, nor are there many trails. A few have been opened up, namely, on the Pilot Range and Percy Peaks near the White Mountains, and up some of the mountains around Dixville Notch, forty miles away. Dixville Peak is the highest of the latter group, 3,118 feet, but the highest point of the road through the notch, which has some of the wildest rock scenery in New England, is 1,990 feet.

From the eastern bounds of the White Mountains detached peaks, interspersed with many beautiful forest-surrounded lakes, continue to the northeastward through the state of Maine, to and across the Canadian border. The highest of these peaks, one hundred and sixty miles from Mount Washington, Mt. Katahdin, 5,273 feet, the most interesting and one of the most inaccessible mountains in New England. "Standing alone without society," taller by nearly a thousand feet than any other peak in the state and exceeded in New England by only half a dozen summits in the Presidential Range of the White Mountains, it is no wonder that it appealed to the solitude-absorbing Thoreau and to all lovers of the wilderness before and since. Thoreau's ascent was made in 1846. Among other early climbers who have left interesting accounts are Professor J. W. Bailey of West Point in 1836, Dr. Charles T. Jackson in 1837, Rev. Edward Everett Hale in 1845. Theodore Winthrop in the fifties and Professor Charles H. Hitchcock in 1861. In the early years of the Appalachian Mountain Club, Professor Charles E. Hamlin and the Club's secretary, Rosewell B. Lawrence, did much to make the mountain better known and more accessible. In 1900 a small but notable party from the New England Botanical Club made an exhaustive study of its flora, publishing the results in their journal, *Rhodora*. One of the most interesting ascents was made on snowshoes in February 1910 by Ralph Lawson and Percival Sayward, and the latter's account, in *Appalachia*, deserves high rank in mountaineering literature.

Although Katahdin is preeminent in its domain there are lots of other mountains in Maine, fifty-eight occupied in summer by fire lookout stations, for Maine's lumber industry is large and valuable, and needs protection. This means that there are at least fifty-eight



ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

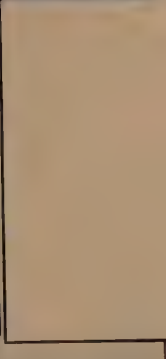
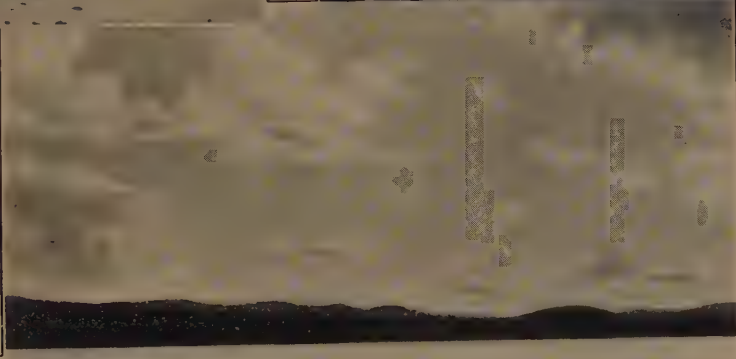
*Only the warm blue splendor of the sky
Unflecked above us, and below us, dim,
Refreshed with dews, and fair with shadows,
lie
The lake-starred wilds that meet the sky's low
rim.*

—ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

Mount Katahdin rises five thousand feet above sea level from the west branch of the Penobscot.

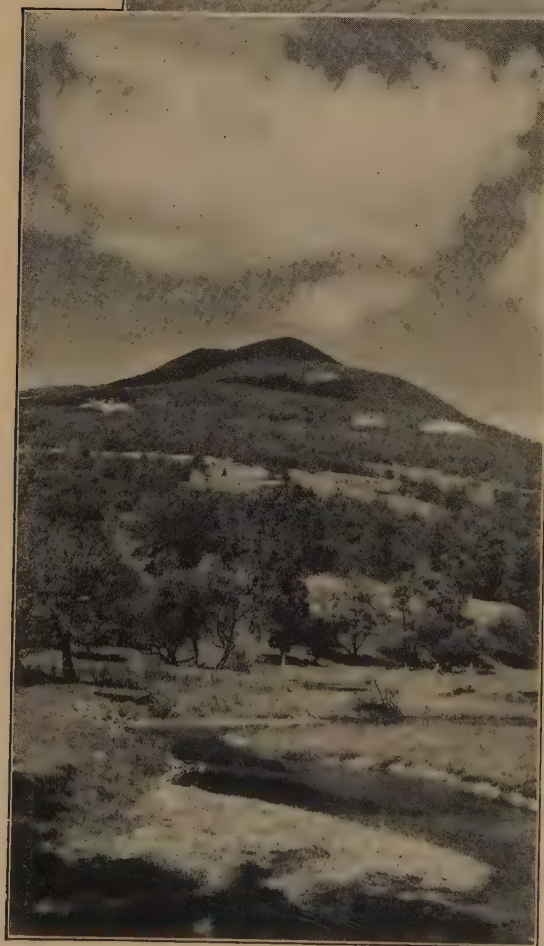
The Saddle of Mt. Katahdin, Maine. In this section are good trails which afford the hiker great pleasure.





BANGOR AND AROOSTOOK

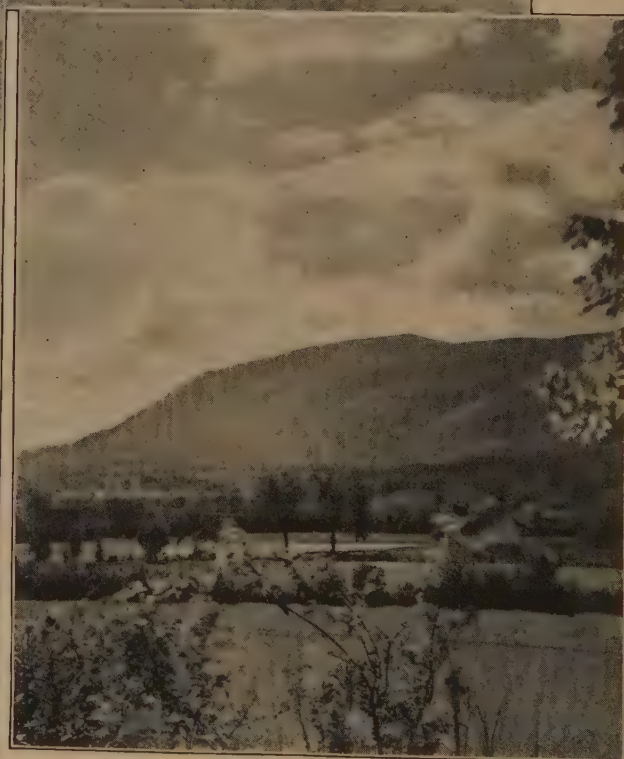
Canoes drawn up on the Allagash while the campers prepare their meal. Sunset on Umsaskis Lake, Allagash, a bit of the country where peace comes at eventide. Here "In music or in silent prayer alone the sunset clouds may find a worship fitting." A scenic view on the Allagash trip. From Mt. Kineo, Maine a large number of beautiful islands can be seen, and here the canoeist outfits for his days in the woods.



MT. AEOLUS, VERMONT

*"Only an Idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
Where I may wade through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream."
An angler's wish*

—VANDYKE



WOODSTOCK INN AND MANCHESTER BOARD OF TRADE

Equinox Mountain, Vermont

A WINTER RIDE

*So with the stretch of the white road before me,
Shining snow crystals rainbowed by the sun,
Fields that are white, stained with long, cool, blue shadows,
Strong with the strength of my horse as we run.
Joy in the touch of the wind and the sunlight!
Joy! With the vigorous earth I am one.—AMY LOWELL.*

mountains with good trails and extensive lookouts. A list of them will be found in the reports of the Forest Commissioner of the state. There are Speckled in the Border Mountains, Traveler Mountain twenty miles north of Katahdin, Parlin Pond Bald, north of the Dead River region, Saddleback near Phillips, east of Rangeley. These are all a little over four thousand feet probably. There is another Saddleback—called also Bald Pate and Bear River Whitecap—east of Grafton Notch, that may reach the four thousand mark. The first Saddleback with Blue, Abraham and Bigelow, are known as the Kennebec Peaks. Parlin Pond Bald, Baker 3,589 feet, and the mountains around Moosehead Lake are on the Kennebec watershed. Turner Mountain, east of Katahdin, is 3,700 feet, and the Sourdnhunk Mountains to the west reach 3,500 feet. Of the Boundary Mountains, between Maine and the Province of Quebec, the highest seems to be Mt. Gosford, 3,658 feet. Snow Mountain, a little south of the actual boundary, has a claim for 3,800 feet. Deer Mountain, northwest of Gupsuptic Lake, is probably 3,500 feet.

Taken all together it will be seen that in the four hundred or more miles between northwestern Connecticut and northern Maine there are many mountains, their dark forested slopes uplifted against the sky to cheer and inspire us.

VERMONT

By WENDELL P. STAFFORD

<i>My heart is where the hills fling up</i>	<i>No queen has had for followers</i>
<i>Green garlands to the day.</i>	<i>A bolder train of men;</i>
<i>'Tis where the blue lake brims her cup,</i>	<i>And when again the need is hers</i>
<i>The sparkling rivers play.</i>	<i>They shall be hers again.</i>
<i>My heart is on the mountain still</i>	
<i>Where'er my steps may be;</i>	<i>My heart is where the hills fling up</i>
<i>Vermont, O maiden of the hills,</i>	<i>Green garlands to the day.</i>
<i>My heart is there with thee!</i>	<i>'Tis where the blue lake brims her cup,</i>
	<i>The sparkling rivers play.</i>
<i>Oh, you may find a prouder dame,</i>	<i>My heart is on the mountain still;</i>
<i>With a jewel at the ear</i>	<i>My steps return to thee,</i>
<i>And richer robe and louder fame,</i>	<i>Green-hooded maiden of the hills,</i>
<i>But never face so dear!</i>	<i>Lady of Liberty!</i>

FROM A VERMONT CENTENNIAL POEM

By JULIA C. R. DORR

*Strong with the strength of thy verdant hills,
Fresh with the freshness of mountain-rills,
Pure as the breath of the fragrant pine,
Glad with the gladness of youth divine,
Serenely thou sittest throned today
Where the free winds that round thee play
Rejoice in thy waves of sun-bright hair,
O thou, our glorious mother!
Rejoice in thy beautiful strength and say
Earth holds not such another!
Thou art not old, with thy hundred years,
Nor worn with toil, or care, or tears:
But all the glow of the summer time,
Is thine to-day in thy glorious prime!
Thy brow is fair as the winter snows,
With a stately calm in its still repose;
While the breath of the rose the wild bee sips,
Half-mad with joy, cannot eclipse
The marvelous sweetness of thy lips;
And the deepest blue of the laughing skies
Hides in the depths of thy fearless eyes,
Gazing afar over land and sea
Wherever thy wandering children be!
Fold on fold,
Over thy form of grandest mould
Floweth thy robe of forest green
Now light, now dark, in its emerald sheen.
Its bordered hem is of wild flowers rare,
With feathery fern-fronds light as air
Fringing its borders. In thy hair
Sprays of pink arbutus twine,
And the curling rings of the wild grape vine.
Thy girdle is woven of silver streams;
Its clasp with the opaline luster gleams
Of a lake asleep in the sunset beams;
And, half concealing
And half revealing
Pale-tinted with rose and amethyst!*

WOOD-MAGIC

By HENRY VAN DYKE

There are three vines that belong to the ancient forest. Elsewhere they will not grow, though the soil prepared for them be never so rich, the shade of the arbour built for them never so closely and cunningly woven. Their delicate, thread-like roots take no hold upon the earth tilled and troubled by the fingers of man. The fine sap that steals through their long, slender limbs pauses and fails when they are watered by human hands. Silently the secret of their life retreats and shrinks away and hides itself.

But in the woods, where falling leaves and crumbling tree-trunks and wilting ferns have been moulded by Nature into a deep, brown humus, clean and fragrant—in the woods, where the sunlight filters green and golden through interlacing branches, and where pure moisture of distilling rains and melting snows is held in treasury by never-failing banks of moss—under the verdurous flood of the forest, like sea-weeds under the ocean waves, these three little creeping vines put forth their hands with joy, and spread over rock and hillock and twisted tree-root and mouldering log, in cloaks and scarves and wreaths of tiny evergreen, glossy leaves.

One of them is adorned with white pearls sprinkled lightly over its robe of green. This is Snowberry, and if you eat of it, you will grow wise in the wisdom of flowers. You will know where to find the yellow violet, and the wake-robin, and the pink lady-slipper, and the scarlet sage, and the fringed gentian. You will understand how the buds trust themselves to the spring in their unfolding, and how the blossoms trust themselves to the winter in their withering, and how the busy hands of Nature are ever weaving the beautiful garment of life out of the strands of death, and nothing is lost that yields itself to her quiet handling.

Another of the vines of the forest is called Partridge-berry. Rubies are hidden among its foliage, and if you eat of this fruit, you will grow wise in the wisdom of birds. You will know where the oven-bird secretes her nest, and where the woodcock dances in the air at night; the drumming-log of the ruffed grouse will be easy to find, and you will see the dark lodges of the evergreen thickets inhabited by hundreds of warblers. There will be no dead silence for

you in the forest any longer, but you will hear sweet and delicate voices on every side, voices that you know and love; you will catch the key-note of the silver flute of the wood-thrush, and the silver harp of the veery, and the silver bells of the hermit; and something in your heart will answer to them all. In the frosty stillness of October nights you will see the airy tribes flitting across the moon, following the secret call that guides them southward. In the calm brightness of winter sunshine, filling sheltered copses with warmth and cheer, you will watch the lingering blue-birds and robins and song-sparrows playing at summer, while the chick-a-dees and the juncos and the cross-bills make merry in the wind-swept fields. In the lucent mornings of April you will hear your old friends coming home to you, Phoebe, and Oriole, and Yellow-Throat, and Red-Wing, and Tanager, and Cat-Bird. When they call to you and greet you, you will understand that Nature knows a secret for which man has never found a word--the secret that tells itself in song.

The third of the forest-vines is Wood-Magic. It bears neither flower nor fruit. Its leaves are hardly to be distinguished from the leaves of the other vines. No marks of warning have been written upon them. If you find them it is your fortune; if you taste them it is your fate.

For as you browse your way through the forest, nipping here and there a rosy leaf of young winter-green, a fragrant emerald tip of balsam-fir, a twig of spicy birch, if by chance you pluck the leaves of Wood-Magic and eat them, you will not know what you have done, but the enchantment of the tree-land will enter your heart and the charm of the wildwood will flow through your veins.

You will never get away from it. The sighing of the wind through the pine-trees and the laughter of the stream in its rapids will sound through all your dreams. On beds of silken softness you will long for the sleep-song of whispering leaves above your head, and the smell of a couch of balsam-boughs. At tables spread with dainty fare you will be hungry for the joy of the hunt, and for the angler's sylvan feast. In proud cities you will weary for the sight of a mountain trail; in great cathedrals you will think of the long, arching aisles of the woodland; and in the noisy solitude of crowded streets you will hone after the friendly forest. This is what will happen to you if you eat the leaves of that little vine, Wood-Magic.

Courtesy Charles Scribners Sons. From The Blue Flower.

THE LAND OF THE CHRISTMAS TREES

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

*My papa works in a lumber camp
In the land of Christmas trees,
And he wrote to me,
"I wish you could see
Such Christmas trees as these!
In the swamp so cold, in the swamp so damp,
There are cedars green and great,
There are pines so high
That they touch the sky,
There are hemlocks slim and straight.*

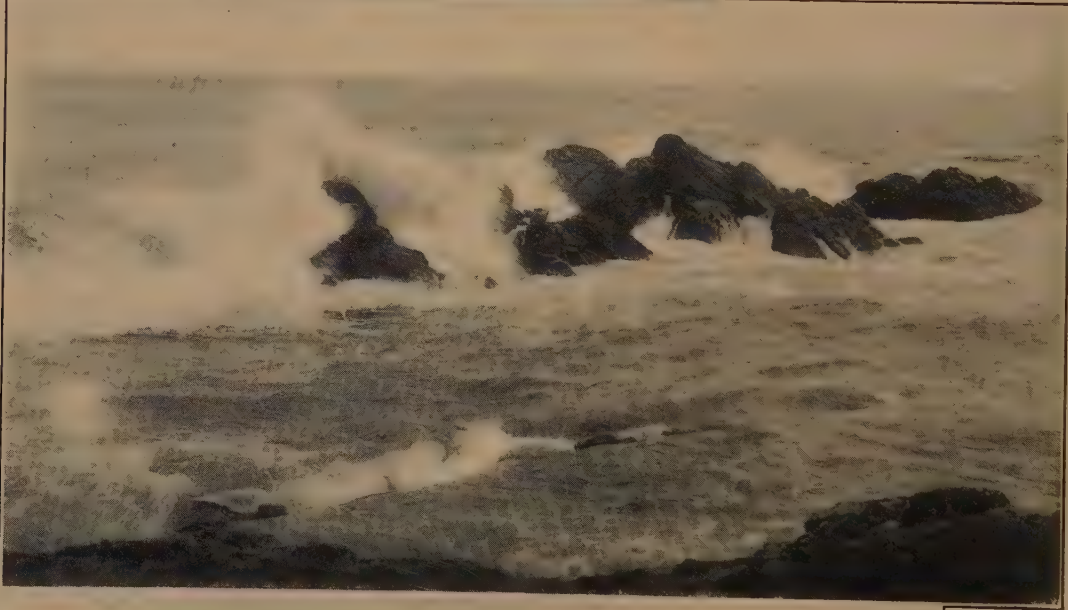
*"They smile to the moon, they sing to the star,
They nod to the passing breeze,
And every bough
Wears diamonds now,
In the land of Christmas trees."
O wonderful land in the north woods far,
O wonderful, beautiful land!
In my cot so white
I dream at night
Of the forest green and grand.*

*My mama says that the snow that lies
In the land where the great trees grow
Is like the spread
On my little bed
Where at night to sleep I go;
That underneath with tight-shut eyes
The flowers are slumbering—
There snug and warm
From the winter storm
They wait for the call of Spring*

*So, when I kneel for the night's amen,
I think of the Christmas land,
I say a prayer
For my papa there
In the forest green and grand;
And another prayer I whisper then
While I kneel on bended knees—
That the Lord will keep
The flowers that sleep
In the land of Christmas trees.*



*Massachusetts Scenes—Marble
Head Harbor—Surf at Nahant—
Salt Island Beach.*



BOSTON. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

THE SEA

*I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;*

—BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

GLIMPSES OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST

By LAWRENCE J. HART

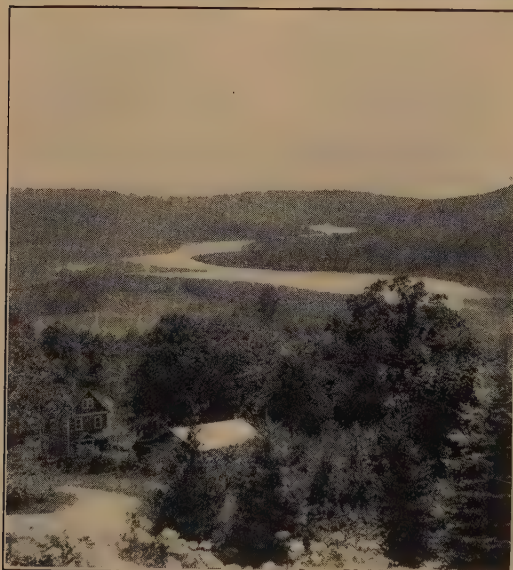
Marblehead has a quaint charm that fascinates the visitor. Its narrow, curving little passageways called "streets" are a never-ending delight. It abounds in rich historical associations and ancient tales of the sea. In the summer season, with 300 pleasure craft gleaming in its waters, Marblehead Harbor is beautiful. The Easter and Corinthian Yacht Clubs keep it socially astir all season, and its annual yacht races are famous.

*Bass Rocks. Gloucester, Mass.*

The word Gloucester has become as nearly synonymous with "fishing" as any proper name can be. For three hundred years the name has conjured up the rugged fishermen whom Kipling immortalized.

Gloucester Harbor, bound in by massive rock walls, is one of the most beautiful waterways that borders the seven seas. Crews sail out daily to the Great Banks and race back to the markets to sell their catches of fish. Great fish-drying and curing plants are maintained, but Gloucester is chiefly known for its vacation allure.

An unforgettable motor trip is from Gloucester around the rim of Cape Ann and back to the fish city, taking in a view of Queen Anne's profile and the reef of Norman's Woe.



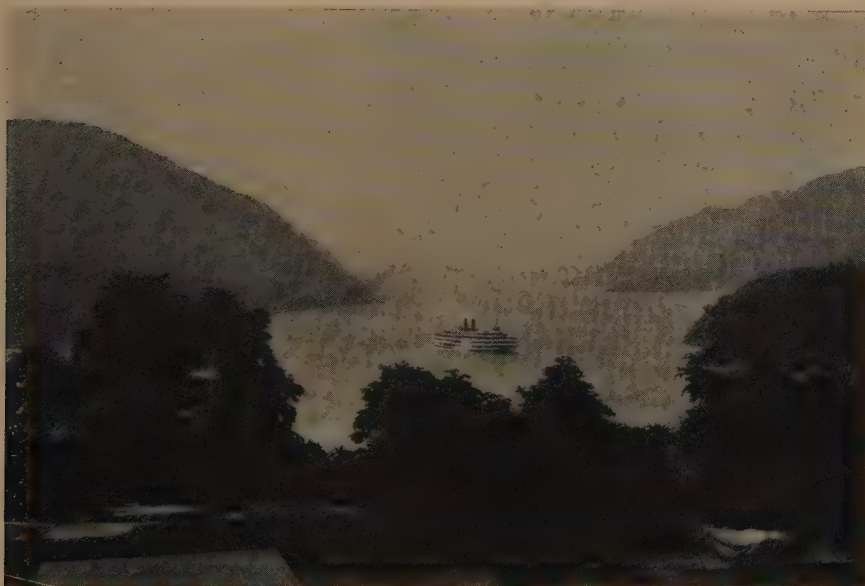
*Point Mountain in the Delaware Valley.
A pastoral scene.
The Delaware river, west of Callicoon.*

*Kenza Lake, New York.
Laurel Lake, near Cohecton.
Lower Genessee Falls, Portage.*

"THE EMPIRE STATE"
THE HUDSON—RIVER OF HISTORY

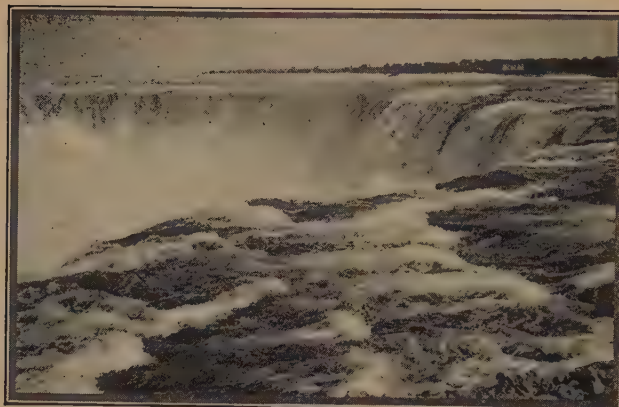
(Anonymous)

The physical setting is not the only way in which the Hudson is colorful. Separate it from its history and you remove thereby half its charm, for in song and story it has always played a large part in the life of Eastern States. You may explore from the primeval forests of the Adirondacks down to the river's mouth and each and every mile will contribute its story for your interest. If the traveler coming from the West will review his history of the American Revolution and re-read Washington Irving's *Sketch Book* before he takes



Hudson River, North from West Point.

this trip he will enjoy it doubly. Then with his mind intent on his information he can derive more pleasure from his surroundings; on the one hand he can visualize the *Half Moon* riding at anchor in a narrow but protected bay; he knows that the town of Hudson, for instance, on the left-hand side of the river coming down from Albany was once a whaling port, which fact lends to its distant buildings a new interest.



PHOTOS. LEHIGH VALLEY R. R. AND NIAGARA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Niagara, described by Father Hennepin in 1678 as "A vast and prodigious Cadence of Water, which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch that the Universe does not afford its Parallel—" The "Thundering Water" of the Red man in which dwelt the Great Spirit of all waters, to whom, annually, the fairest maiden was sent over the falls in a white canoe.

INDIAN LEGENDS

Reverting for a moment to still earlier days of the Hudson, one's memory goes back to the time of the Indians who perhaps bequeathed more romance to the river than any other dwellers on its shores. While we cannot ascribe the virtue of authenticity to most of their legends, this does not detract in any way from their charm. For instance, what is more appealing to the imagination than the story of the old woman guardian of the mountains, who kept under strict surveillance in her cave in the Catskills the sun and rain, and released them at her own discretion? Nor were her duties at an end here, for she also apportioned out day and night by releasing each every twelve hours. When the Indians perceived the new moon they credited it to her, since her mission was to make one of these each month and, when it reached full size, to cut it up into stars.

NIAGARA FALLS

By SAM FOWLKES

Niagara Falls has been the mecca for tourists for years and years, millions having traveled from all parts of the universe, to view the great spectacle of the Mighty Cataracts—the outlet of four great inland seas, with a drop of nearly two hundred feet from its brink to the level of the river below, forming a whirling mass of foam, spray and water as it journeys on its seven mile trip through its narrow gorge.

The Niagara River, thirty-seven miles in length, makes a total drop of three hundred twenty-six feet between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, the drop at the Falls being one hundred sixty-seven feet, that of the Upper Rapids forty-nine feet and that of the Whirlpool Rapids ninety-nine feet. In a distance of less than eight miles the drop is three hundred fifteen feet. One million cubic feet of water goes over the Falls every five seconds.

The State of New York on the one side and the Canadian Government on the other have not only transformed the vicinity of the Falls into beautiful parks, but have protected the many beauty spots from desecration. The visitor is able to get splendid views of the Falls from all angles, and at no cost whatsoever. Many a delightful hour can be spent on Goat Island, the large and beautiful wooded



GLEN SPRING HOTEL

*Cavern Cascade in Watkins Glen.
Lower Falls—Genesee River, New York.
Taughannock Falls, Finger Lakes.*

FROM "THE WATERFALL"

*When the fir-tree dreams in the drowsy haze
Of the motionless August hour;
When even the eager-leaved aspen droops,
And asleep is the bird in its bower;*

*Wakeful alone sends the waterfall then
Its mellow, melodious hum,
Wafting a coolness where all is heat,
And music where all is dumb.*

ALFRED B. STREET.

island separating the American Falls from the Horse Shoe Falls. The island is part of the New York State Reservation Park and is connected with the American side by a series of arch bridges over the Upper Rapids.

A number of other points of interest around the Falls which may be seen for a nominal sum are a trip through the Cave of the Winds under the American Falls, Maid of the Mist steamer trip at the foot of both Falls, Table Rock under the Horse Shoe Falls, Aero Car over the Whirlpool Incline to the foot of the Whirlpool Rapids, trip by Electric Belt Line for a distance of twenty miles up and down each side of the gorge. To attempt to describe this ride is but to admit one's lack of words.

The visitor to Niagara is sure also to become interested in its history. The past speaks to him from every point. Some of the most interesting of these spots are Fort Niagara erected in 1726, having served under three flags—French, British and American in the order named; Niagara-on-the-Lake, Father Hennepin (first white man to view the Falls) Rock, Chippewa battle field, site of the building of the first ship of the white man, The Griffon, built by La Salle in 1679, to sail to the upper lakes, and many others.

Garbed in the ice and snow of winter the points described offer an equally beautiful spectacle, and at night the frozen Falls, bathed in the soft radiance of scintillating colors from the huge searchlights, becomes a fairy land of wonders.

IN THE FINGER LAKE DISTRICT

By ROSS W. KELLOGG

According to an Indian legend, the Great Spirit, wishing to reward the Iroquois for their devotion, placed a portion of the happy hunting ground in what we now know as Central New York. The imprint made by the hand of the Great Spirit accounted to the Indians for the Finger Lakes. We may doubt the accuracy of the Indian account of the origin of the lake valleys, but we cannot deny that the Iroquois were particularly favored in their homeland.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LAKES

Geologists have given much study to the Finger Lakes country, and detailed accounts both of a scientific and popular nature may be



UPPER. FINGER LAKE PUBLICITY BUREAU.

BELOW. GLEN SPRINGS HOTEL.

*The Finger Lakes district is a land of hill-locked lakes flashing blue and emerald in the sunlight.
Cayuga and Seneca Lakes, New York.*

*The infinite bliss of Nature
I feel in every vein;*

*The light and the life of summer
Blossom in heart and brain.*

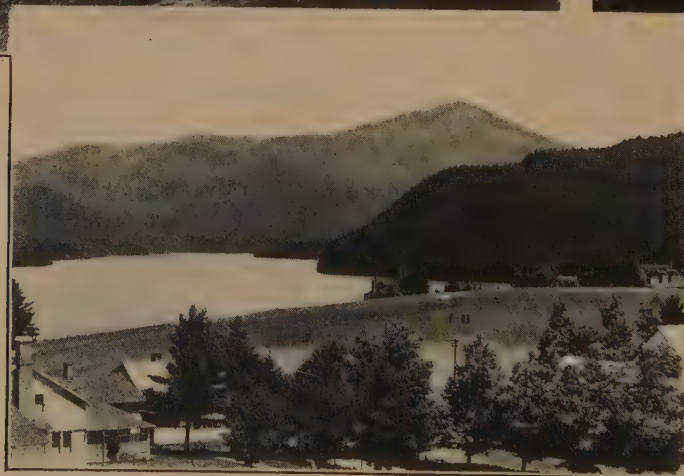
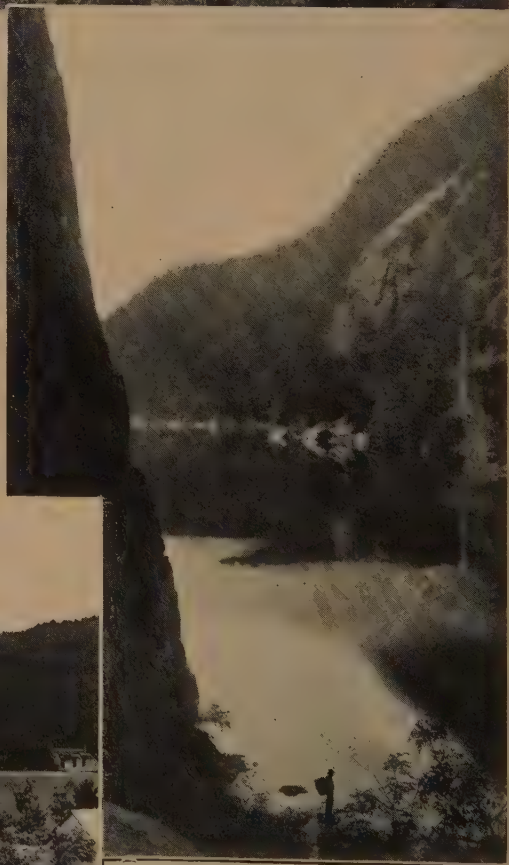
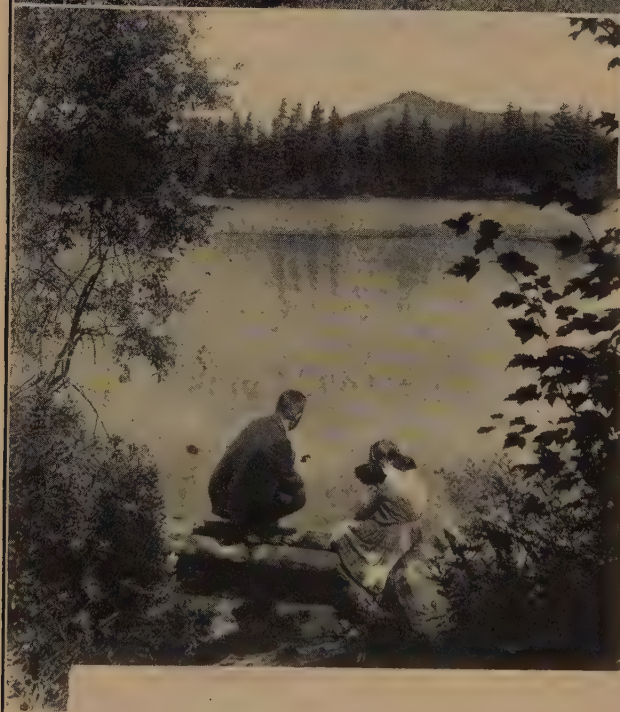
—BAYARD TAYLOR

obtained by those interested in continuing the study. Professor O. D. von Engeln, in his recent book, "Concerning Cornell," treats the subject of the geography of the region somewhat in detail.



Hector Falls. Watkins Glen, New York

In the most ancient geologic times, he says, the Finger Lakes Region was the bottom of a shallow interior sea. At a later date the sea so far dried up as to become a saline, desert basin. This accounts for the strata of salt found under the ground today. Later, layers of clay, sand and lime were laid down. These clay and sand layers



NEW YORK CENTRAL

*Blue Mountain Lake.
North Pond, Adirondacks, New York.
Lake Placid and Whiteface.*

LAKE PLACID CLUB

AVALANCHE LAKE

*"I sit once more on the island beach,
Where the waves dash glad and high,
And listen again to their mystic speech,
As the murmurous ranks go by."*

—ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN,
in *Poems of Places*

were converted into shale and sandstone by the pressure of material subsequently deposited. When the Appalachian Mountains were uplifted the Finger Lakes Region was carried along in the movement and a comparatively level highland was formed. A slight compression during this period of uplift formed low arches and troughs in the rocks. After this uplift had been worn down to sea level another uplift seems to have occurred. Subsequently, broad, open stream valleys were cut into the re-uplifted area.

THE COMING OF THE ICE

So it was that when the glacial ice invaded the United States it found north and south valleys in the presented Finger Lakes Region. Although the ice eventually covered the entire country and submerged even the mountain tops, the valleys were the main channels for its movement. At their northern ends these valleys were broad and at their southern end narrow. The ice being constricted as it moved southward, plowed deeped into the earth. In some places the valleys, where the Finger Lakes now repose, were deepened until their bottoms are below sea level. When the ice sheet receded it dropped a dam across the valley, transforming them into lakes basins.

THE FINGER LAKES TRAILS

The Finger Lakes Trails are laid out so that the tourist may take the entire circuit of 410 miles and leave the region at the point where he entered or cover one or two of the trails during a week-end trip. Each of the trails bears the name of an Iroquois tribe or clan. The Finger Lakes of New York have been compared to the lakes of Switzerland, the lochs of Scotland, the Lake Region of England (which has inspired so many of our greatest poets), and the Finger Lakes of Patagonia. The Finger Lakes of Central New York are quite as beautiful as their sisters, and are surpassed by the Swiss lakes only in grandeur. Indeed, the region has often been called "The Switzerland of America." Variety is the keynote of this region. It is a land of hill-locked lakes flashing blue and emerald in the sunlight; a land of grand and gloomy gorges, threaded by crystal-clear streams, flowing into crashing cataracts, dancing in cascades, leaping in stately waterfalls; a land of wild ravines, sequestered glens, and sylvan dells. To the lover of Nature it is indeed an enchanted country, a terrestrial paradise.



LAKE PLACID CLUB

*Winter sports at Lake Placid Club, New York.
Lake Placid covered with a mantle of snow.*



*Here sail boats scud over the ice.
The Club singing carols while searching for the Yule log.*



Mount Jo overlooking Hart Lake. Adirondacks.



© GALLOWAY

Sunrise on Big Moose Lake. Adirondacks, New York.

TO SENECA LAKE

By JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

*On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.*

*On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.*

*The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.*

*How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float around the distant mountain's side.*

*At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.*

*On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
O! I could ever sweep the oar—
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er!*



ERIE R. R.

Rocks on the Delaware river look like elephant's feet and are known by this name. Twin Lakes near Parker's Glen a fitting spot to beguile the hours. White birch add to the beauty of the drive along Ariel Lake. Pond Eddy, Pennsylvania.



Sunset in the Juniata Valley, Pennsylvania where ripening grain yields for the needs of Man.

THE BLUE JUNIATA

BY MARIAN DIX SULLIVAN

*Wild roved an Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata.
Swift as an antelope,
Through the forest going,
Loose were her jetty locks
In waving tresses flowing;
Gay was the mountain song
Of bright Alfarata
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata.
"Strong and true my arrows are
In my painted quiver;
Swift goes my light canoe
Adown the rapid river.
Bold is my warrior true—
The love of Alfarata,
Proud waves his snowy plume
Along the Juniata.
Soft and low he speaks to me,
And then, his war-cry sounding,
Rings his voice in thunder loud,
From height to height resounding".
So sang the India girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata
Fleeting years have borne away
The voice of Alfarata,
Still sweeps the river on,
The blue Juniata.*



PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

*Lewiston Narrows has the serpentine effect, against the green, of lightning in a sky piled high with thunder clouds.
Airplane view of the Horseshoe Curve, of the Allegheny mountains, Pennsylvania.*



MERCHANTS AND TRADERS TRANSPORTATION CO.

*An imposing entrance to a home.
The Cliffs of Newport, Rhode Island, with their
strong scent of the brine afford many beautiful walks.*

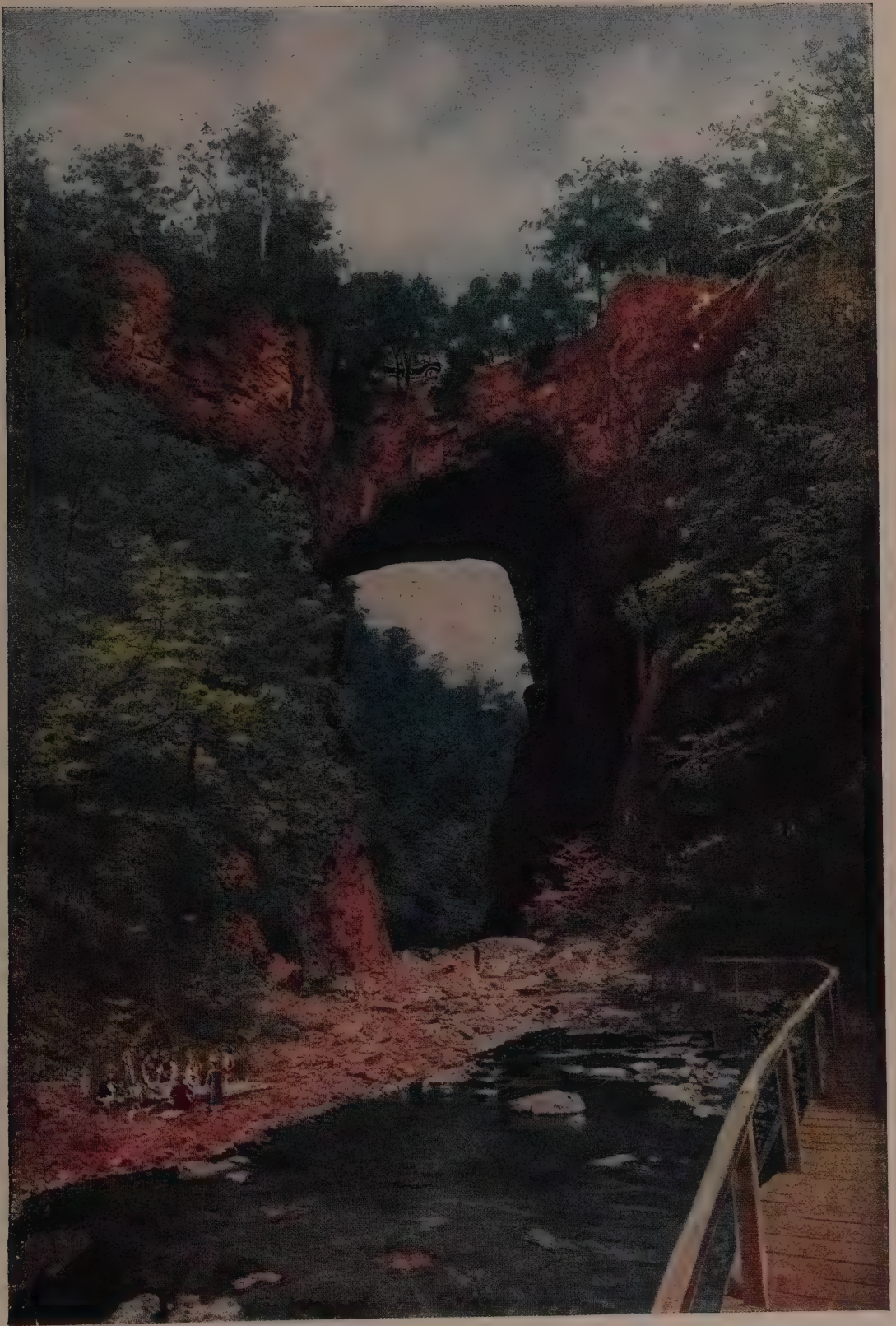
*The Lighthouse of Newport Harbor.
Gardens which reach down to the sea.*



NORFOLK AND WESTERN R. R.

THE LURAY CAVERNS SHENANDOAH PARK, VIRGINIA

These Caverns cover approximately one hundred acres. They are rich in a great variety of stalactites and encrustations. Luray also has a "Cathedral," with organ and chimes; the "Saracen's Tent" is near, with the "Persian Palace" not far distant.



COURTESY OF NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILWAY

The Natural Bridge of Virginia—a titanic limestone arch, 215 feet high, 100 feet wide, and a 90 foot span providing a natural passage over Cedar Creek. The Statue of Liberty, in New York harbor, could be placed under it and there would still be threescore feet to spare.

THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS

By ROBERT STERLING YARD

The Southern Appalachian Mountain System consists throughout of very many parallel ranges and detached ridges extending in a broad sweep from Pennsylvania southwesterly through nine states to the center of Alabama, where it merges into the plains. Of all these, there emerge by reason of commanding topography two ranges, the Blue Ridge on the east which extends the entire length of the Appalachian System, and the Unakas on the west which closely parallel it along the border between North Carolina and Tennessee.

The Blue Ridge is broken only once by a subdividing river, the James, flowing eastward. The Unakas are broken by half a dozen west-flowing rivers, and the sections between these rivers have each a separate name: the Iron Mountains on the north, the Northern Unakas next, the Bald Mountains, the Great Smokies and the Southern Unaka Mountains. The Great Smokies is the subdivision between the Pigeon River on their north and the Little Tennessee River on their south. It is far the loftiest and roughest part of the Appalachian System.

Throughout the system, which consists of very many parallel ranges with deep valleys between the Appalachians, are steep-sided and ridge-like. In fact, many short ranges lie so directly in line with each other as to warrant the conclusion that once they were continuous ridges. Even the foothills far to the west suggest similar formation. Today the Blue Ridge only is unbroken for hundreds of miles.

The forests of the Appalachians are also practically identical throughout. Reversing the order of the high altitude forests of western National Parks, here deciduous trees, in immense variety and remarkable beauty, subordinate the conifers. At intervals, on the western slopes, but especially among the splendid forests of the eastern heart of the range, occur heavy groves of magnificent hemlock, trees of girth and dark, massed, feathery foliage. In the higher altitudes are also occasional groves of spruce bunched like wheat, whose intertwined tops shut the sunlight from thick brown carpets of needles, in which for lack of light no shrubs nor wild flowers grow. Black, white, red, scarlet, pin and chestnut oaks grow in profusion in the glorious forests of this mountain-top country; also sycamore,



PHOTOS © STANLEY

Skyland, overlooking the Luray Caverns; the waterfalls on Doyle's Run; Cedar Mountain, and this picturesque Studio in its setting of trees are in the area of the proposed Shenandoah Park. An irregular strip of virgin forest, stretched along the summit of the main range of the Blue Ridge, parallels the famous Shenandoah Valley of northern Virginia, from which it derives its name.

gum, poplar, ash, hickory, beech, black, white and yellow birch, white pine in small original stands, long leafed loblolly and other pines, yellow locust, tulip, wild cherry, dogwood, azalea, laurel everywhere, rhododendron in a few thickets of very large size. These are very few of the trees and shrubs here found.

The glory of this diversified forest, tilted at all angles, ascending peaks to grey ragged crests, dropping into countless ravines and watered by a thousand streams, can only be suggested in this brief survey.

SHENANDOAH

The region proposed for the National Park in the Blue Ridge consists of an irregular strip of virgin forest sixty miles long and averaging a dozen miles in width, stretched along the summit of the main range of the Blue Ridge where it parallels the famous Shenandoah Valley in northern Virginia, of which it forms the southeastern wall.

Its northern point is Front Royal, twenty miles south of the Winchester of Sheridan's famous ride, where the mountains rise with considerably greater abruptness to altitudes over three thousand feet. This is historic ground.

Southwesterly to its end thirty miles due west of Charlottesville, the range increases in altitude to well above four thousand feet, gaining in steepness of slope and roughness of contour; here summits crowd summits, fretted ridges drop hundreds and often, in consecutive precipices, thousands of feet, and innumerable little rivers cascade from both sides of the divide into innumerable pools which shelter speckled trout.

Though crossed by several roads, two of them famous in American history, the precipitousness of the range, forbidding profitable exploitation, has saved for us more than six hundred square miles of almost untouched native forest within ninety miles of the nation's capital and three hundred miles of its metropolis. Even Virginians have not realized their possession of a natural treasure so extraordinary.

Far different in kind, the scenic charms of Shenandoah National Park will yield to none in quality. The canyons are wild in the extreme. Down White Oak Canyon a stream cascades twenty-five hundred feet within four miles. The rocky ramparts, precipices and wild valleys of the summit regions possess nothing short of grandeur.

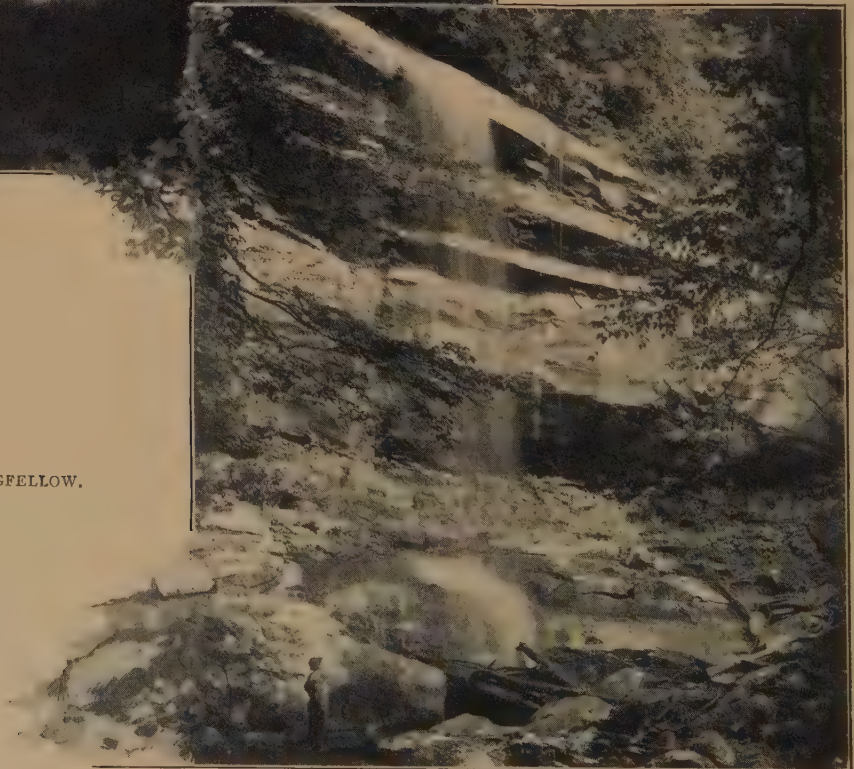
*Great Smoky. Proposed
National Park of Tennessee.*



*"How the Ranges flush with
purple and the depths grow
dim!"*



*The hooded clouds,
like friars
Tell their beads
in drops of rain.*
—LONGFELLOW.



Shenandoah lies within three hundred miles of the homes of forty million people. It will be our National Park of greatest service.

GREAT SMOKIES

The mountain climax of the Appalachians, the greatest massing of high mountains east of the Rockies, is the Great Smoky Range between North Carolina and Tennessee. The proposed National Park will about equally divide between those states. Altitudes vary from 3,000 feet to 6,600 feet. Several miles of the central ridge rise above 6,000 feet, and three peaks, Le Conte, Clingman Dome and Mount Guyot exceed 6,600 feet.

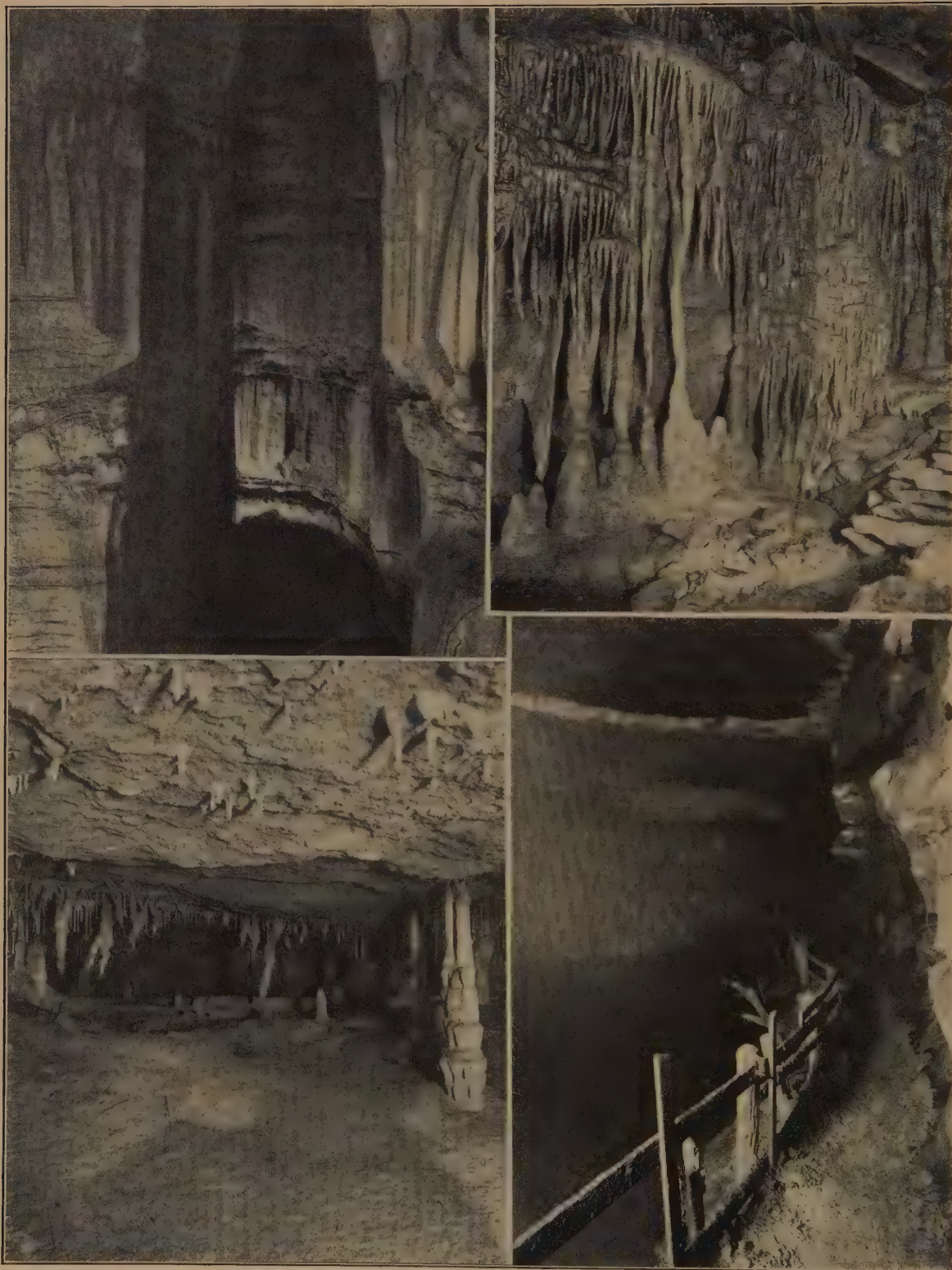
On the eastern side of the central ridge, especially in Tennessee, the mountains are extremely rugged and precipitous. Peaks are higher, many exceeding 5,000 and approaching 6,000 feet, valleys are deeper, cliffs sheer. Many of the ridges are long, sharp and knifelike, some of them only three or four feet wide at the top.

Above 5,000 feet, spruce occurs in dense stands on the levels, excluding the sun, and clinging to the sides of sharp slopes, together with oaks, chestnuts and many other hardwoods. Below 5,000 feet, balsam is prominent, and on the lower levels the forests become exceedingly rich in variety, size and luxuriance.

Large areas of splendid forest are virgin because too difficult to lumber profitably.

Mount Le Conte, the giant of the Great Smokies, while lacking the altitude of Mount Mitchell, far surpasses it in ruggedness and grandeur. It is one of the greater mountain personalities of the country. It has three peaks, the central of which, known as Main Top, is flanked by enormous cliffs. Clingman's Dome and Mount Guyot, which form a shallow triangle with Le Conte, are also mountains of commanding personality and magnificence, but so also are very many lesser peaks whose names are not known even locally. Because of their roughness and difficulty of access, very large areas of the most magnificent of these mountains have remained unvisited and practically unknown for years.

Horace Kephart lists these interesting altitudes in excess of about 1500 feet of basal altitude: Clingman's Dome, 6,680 feet; Mount Guyot, 6,636 feet; Mount Le Conte, 6,600 feet; Richland



LOUISVILLE AUTO CLUB

SCENES IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY

Here in this underground world—the largest cave yet found—is a city which has a wonderful organ and chimes of stalagmites and stalactites. The "River Styx," black and forbidding, flows here. "Vaughan's Dome" and "The Minaret" add to its unique architecture.

Balsam, 6,540 feet; Waterrock Knob, 6,400 feet; Mount Collins, 6,400 feet; Jones Knob, 6,300 feet; Lone Bald, 6,016 feet; Cold Spring Knob, 6,010 feet; Rough Butt Bald, 6,010 feet; Reinhart Knob, 6,000 feet. In addition to which he cites seven others unnamed, totaling eighteen mountains 6,000 feet or more in altitude, or 4,500 feet from their valleys.

It is evident that the Great Smokies are destined before long to add to our National Gallery of Scenic Masterpieces, greatest eastern picture.

MAMMOTH CAVE

Most famous of the innumerable caves which internal waters have dissolved within the limestone strata which skirt the bases of the many parallel ranges and foothills of the Southern Appalachians, is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. It was the earliest large cavern to be discovered, and generations ago its repute was as wide as the continent. It was one of the first scenic spectacles of America to be known in Europe, where for years it shared honors with Niagara Falls.

Measured on the surface, the cave is several miles long, but very much greater by way of the dark chambers and intricate passages below. Mammoth Cave is walled in limestone, originally blue but blackened with the torches of generations of white men and unknown generations of Indians. Remains of the Indians' tapers still litter the floors of the many chambers. During the Revolution, it was a store house, and remains are seen of the mechanism by which the makers of our country dissolved and pumped out saltpetre for powder.

The absence of onyx from most of the walls, and the existence of few stalagmites and stalactites is explained by an interesting geological theory. Close to the river and open at both ends, this cave in pre-historic times was, doubtless, the passage through which surface floods found vent so frequently that lime deposits had no time to form. But there are some formations, nevertheless, which with lights behind them, show many pleasing colors. The cave is a most impressive spectacle.

In the neighborhood are many other limestone caves of many shapes and sizes. The Onyx, the Crystal, the Diamond and the Colossal Cavern are competitors of lesser size.

The overlying land and the surrounding country is very charming. The Green River, a confluent of the Ohio is navigable to barges and small steamers to within a short distance of the Cave.



PHOTOS. ASHVILLE BILTMORE FILM CO.

*The Devil's Gap lies to the south from Gingercake mountain.
 Mt. Mitchell Motor Road is one of the scenic roads in the western part of North Carolina.
 Rock House a primitive home of a mountaineer on the Yonahlossee Road, contains one room about 16x20.
 Rainbow Falls, Pisgah National Forest, where the rainbow is caught in the mist.*

THESE BE THE MOUNTAINS THAT COMFORT ME

By ELLA W. PEATTIE

*Immeasurably old are they,
These hills that 'round my valley wind;
Time has worn their peaks away,
And left them wise and humble and kind.
Once they were higher than Andean crest,
And bitterly white as the Arctic sea;
Now they are all in verdure drest;
These be the mountains that comfort me.*

*I've seen Vesuvius lift to the sun
The vine-clad slopes of her riven side,
I know how Jamaican mountains run
To lave their feet in the azure tide;
The Gothic Alps with glittering spires,
Aetna, Stromboli by the sea,
Though each with their beauty my spirit fires,
These be the mountains that comfort me.*

*Pike's Peak across the plain I've seen,
With the shivering joy of a great surprise;
The jewelled crevasses of Muir have been
Revealed to my astounded eyes,
I know how Greylock looks in Spring;
How splendid autumn Berkshires be;
But though their beauties I will sing,
These be the mountains that comfort me.*

*At dawn my mountains hear me pray,
At noon I turn to them for rest,
I laugh when I see them at close of day
Humped like elephants against the West;
And when 'neath the stars I look at these hills,
I know that I shall holpen be;
The troubled pool of my spirit stills—
These be the mountains that comfort me.*



BALTIMORE AND OHIO R. R.

The Alleghany Mountains of West Virginia, through which the Savage River gorge cuts, are clad with verdure to their summits and the streams are fringed with trees.

THE CAROLINA MOUNTAINS

By MARGARET W. MORLEY

The Blue Ridge! What mountains ever offered themselves to the sun so enchantingly as the long curve of the Appalachian chain where it passes through Virginia and North Carolina down to Alabama, running all the way full southwest! This battlement of heaven was not named by accident. It was named Blue because there was no other name for it. It is blue; tremendously, thrillingly blue; tenderly, evasively blue. And the sky that contains it is also entrancingly blue; even the storms do not make it sullen, and when they pass, the sun breaks out more radiantly than ever. Beyond the Blue Ridge in North Carolina, other and higher mountains rise like spirit forms into the deep sky, rank upon rank, height upon height, guarded as it were and protected by the encircling wall of the Blue Ridge.

Nowhere else is nature so friendly. The world is beautiful, with here and there touches of grandeur, and one may traverse the fragrant forests alone and without fear. Nor is it necessary to make long and extensive preparations to explore these ancient heights: it is enough to start out with a tiny knapsack and walk away, sure of a welcome, wherever night overtakes you. There are great free spaces of forest, mountains and sky, but at intervals there is always the clearing and the home of the settler, the most hospitable of created beings, and to the student of human nature one of the most interesting. Even in the widest reaches of the park, the home of the mountaineer will be found in some intruding cove or little valley, while there are no sweeter camping grounds in all the world than those offered by this exquisite country of flowers, fragrances, cold springs, and cool summer nights, not only to the robust hunter and fisherman, but as well to frailer lovers of nature.

One of the pleasures of being in the North Carolina mountains is the presence of the simple and kindly people scattered everywhere over them, this great wilderness containing some two hundred thousand inhabitants, among whom may be found men and women who even yet have never ridden on a railway train, seen an automobile, or heard of an aeroplane. Shut up within the barriers of the mountains and isolated from contact with the rest of the world, these people

have developed customs and dialect of their own. With their quaint speech and their primitive life they form perhaps the last link left in this country between the complex present and that simple past when man satisfied his wants from the bosom of the earth, and was content to do so. All over the mountains is a network of paths and each path leads to the door of a friend. One need not fear to walk alone from village to village, from "settlement" to "settlement," to wander at will in this vast sweet forest, where every man, woman, and child is glad to see you and ready to help you get what you want.

Where the mountains stand supreme is in their gracious climate that seems to caress the world-weary; in that and in the subtler beauties of nature that everywhere cover them as with a garment. The chance to build a castle out of fancies and a few firmer materials, to snare the vagrant fragrances that float free, to fix the rose-bay on the cliff, to clear a vista to the heavenly heights, moves the desire of every lover of beauty who comes here sighing for release from the bondage of icy winds or city conventions. Nor is a lordly mansion full of cares the proper housing for this country. Far better for those who seek their freedom is the restfully-proportioned "bungalow," with spreading roof and broad porches, appropriate to the climate and harmonious in the landscape.

One looks ahead with undaunted courage to the time when both visitor and native will enjoy without destroying the charming efforts of nature; to the time when man will—to adapt Emerson—name the birds without a gun, love the wild rose and leave it on its stalk; to the time when, undisturbed, the arbutus will again carpet the woods close to the slopes, pressing down as they once did against the wheels of the carriage as you drove along the more frequented roads. For Nature is long-suffering and very kind, so kind, indeed, that in moments of discouragement one has only to remember that even if the worst were to happen, and these beautiful mountains become devastated by ignorant invaders, when the time came, as come it would, that the profaner departed, Nature would begin anew her beneficent task of creating beauty. These mountains, with their tremendous fecundity and their resistless allies of sun and rain, in half a century would erase all but the ineradicable signs of the presence of the destroyer, presenting to some future generation the privilege of joining the beauty of the wilderness to the graces of civilized life.

THE OVERHILLS OF OTTARAY

(Anonymous)

*From the Otтанola Highlands and Salolah's rocky glen
To where Zehleeka widely winds by forest, field and fen,
Reach the rocky raftered ridges and the ever rippling rills
Of Otтарay, our mountain land, the leafy Over Hills.*

*Between Salolah and Sakassa deep the gorge of Essedaw
Opens like a guarded gate-way to the Under Hills we saw;
Stretching far and faint, an ocean it seemed where shadows play
Like phantom islands girdling the blue shores of Otтарay.*

*In the heart of our Highlands are the modest homes we love;
Green stretch the dimpled glens below, blue rise the crests above;
By Oclawaha's waters, where Ossque-ha-ha flows,
If we miss the royal lily, Hope still finds a rustic Rose.*

*No rugged Alps are ours—forever crowned with snow,
But on Appalachian summits the April violets blow,
And leafy leagues of woodland, ere May hath half out-run,
Shall hide our boldest brooklets from the searching of the sun.*

*Under Essewah close nestles the nook I love the best;
'Tis there I reaped but roses when Love's Litany confessed;
And my heart shall never wander, and my feet would never stray
From a little garden yonder, in the Hills of Otтарay.*

(There is nothing in any language more beautiful and imaginative than the Indian nomenclature. Indian names are at once the most primitive and the most poetically descriptive. Particularly is this true of the names given by the Cherokees to the mountains of western North Carolina (the overhills of Otтарay) and the lake and streams of the beautiful legend-haunted Sapphire Country.)

Otтарay—Western North Carolina

Ottanola—Big Hungry Creek

Zehleeka—French Broad River

Salolah (the squirrel) Sugar Loaf Mountain

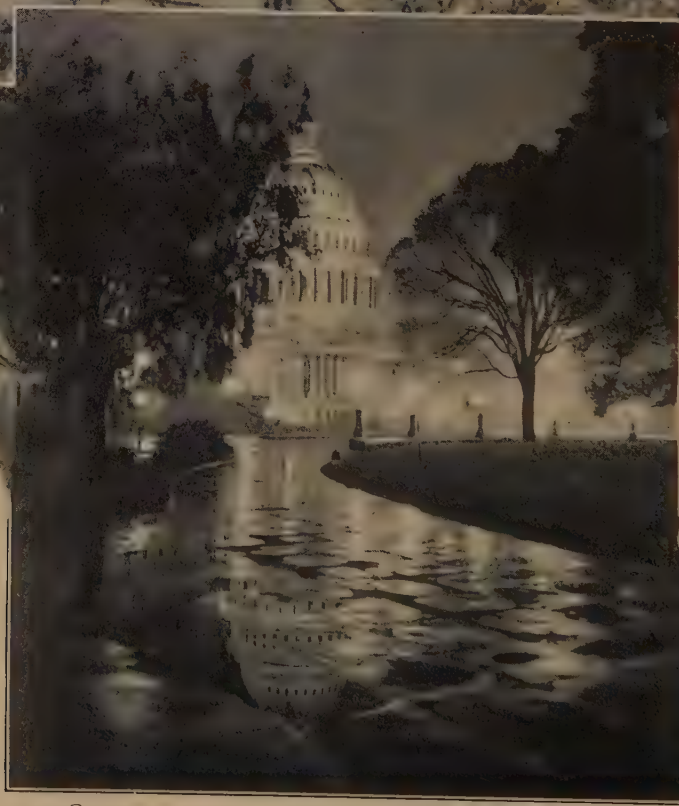
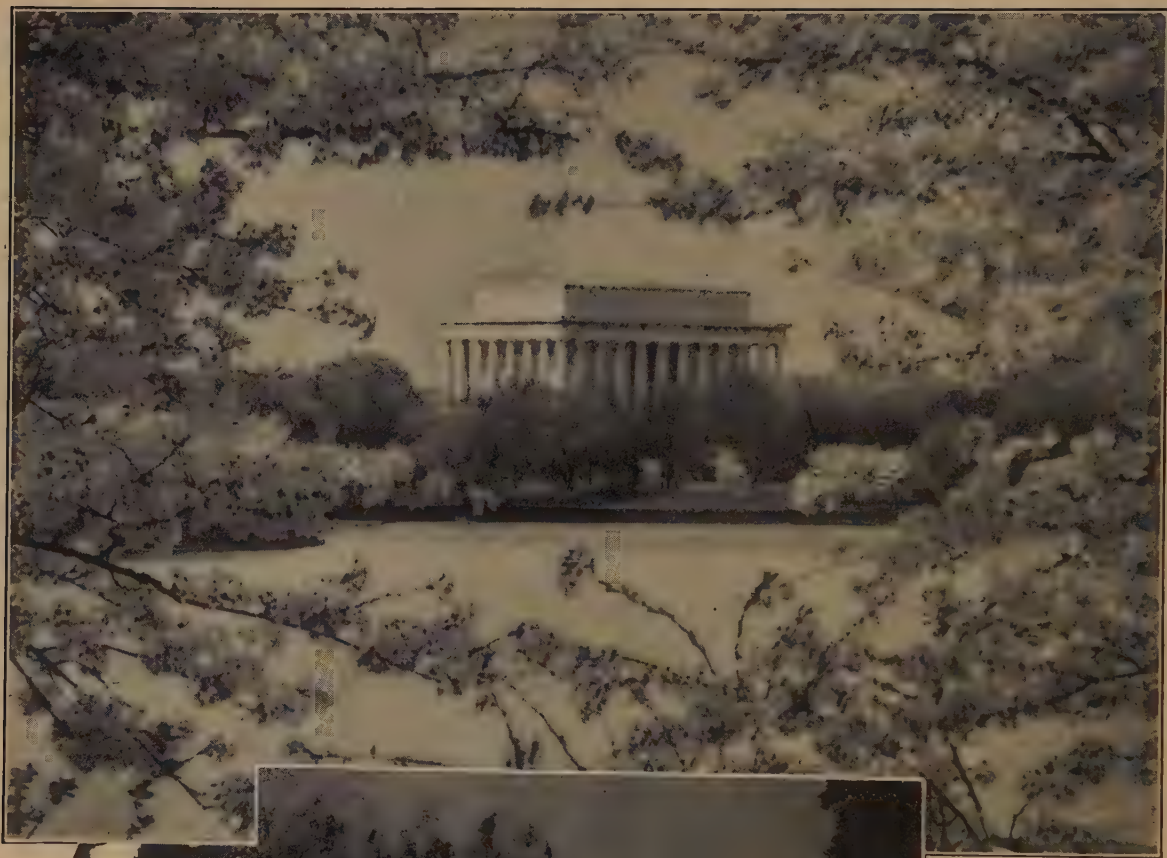
Sakassa—Old Shaky Bald

Gorge of Essedaw—Hickory Nut Nap

Oclawaha—Mud Creek

Oss-que-ha-ha—Clear Creek

Essewah—Jump-Off Mountain



PHOTOS © MARKEL

The Capitol at Washington, and the Lincoln Memorial in a delicate frame of cherry blossoms.

THE FOREST WELCOME

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

*O chosen land of liberty,
I love, of all, the most
The splendor of thy forest tree
That waves to him across the sea
A welcome to thy coast.*

*Its spreading branches typify
The nation's open arms,
Where heavy-laden soul may lie
And know that no oppressor's cry
Shall wake it to alarms.*

*Its leaves a-tremble sing the song
A mother croons at eve;
They sing triumphant over wrong,
They cheer the lagging feet along
And soothe the hearts that grieve.*

*For this thy emblem, land of mine,
The forest on the shore—
Thy singing spruce and giant pine
And all that grand and regal line
That lives forevermore.*

*And he who comes from overseas
Shall hear its minstrelsy,
Shall hear upon the evening breeze
That rustles through the leafy trees
The music of the free.*

*And he shall feel the holy calm
These altared shores invoke,
Behold, 'mid tones of freedom's psalm
A land as peaceful as the palm,
Enduring as the oak.*



Magnolia Gardens. Charleston, South Carolina.

THE SYLVAN LIFE

By EDWARD, LORD THURLOW

*When in the woods I wander all alone,
The woods that are my solace and delight,
Which I more covet than a prince's throne,
My toil by day and canopy by night;
(Light heart, light foot, light food, and slumber light,
These lights shall light me to old age's gate,
While monarchs, whom rebellious dreams affright,
Heavy with fear, death's fearful summons wait;)
Whilst here I wander, pleased to be alone,
Weighing in thought the world's no-happiness,
I cannot choose but wonder at its moan,
Since so plain joys the woody life can bless:
Then live who may where honied words prevail,
I with the deer, and with the nightingale!*

Southern



COURTESY CLEARWATER CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

"Palms ever grow in couples two and two, a young tree and his sweetheart, lovers both."

The Royal Palm

By HOLLISTER SAGE

THE United States is not recognized as a hot country. Nevertheless, lower Florida is truly tropical. Although the peninsula does not extend into the torrid zone, it is nearer the equator than sunny Italy, Greece, the blue Mediterranean or even northern Egypt. Four hundred miles long, Florida's position is an enviable one, for the Gulf Stream flows on both sides of the state. That miracle-working river of warm water in the Atlantic, mystically takes its way with force unabated to frozen Labrador and across the northern ocean, melting icebergs, making a safe path for the great liners and blessing two continents; but its influence upon Florida is super-natural.

If you have never viewed tropical plant life, the products of Nature unassisted, her vigorous and graceful spontaneity where freezing never interferes let the wings of your imagination carry you to Miami, our most southern city. It has been given a musical Indian name. Here, midst Nature's most distinguished offspring, no single growth so deeply impresses the beholder, none so fixes itself upon his attention, none remains stamped upon his memory as does the Royal palm. Possibly you have never seen one of these princely trees, even under glass.

You alight from train or steamer and decide to see the sights. When first coming among these regal palms you notice a series of brownish-white pillars. You do not see their tops, as you are not star gazing. Involuntarily you direct your vision twenty feet higher, that you may see the tops of these singular columns and, failing, look up and up, in open-eyed wonderment. In ecstasy you behold a splendor of seagreen fronds outlined against fleecy clouds, or the



FLORIDA EAST COAST R. R.

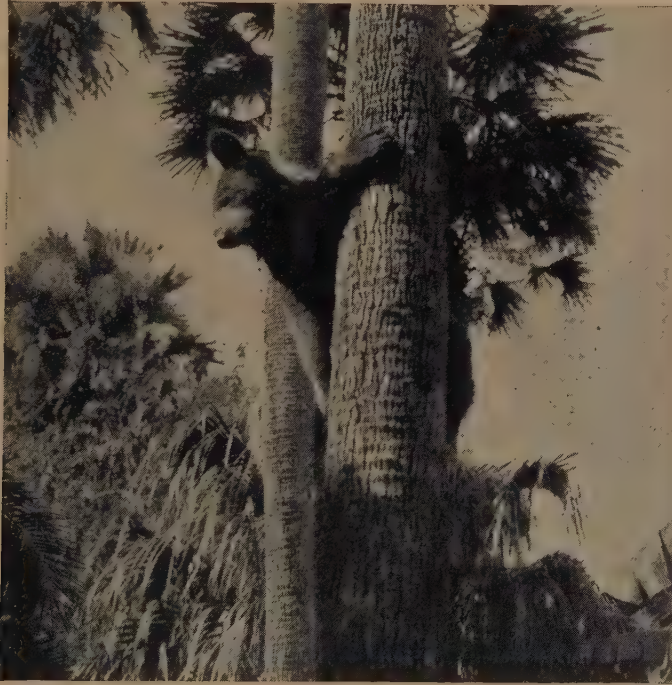
THE BAY OF BISCAYNE, FLORIDA

*The summer skies are darkly blue,
The days are still and bright,*

*And Evening trails her robes of gold
Through the dim halls of Night.*

—SARAH WHITMAN.

ether. The impulse is to clasp the hands and to gaze, spellbound, in the attitude of devotion. You wish the car would stop and that all chatter cease, giving you an opportunity to comprehend the vision and regain your poise. Can these symmetrical, chiseled shafts be the boles of living trees? The wild witchery of the banyans attracts you, the lawless disorder of the cocoanut palms elicits your approval, your joyous acclaim, but the proud, calm majesty of this king of palms fills you with awe and reverence. You begin to speculate as



Brer Bruin in the shade of the palms.

to what may be the office of this tree. Does it bear nuts or other food delicacies, or produce rubber, or fuel or turpentine, or logs for the sawmill?

The wonder tree offers to man no material gifts. Its mission is a distinct one, much greater than the production of foods and fruits. It is the ministry of things divinely beautiful, to console and lift up the soul of man, to heal his nerves and to impart a heavenly balm where the wear and worry of time and sense have lacerated and begun to destroy him. The balm of the Royal palm is invisible. But it steals into the soul, bringing peace and driving away care and fear.



MERCHANTS AND MINERS TRANSPORTATION CO.



CLEARWATER CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

*A typical Florida stream bordered with wild hyacinths.
Beauty indescribable as the sun broke through a rift in the clouds.*

THE DUNE PEOPLE

By WILLIAM THOMPSON

I had known the Dune people for a long time, but, not being interested in their affairs, had made no effort to acquaint myself with the happenings of their daily lives. I had seen them sitting on sand hills in groups, and wondered what could be the cause of the gatherings. I had also seen some of the older members of the settlements wander alone on the white, shifting hills that change their forms after each succeeding storm.

The aged, who have survived the storms of life, keep to themselves, and seem in no way interested to mingle with the members of the younger generation, who enjoy the congenial diversions and social pleasures of youth.



Gossip is not a stranger to the Dune people, for often I have seen the elders, tall and bewhiskered, standing aside deep in subdued converse—the topic, the latest scandal, the misconduct of a young member who had disregarded the admonitions of a fond parent, or, terrified by the wind, had swished his green, fibrous arms against the cheek of a youth who had resented his attack by retaliating in kind, when the wind changed his mood.

Gales had eroded waves of sand, leaving a prominent projection, over which squattered in irregular abandon all kinds and conditions of Dune people.

Along the plage were scattered shells of numberless shapes and colors, and on the edge of the Dune lands were sea mosses and marine vines, creeping like serpents toward the domain of the Dunites, who

*Lakes, pine covered hills
and stately oaks charm the
tourist in the Highlands of
Florida.*



ATLANTIC COAST LINE R. R.

*Canoeists in south and
central Florida can enjoy
tropical scenery of lakes
and creeks that number in
the hundreds.*



*Moss-hung trees mirror in
the placid waters of the
lake at Florence Villa,
Florida.*





COURTESY THE FLAMINGO HOTEL

*The tea garden of this hotel is well patronized by those who observe the tea hour as one of sociability;
and here at Miami Beach guests enjoy gondola rides by moonlight.*



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Typical garden of a Clearwater home, Florida.

seemed to resent the intrusion by waving their arms in threatening gestures.

While brooding over the lives of these seaside denizens, as if to blot from my vision the picture of cheerless isolation, the fog sprites swept in from the mist grottoes of Neptune and shrouded my Dune children with a garb of white, soon to call the night to lull them to sleep with the crooning songs of the sea.

DAYTONA

By FRANK N. WOOD

*The scarlet blossom of poinsettia trees
In bas relief, against a snow-white row
Of oleanders, forms a vivid frieze,
As if some ancient gem-carved caméo
Were laid upon green velvet; on the breeze
The scent of orange bloom and lazy glow
Of sunlight through old palms are memories
That with the passing years more precious grow.*

*Gray Spanish moss, in ravelled, silver strings
Veils dreamy streets against an azure sky;
A mockingbird perched on a myrtle sings,
Within a river harbor white boats lie,
And as the fan-like whirring of gulls' wings
Weave thru my dreams, a salt mist dims my eye.*

FLORIDA

By FRANK N. WOOD

<i>A matchless sky of turquoise blue</i>	<i>A balmy breeze, a sunset glow,</i>
<i>Floating a snow-banked cloud or two;</i>	<i>The river colored citron green,</i>
<i>Majestic palms, tall, pungent pines,</i>	<i>Slashed with the pink of tourmaline.</i>
<i>Gray hanging moss and flow'ring vines;</i>	<i>Orion rises from the sea,</i>
<i>A mocking bird sings from an orange tree</i>	<i>His starry belt glows shim'eringly;</i>
<i>In madrigals of melody.</i>	<i>Beneath the moon white beaches gleam,</i>
<i>Crimson hibiscus, a sand dove's call,</i>	<i>Peaceful lagoons with fishes teem;</i>
<i>Oleanders against a wall</i>	<i>A honking goose is heard afar,</i>
<i>That Spaniards built long years ago;</i>	<i>As night pins on her evening star.</i>



An annual event, which tourists contemplating a trip to St. Augustine, Florida, around April the eighth, ninth or tenth should remember, is the Ponce de Leon Celebration. Spanish men at arms of the sixteenth century pass through the ancient city gates to the field where their flag is raised in the name of Spain.



FLORIDA EAST COAST R. R.



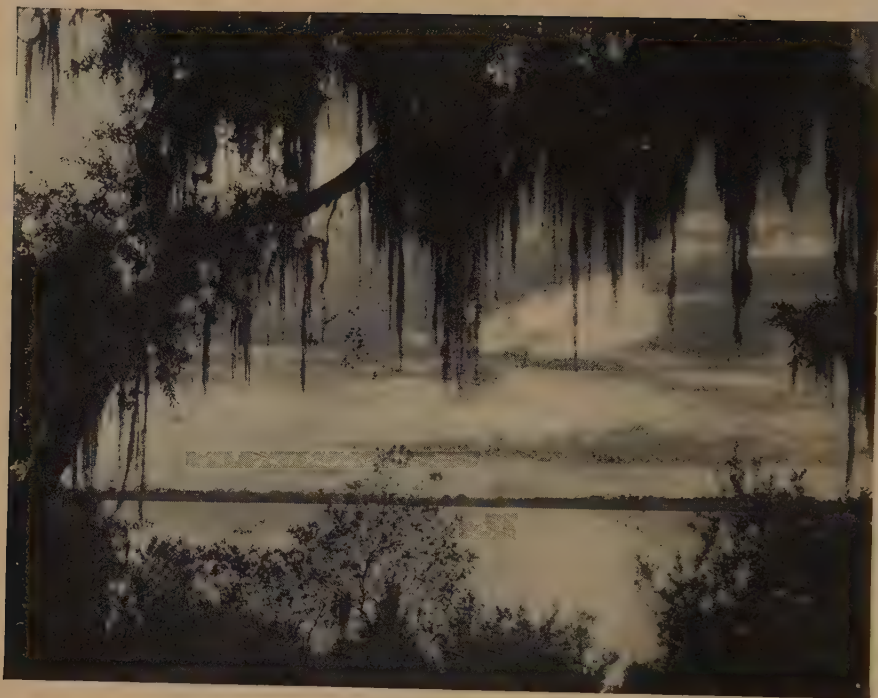
The leaping tarpon is an unusual sight, but not to those at Long Key Fishing Camp, Florida.

FLORIDA EAST COAST R. Co.



Clearwater Bay, where fish and men are almost of equal height. Here the days are warm and anglers can sit and fish beneath a winter's sun.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



Lakes of Central Florida.



Ruins of old Mission, New Smyrna, Florida.



Old Fort Marion. St. Augustine, Florida.



Cocoanut Grove. Miami.



FLORIDA EAST COAST R. R.



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

FLORIDA

The Royal Palms of Miami, symmetrical in size and shape. Clearwater Bay, where yachts glide over the water as gulls from the crested wave.



Row of Palmettoes, Savannah, Georgia.

THE PALM

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

*From the sands of the desert unnumbered,
Afar from the lily-crowned Nile,
Where the world through the ages has slumbered
The sleep without vision or smile,
It rises in evergreen splendor,
Majestic and mighty and calm—
And the heart of the pilgrim grows tender
And sweet with the peace of the palm.*

*The earth is a desert of yellow,
The sky is a desert of brass,
But the fruit of the palm tree is mellow
And its throne is a carpet of grass.
On the silence of earth, gray and solemn,
It breaks like the tones of a psalm:
It lifts to the heavens a column,
The evergreen shaft of the palm.*

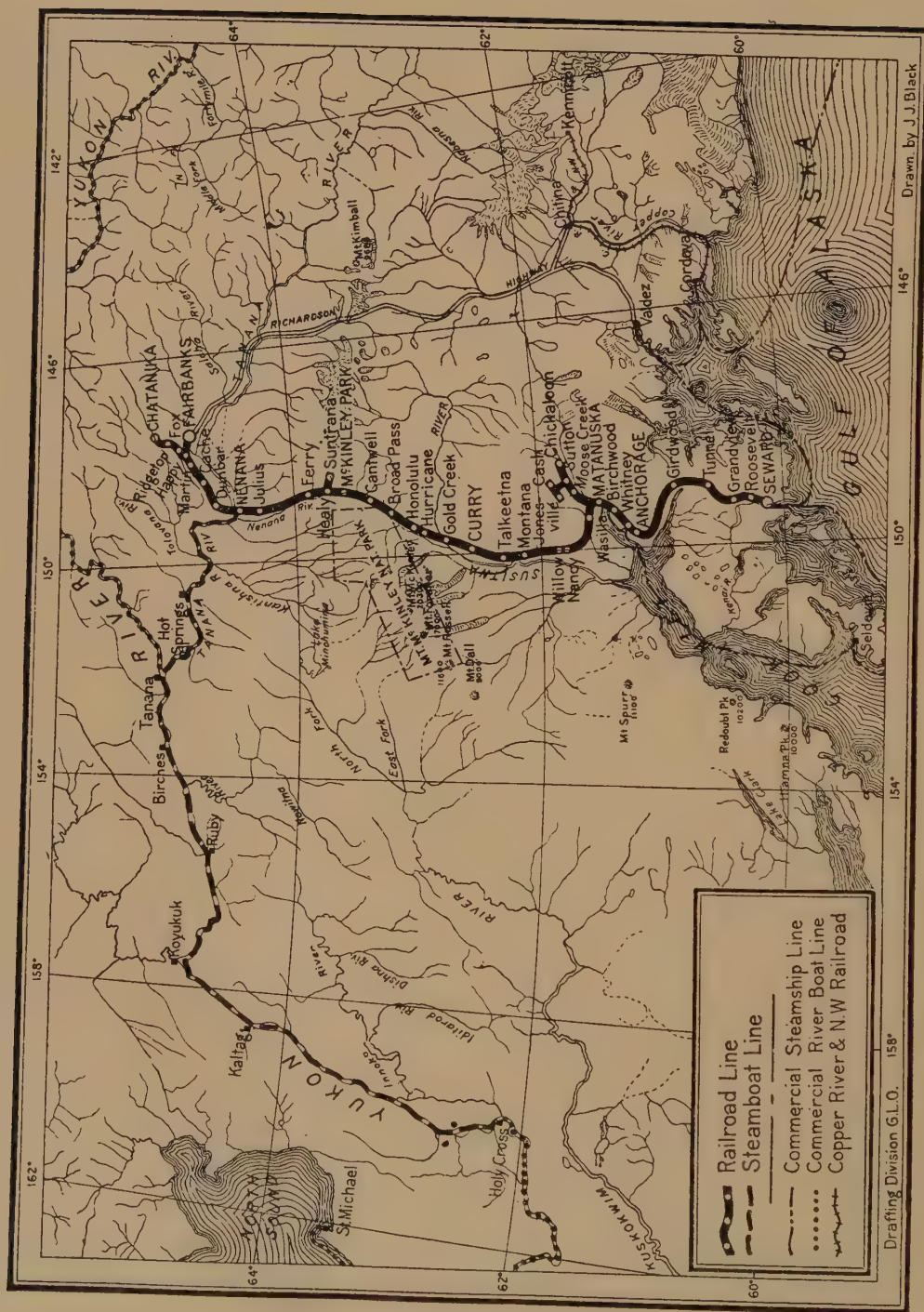
*And thus, in the desert of living
Where the feet of the pilgrims have trod,
His heart of its mellow fruit giving,
Arises the servant of God—
A comfort to those who would falter;
To those who are weary, a balm;
By the desolate roadside, an altar;
In the desert of living, a palm.*



FLORIDA EAST COAST R. R.

"Long years ago in old Madrid where softly sighs of love the light guitar." Not old Madrid or a movie act, but perfect Spanish types, rehearsing for a club act before the famous old Galleon Club in St. Augustine, Florida, whose romantic Spanish architecture makes a perfect setting.

Alaska and Hawaii



The new government railroad in Alaska running from Seward to Fairbanks passes close enough to Mt. McKinley National Park and the National monuments in Alaska to make visiting easy when roads are built and complete accommodations provided.

Mount McKinley and Hawaii

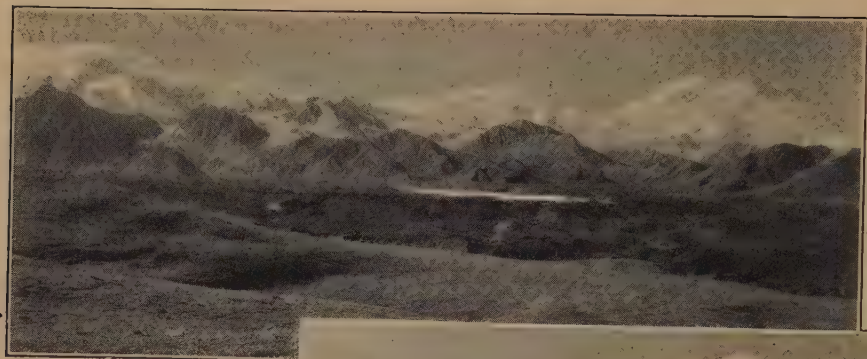
BY ROBERT STERLING YARD

TWICE only have the makers of our National Parks System reached beyond the borders of the United States into the American territories, but each time they have embellished the system with a spectacle of supreme magnificence. Alaska has contributed Mount McKinley National Park, which offers as its main exhibit a snow-cloaked summit 20,300 feet in altitude. Hawaii presents a three-fold exhibit, one section of which holds the famous "Pit of Everlasting Fire," a crater of boiling lava which is so thrilling a spectacle and so fantastic in its activities that it has become one of the stock wonders of the world.

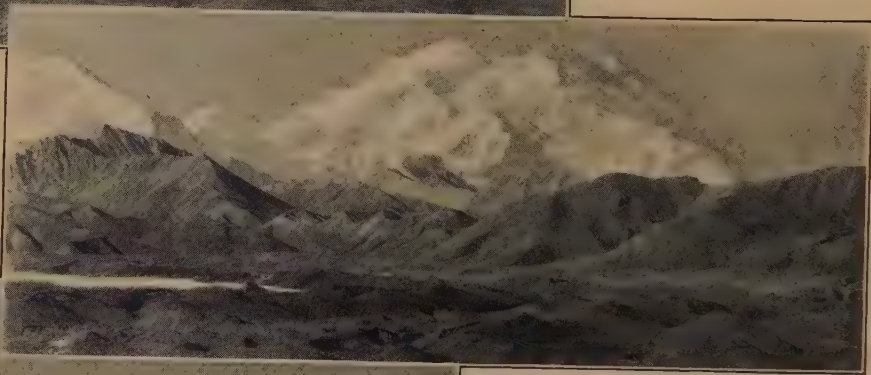
MOUNT MCKINLEY NATIONAL PARK

Our Pacific Mountain System merges in Canada with the northern Rockies, and, at the head of Cook Inlet, swings in a sharp curve to the southwest and becomes Alaska's mountain axis, reaching to the very tip of the Aleutian Islands. The sharp curve is the huge Alaska Range, which is loftier by far than the Sierra, and exceeds the Alps in every respect as a scenic mountain region. The highest elevation and hugest mountain mass in the range is Mount McKinley. His gleaming profile may be seen on clear days for two hundred miles in every direction, his upper two thirds clothed in perpetual snow and ice, from which glaciers of enormous size sweep for miles in all directions.

Mount McKinley National Park includes 2,645 square miles; next to Yellowstone, it is our National Park of greatest area. The Alaska Range traverses its length. On the south side the mountains



Alaska. Mt. McKinley
from which this National
Park derives its name.



DEPT. OF INTERIOR



PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE

Cliffs on Mt. McKinley.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

*Have you gazed on naked grandeur
where there's nothing else to gaze on
Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes
galore,
Big mountains heaved to heaven, which
the blinding sunsets blazon,
Black canyons where the rapids rip and
roar?
Have you swept the visioned valley with
the green stream streaking through it,
Searched the vastness for a something
you have lost?
Have you strung your soul to silence?
Then for God's sake go and do it;
Hear the challenge. learn the lesson, pay
the cost.*

*From "The Spell of the Yukon",
—ROBERT W. SERVICE.*

drop abruptly in great precipices. Enormous masses of snow and glaciers of tremendous bulk oppose all comers. But on the north and west side of the range the mountains fall rapidly away to a broad rolling plateau of gravels and sands less than three thousand feet in altitude, crossed by lesser ranges and enormous snake-like glaciers, and grown with mosses and heavy grasses.

This immense region is the home of unknown numbers of caribou which travel sometimes in companies of a thousand or fifteen hundred. Bear are common. And on the innumerable heights are thousands of big horn mountain sheep.

The contours of this plateau's rolling elevations dictate the course of innumerable rushing streams new-born of the glaciers. Low in altitude, nevertheless, because of its northern location, most of it is above timber-line. In its own so different way this sun-lit plateau is a summer paradise. Its distances seem limitless. Its turbulent waters, its innumerable hills and cliffs, its enormous flowered glaciers crawling amid prairies of waving grasses, its occasional friendly valleys, its myriad fearless animals, and its tremendous background of snow mountains surmounted by the gigantic master of all, shining Mount McKinley, grips imagination to its fulness. I have never met the traveler in its wilderness who was not counting the future summers till his return.

Along the northern edge of the park stretches the Kantishna mining district, twenty years ago the scene of a wild stampede, now deserted except by a few hundred who continue to hope against hope. The new Government railroad from Seward to Fairbanks passes east of it near enough to make visiting easy when roads are built and accommodations provided within the park.

Mount McKinley came into Uncle Sam's possession with Alaska in 1867. It was first pictured in a sketch by Lieutenant Henry C. Allen in 1885. It was first described by Frank Densman in 1889. It was named by W. A. Dickey in 1896. It was surveyed and studied by the United States Geological Survey in 1898. It was climbed by the Parker-Browne party in 1912, but a blizzard denied the adventurers the uttermost summit, although in plain sight and only slightly above them. This was reached in 1913 by the Stuck-Karstens party, and the same year the Tom Loyd party made the north peak, which is several hundred feet lower.



DEPT OF INTERIOR

WASILLA LAKE, ALASKA

This view of the lake is with

But it will be many years before Mount McKinley is really known, so difficult is its exploration, so involved its topography and so vast its bulk.

GLACIER BAY NATIONAL MONUMENT

On the east side of Cook Inlet, Alaska, among many vast glaciers which descend to tide water, is an area of 1861 square miles which President Coolidge set apart in 1925 as the Glacier Bay National Monument. It is larger than any scenic reservation except Yellowstone and Mount McKinley National Parks. Here seven enormous glaciers, of which famous Muir Glacier is the most conspicuous, descend a funnel of mountains to the common center of the bay. Several float their ends upon the water, giving off great icebergs at intervals. Others are retreating, and in their wake follows vegetation ranging from its tiniest beginnings up to forests of heavy trees miles away.

It is this exhibit of plant and forest development, rather than its incomparable scenic display, which led to its reservation.

MOUNT KATMAI NATIONAL MONUMENT

The mainland west of Cook Inlet, Alaska, is skirted by a range of volcanoes which, of recent years, have shown increasing activity. Mount St. Augustine erupted with great violence in 1883, Kugak in 1889, Redoubt in 1902 and Katmai in 1912.

Mount Katmai belongs among the world's famous great eruptions, though several have far surpassed it. Much of the mountain was blown into the air with excessive violence. The reverberations were heard at Juneau, seven hundred and fifty miles away. So dense was the dust cloud that darkness lasted sixty hours at Kodiak, a hundred miles away. Dust fell at Ketchikan, nine hundred miles away. Fumes were borne on the wind to Vancouver Island, fifteen hundred miles away. The hazy atmosphere of Europe three months later was attributed by scientists to impalpable dust from Katmai still floating in the higher air currents.

Five cubic miles blown out of Katmai left it a jagged hollow shell surrounding, now, a lake of unknown depth. Several miles away uncountable vigorous steam vents jet skyward from the "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," which, when the surface cools a few hundred thousand years hence, doubtless will be a greater geyserfield by far than Yellowstone's.



DEPT OF INTERIOR



ALASKAN SCENES

At Prince William Sound the Columbia Glacier with its giant wall of ice pinnacles affords an interesting spectacle. The Portal Snowshed.

The Loop district lies in a well treed valley intersected with numerous streams.

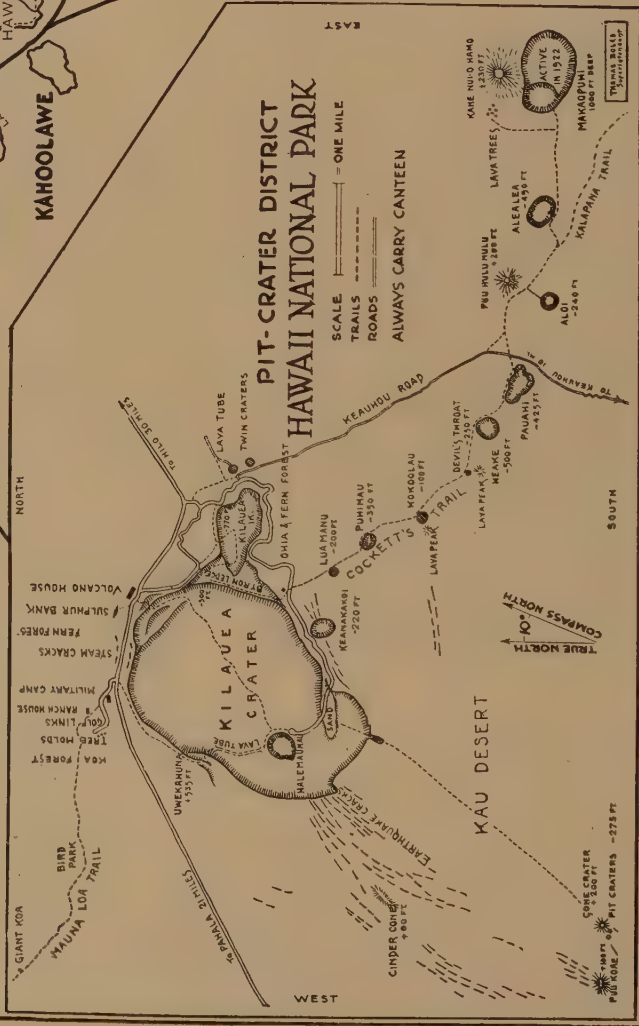
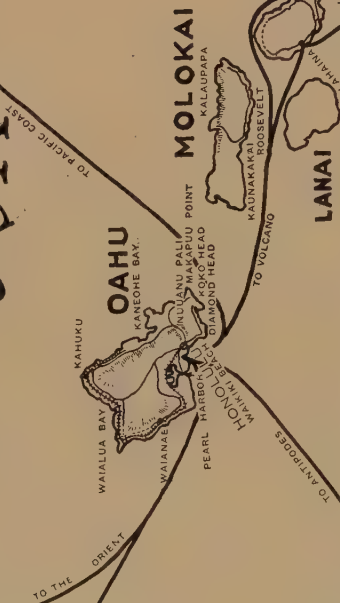
TO AN ALASKAN GLACIER

By CHARLES KEELER

*Out of the cloud-world sweeps thy awful form,
Vast frozen river, fostered by the storm
Up on the drear peak's snow-encumbered crest,
Thy sides deep grinding in the mountain's breast
As down its slopes thou plougest to the sea
To leap into thy mother's arms, and be
There cradled up into nothingness. How slow,
How imperceptible, thy ceaseless flow,
As one with an eternity unspent
Wherein to round thy task of wonderment!
Thy strength resistless is as will of fate;
The granite ground to sand beneath thy weight,
The mountains hollowed out with furrows deep,
The sculptured peaks that totter from their steep,
All bear the matchless impress of thy skill,
Grim mountain hewer! With a sudden thrill
Great bergs crash thunderously beneath the tide,
And, slow emerging, o'er waters ride
Like boats of pearl slow floating to their doom,
Which, fondly, the soft lapping waves consume.*

*I walked erstwhile upon thy frozen waves;
And heard the streams amid thy ice-locked caves;
A gust of wind swept past with heavy sigh,
And lo! I listened to the ice-stream's song
Of winter, when the nights grow dark and long,
And bright stars flash above thy fields of snow,
The cold waste sparkling in the pallid glow,
Or, when the storms wail round thy peaks and spires,
Playing weird notes upon thy ice-wrought lyres
Until the shuddering pinnacles, astrain,
Tumble and crash amidst the seething main,
Years, centuries and eons thou hast known,
Waxing and waning in the wilds alone,
Hoar mountain sculptor, shaper of the earth!
The crystals of the snow which gave thee birth,
Renewing still thy life, are o'er thee spread,
And, as they fall, thou quiverest in thy bed,
Stretching thy vastness down its narrow way
And roaring like a god in fierce dismay;
Thus prisoned, eager in one mighty throe
To leap into the sea and end thy woe!*

Territory of Hawaii,
U. S. A.



HAWAII NATIONAL PARK

BY ROBERT STERLING YARD

The far Hawaiian Islands have contributed to our National Parks System a reservation in three sections which exhibits phases of volcanism of the most extraordinary kind. These islands are volcanic. They were lifted from the ocean's bottom like chimneys to vent the fury of sub-sea fires. Possibly there was only a single huge chimney at that time. Whether so or not, there have been many lesser volcanoes since, several of which survive, and the sea has divided what may have been one island into twelve and surrounded them with coral



Crater of Haleakala. Island of Maui Hawaii

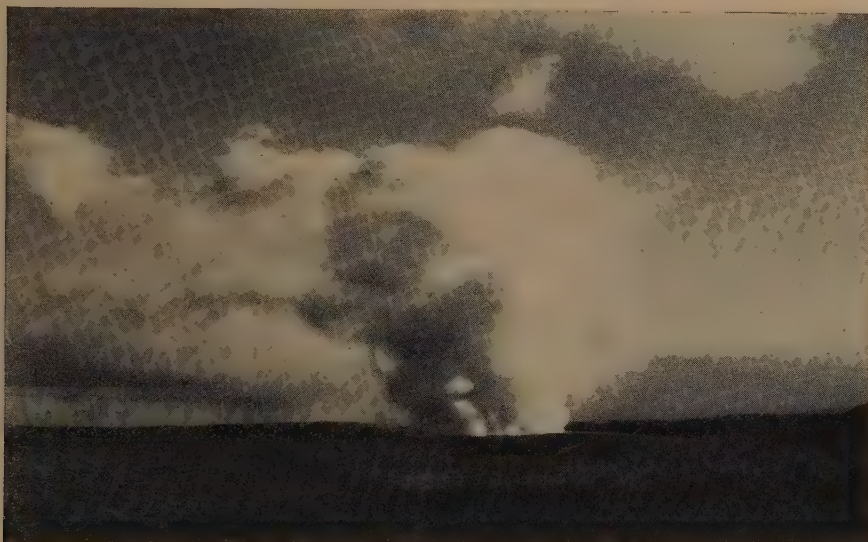
reefs. Their palm-fringed horizons, surf-edged reefs, tropical jungles, plantations of sugar cane and pineapple, and backgrounds of misty summits are the romantic setting for a romantic race of romantic history.

Three separated volcanic summits constitute the Hawaii National Park. Haleakala, ten thousand feet in altitude, occupying most of the island of Maui, bears an extinct crater of marvelous beauty, the fourth largest known in the world. Also San, in Japan, is fourteen miles long by ten miles wide. Lago di Bolseno, in Italy, is eight and a half by seven miles. Monte Albano, in Italy, is eight by seven miles. Haleakala is seven and a half miles by three and a third. Thirteen



perfect volcanic cones, several seven hundred feet high, rise from the level plain within the crater's surrounding walls. There is a literature of its glories under the changing conditions of sunshine and cloud.

The other two divisions are on the island of Hawaii, sixty miles south of Honolulu by sea. They consist of the volcano Mauna Loa, and the lake of fire in the living crater of the volcano Kilauea.



Kilauea's Steam Clouds, Hawaii

Mauna Loa rises to 13,675 feet and its summit is snowy, though it is classed as an active volcano. Its eruptions occur every five or ten years, and burst out usually at unexpected places on its enormous flanks; sometimes, however, they burst from its summit crater called Mokuaweoweo, which is three miles and a half long by a quarter of a mile wide. Mauna Loa is one of the most persistently and carefully studied volcanoes in the world, and has contributed much to scientific knowledge.

THE HOUSE OF EVERLASTING FIRE

It is the pit within the crater of Kilauea, however, which is the most widely celebrated, having drawn thousands of observers from all parts of the world for many years.

Kilauea is only four thousand feet in altitude and appears to spring from the flank of the monster Mauna Loa, though a separate and perhaps a much older volcano. It has been in intermittent active



MATSON NAVIGATION CO.

A night view of fountains and rivers of lava in the firepit of Kilauea, Hawaii's eternal Lake of Fire. This was taken during a period of great activity. Halemaumau (the House of Everlasting Fire) when seen from the cliffs in day light shows the vapors, rising from the crater of Kilauea, like banks of fog.

eruption for many years, almost continually so for the last seven or eight years. Its peculiarity is that it erupts through old and new vents in its sides, leaving its large summit crater undisturbed, and within this crater is the famous pit in which constantly seethes boiling and surging masses of glowing lava, which sometimes subside a thousand feet below its rim and sometimes rise within a few feet of the top, upon which crowds stand to watch its fantastic activities. Now and then its lavas overflow its rim.

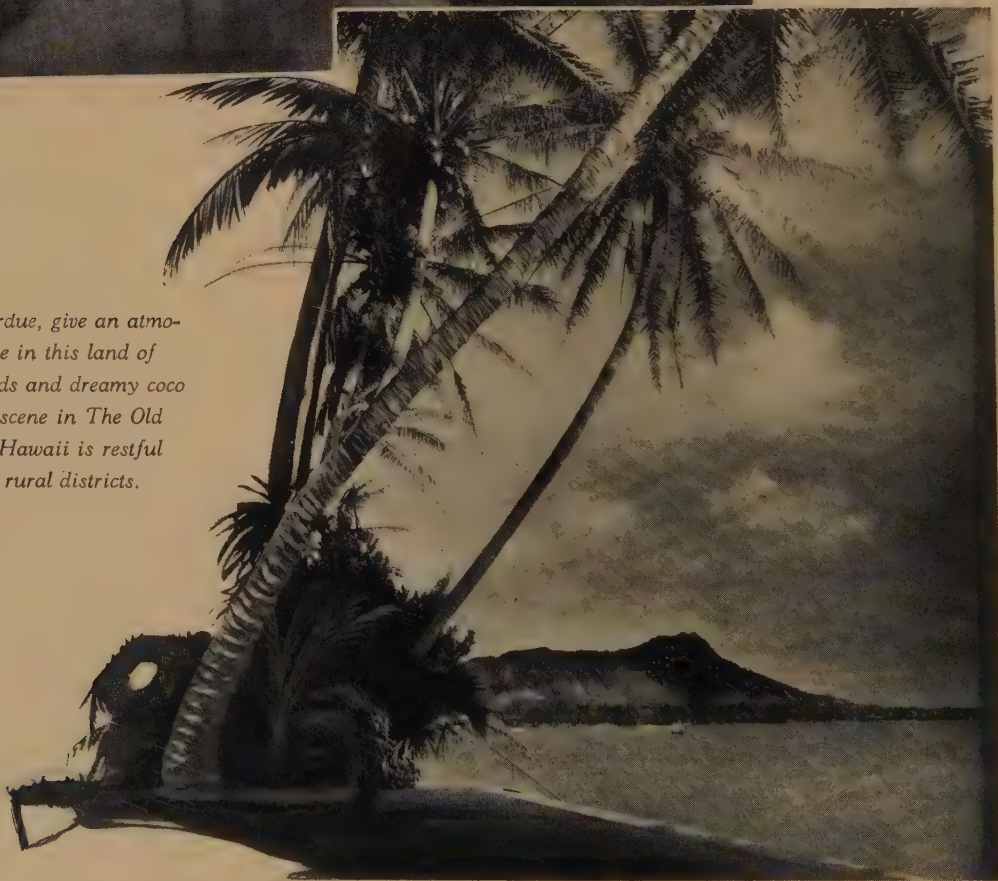
There is no space here, nor does the pen exist, to describe the extraordinary spectacle of the Pit of Everlasting Fire. Mark Twain, gazing into its depths, wrote: "It looked like a railroad map of the State of Massachusetts done in chain lightning on a midnight sky. Imagine it—imagine a coal-black sky showered into a tangled network of angry fire!"

We must let it go at that.

Mauna Loa, Kilauea, and Kilauea's fiery pit have been constantly studied for many years from an observation station established and operated by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1924 this was taken over by the United States Government, and is now conducted by the Department of the Interior.



in brilliant verdure, give an atmosphere of peace in this land of cool trade winds and dreamy coco palms. This scene in The Old Plantation of Hawaii is restful and typical of rural districts.



MATSON NAVIGATION CO.

From Hawaii's famous beach, near Waikiki, Diamond Head is seen. The scenery is beautiful in this district, with volcano-born mountains rising above great valleys covered with pineapple and sugar plantations.

A SONG TO HAWAII

By J. D. REDDING

*The wind from over the sea,
Sings sweetly Aloha to me;
The waves as they fall on the sand,
Say Aloha, and bid me to land,
The myriad flowers in bloom
Waft Aloha in every perfume;
I read in each lovelit eye,
Aloha, Aloha nui oe.*

TO WAIKIKI

By RUPERT BROOKE

*Warm perfumes like a breath from vine and tree
Drift down the darkness. Plangent, hidden from eyes
Somewhere an ukulele thrills and cries
And stabs with pain the night's brown savagery.
And dark scents whisper; and dim waves creep to me,
Gleam like a woman's hair, stretch out and rise;
And new stars burn into the ancient skies,
Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian sea.*

*And I recall, lose, grasp, forget again,
And still remember, a tale I have heard, or known,
An empty tale, of idleness and pain,
Of two that loved—or did not love—and one
Whose perplexed heart did evil, foolishly,
A long while since, and by some other sea.*



MATSON NAVIGATION CO.

WINTER SPORTS OF HAWAII

Outrigger canoeing at Waikiki, Hawaii, is a thrilling sport, when the surf rolls your canoe shoreward at thirty miles an hour. Here, even in January, the water is never colder than seventy-three degrees. Surfboard riding can be indulged in, twenty minutes from the business section of Honolulu,

IN ALOHA LAND

By ARTHUR E. BIXBY

Somewhere down in the depths of every man or woman, no matter where they reside or how hard they strive, lie the embers of romance, the flame burning low in some, higher in others, which with all, however, flare up quickly at the book or song, poem or picture that alludes to the slanting coco-palm drenched in a silvery shower of bright moonbeams, or maybe a bit of beach, alternately baked by the exuberance of a tropic sun, or washed by the sparkling blue of a southern sea.



Hamakua Coast. Island of Hawaii

The romance of the trip to Hawaii really begins upon shipboard, for when one journeys to Hawaii from the American Mainland the five-or-six-day trip on the ocean is a healthy, restful and interesting vacation in itself. Choppy waters are usually left behind quickly. Storms are few and the ship skims along over sparkling seas where the porpoise, the flying fish and sea gulls play in the gorgeous blue by day, and the phosphorescence of the water and the sheen of the moon and stars make entrancing lights by night.

And that never-to-be-forgotten morning of the last day aboard, when the green peaks of Oahu rise up out of the waves to welcome

you! The bold, bare, rocky headlands of Makapuu, the eastern point of Oahu, succeeded successively by Koko Crater and Diamond Head, are a surprise to those who look for tropic verdure everywhere, but as the scene develops there is Waikiki Beach with its long lines of gleaming surf, its plummy palms and rich verdure to the water's edge. And most surprising of all, great masses of mountains absolutely covered with the greenest of foliage to their chiseled peaks, and



Island of Molokai. Hawaii

skirted with miles of sugar-cane and pineapple fields of a lighter but no less verdant hue.

Then, if one can steam on into Honolulu Harbor, fanned by the cool morning breeze; if one can become absolutely oblivious to the last breakfast gong and instead toss pieces of silver to shrieking native boys who dive any depths for coins, if one can glide up to a pier crammed with a brilliant welcoming throng, and thrill a bit as the Hawaiian band in its tropical uniform of white softly plays "Aloha Oe" and other Hawaiian melodies, punctuated with some good old mainland jazz; if one can acquire a fragrant wreath from the Hawaiian lei women, and can climb into one of the hundreds of waiting automobiles or onto a big airy street car, to wander out towards the beach through a maze of gaudy hibiscus, stalwart palm and purple

bougainvillea, past cocoanut plantation, banana patch and rice paddy; if one can unpack finally in a room overlooking the sheen of an inviting sea, and shortly dash out in swimming rig for a dive into surf that has not the slightest suggestion of a chill; if, in the bright sunny days to come, one can cruise among the fleet of islands, and fish along enchanted shores; if one can live in the open by day and dance or lounge by night on a broad lanai, or stroll out through the moonlight, when as likely as not a band of native boys will wander along the way, singing and playing to the friendly stars; we say if one can do all this at modest cost in a modern environment, and still sense the witchery of the southern seas, why, with due appreciation of Kipling, one will be a happy man or woman, and what is more, the fires of romance will have played in the heavens where once the coals smoldered on earth.

IN HAWAIIAN SEAS

By CLIFFORD GESSLER

*I had not known that there could be such blue . . .
That the sea wind could blow cares away like winged seeds;
That there could be such rest, widening, deepening more
With each slow rise and falling of the sea;
That weariness could fade, like the receding shore,
Into the mist and distance, and one's only needs
Be indolence, and the blue procession of the sea;
And even memory dim to a line of cloud
Dipping beneath the far encircling rim
Of sea . . . There is no land . . . Land
Is a false mirage . . . Only the sea
And ships, and the blue wings of wide sea-thoughts are true.*



MATSON NAVIGATION CO.

HILO HARBOR: THE GATEWAY TO HAWAII NATIONAL PARK

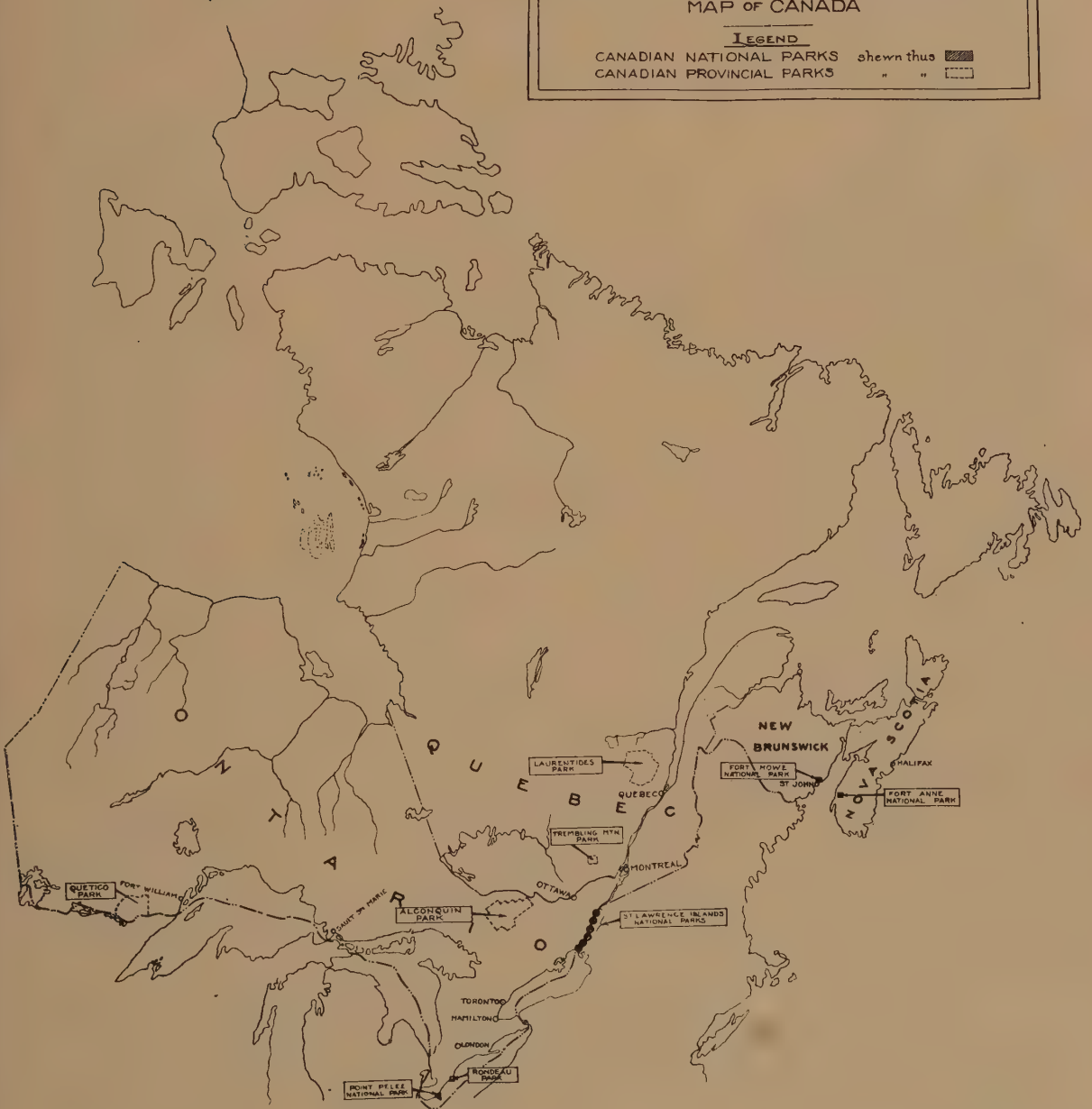
Coconut Island in this beautiful harbor is entrancing when seen by the light of a southern moon, when the wind torn clouds and the waving palms are one with the silent night.

Canada

MAP OF CANADA

LEGEND

CANADIAN NATIONAL PARKS shown thus 
 CANADIAN PROVINCIAL PARKS " " 



ENGINEERING SERVICE
 CANADIAN NATIONAL PARKS' BRANCH
 5-8-53



COURTESY CANADIAN PACIFIC

MT. TEMPLE, FROM PARADISE VALLEY TRAIL—LAKE LOUISE

The Mountains are so kindly and so great that they reject none of those who turn to them, and they are good to all; to the men of science who come to study them; to the painters and the poets who seek an inspiration in them; to the sturdy climbers who zealously seek violent exercise, and to the weary who flee from the heat and turmoil of the city to refresh themselves at this pure source of physical and moral health.—GUIDO REY.

The Canadian National Parks

By J. B. HARKIN, *Commissioner.*

*"There is a land of dream,
I have trodden its golden ways;
I have seen its amber light
From the heart of its sun-swept days;
I have seen its moonshine white
On its silent waters gleam—
Ah! the strange, sweet, lovely delight of the
valley of Dream."*

FIONA MACLEOD.

IT was said of that Guinevere whom Arthur loved that "God in making her used both hands." There are times when the Great Creative Artist seems to have achieved a supreme success; places, sometimes whole regions, which reach a surpassing beauty like the masterpieces of art, leaving the beholder bewildered with creative power.

Among such regions the world has consented to place the Canadian Rockies. These glorious ranges, comparable only to Switzerland in mingled beauty and grandeur, and many times Switzerland in extent, have within the last quarter of a century come to be the playground of thousands of Nature lovers who find among their sublime peaks a wild original majesty and beauty, a measureless dignity and peace that at once satisfies, heals and enraptures the heart.

Long ago the Indians of Western Canada believed that if a man could come to know and sing the song of all Nature, the song of the winds and the trees and the streams, the spirit or "snam" of these things would enter into him so that he should become strong like Nature and never grow old. It was a belief that had both poetry and truth. The love of Nature, companionship with her beautiful

forms, is indeed a perpetual well-spring of life. For we are all children of the Earth. She is the ancient mother and nurse of humanity and we are united to her by a bond stronger than triple brass and older than life itself. "Between a great people and the Earth" says Edward Carpenter, "springs a passionate attachment, lifelong—and the Earth loves indeed her children, broad-breasted, broad-browed, and talks with them night and day in storm and sunshine, summer and winter alike." The melancholy truth that life in cities starves a great part of our being is growing clearer every day, and so after years of wandering men are turning back to Nature, to the out-of-doors, to the green mansions of the forest and the blue caravanseries of the sky and finding there new health, vigour and joy and a satisfaction of some of the deepest instincts of their life.



Mt. Assiniboine. Canadian Rockies.

It is a recognition of this need as well as of the fact that the earth and the riches thereof—at least where primitive scenic beauty is concerned—is slipping away beneath our eyes, that has led in large measure to the creation of the National Parks in both the United States and Canada. Time and the swift onrush of civilization must inevitably bring many changes, must sweep away many primitive conditions and much of our primitive landscape, but it is a comforting thing to know that in the National Parks at least there will be conserved forever a certain share of the original and pre-eminent beauty of the land.

The National Parks of Canada are fourteen in number and range in area from a few square miles to over 4,000 square miles. For the most part owing to the fact that Nature has placed Canada's most spectacular scenery in the Rockies, they are found in the western part of the country. Point Pelee Park in southern Ontario is of national importance because of its interesting vegetation and the part it plays in the conservation of bird life. The thirteen island reservations among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, also in Ontario, preserve as public possessions a certain share of that "wonderland of beauty and peace." The three so-called "animal parks" of the prairies are sanctuaries for disappearing forms of native wild life and are intensely interesting on that account, but outside of these, the great national playgrounds of the Dominion are all to be found in that great Alpine region, loosely known as the Canadian Rockies.

The Canadian Cordilleras, as the mountains of Western Canada are scientifically known, are made up of three great parallel belts or systems of mountain ranges, extending approximately 1,000 miles from the International Boundary north to the Arctic Circle and with a varying width of from 250 miles to 400 from the Prairies to the Pacific ocean. Their total area covers, roughly speaking, about 250,000 square miles or approximately fifteen times the area of Switzerland.

The Rocky Mountain System, which makes up the great eastern belt, is pre-eminent in height and extent. It extends from the prairies to the great intramontane trench bordering the whole system through which the Columbia flows for part of its course. Rising in Lake Windermere the great river flows north to latitude 52.7, and then making a wide detour flows south to the International Boundary and west to the Pacific. Within this "Big Bend" of the Columbia lies another great mountain system known as the Selkirks. This range—ages older than the Rockies—formed part, geologists say, of the great range that bounded the western world thousands of years before the Rockies were born. Its ice clad summits are believed to have towered far above the present height of the Rockies. Year after year, through countless centuries, rocky dust from this ancient western range was carried down by wave and stream and laid on the floor of the ocean bed. Century after century, aeon after aeon, while Nature's experiments progressed from invertebrates to vertebrates—



CANADIAN PACIFIC

IN THE COLUMBIAN VALLEY

Lake Windermere, a scintillating sheet of water in the Columbian Valley; the Rocky Mountains tower one side of the valley, the Selkirks the other as if guarding the quiet pastoral lands below from intrusion. On the Lake shore are cabins of the Windermere Camp, where each guest has his own place of abode; the Community House is higher up on the benches.



from the fish and the toad and the salamandar up to those huge and ungainly monsters the dinosaur, the mammoth and the mastodon—the sedimentary process went on till, layer upon layer, a bed of 50,000 feet thick was formed. Then at some time in the Carboniferous period occurred the great thrust from the west which slowly lifted the floor of the ocean bed high in air, crumpling the rocky crust into great folds two or three miles high. As the pressure continued the folds closed, turned over towards the east and finally broke along the lines of least resistance forming the peaks and valleys which make up our present Rockies.

In these two great systems, the Rockies and the Selkirks, the Dominion Government has set aside for public benefit and enjoyment six great reservations. Each of these represents a certain type of mountain scenery and together they contain a great deal of the finest regions accessible from the railways.

Three of these parks—the Rocky Mountains or Banff Park, Yoho Park and Glacier Park—lie along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Waterton Lakes Park lies near the Crowsnest line in Southern Alberta, Jasper Park along the Canadian National Railways on the east slope of the Rockies from the foothills to the Great Divide. Just west of the Selkirks, between those mountains and the Gold range, lies a small group of mountains dominated by Mt. Revelstoke. On the summit of this peak and extending eastward and northward along the summits of the Clach-na-Coodin Range is Mt. Revelstoke Park, situated for the most part above the clouds.

Four of these parks—Banff, Waterton, Yoho and Mt. Revelstoke—may be reached from the outside world by motor. Then there is another park on the west slope of the Rockies, just south of the Yoho Park, extending from the crest of the Divide to the Windermere Valley which is known as Kootenay Park. It is unique in the fact that it is a highway park, reserving, for the protection of scenery and wild life, a strip of territory several miles wide on each side of the British Columbia section of the beautiful Banff-Windermere Highway.

Each of these great reservations has its own character and individuality, recognizable at once by the visitor, however difficult to define. In each one finds different climatic conditions, different fauna and flora, different types of mountain scenery, ranges sometimes differing widely in history, formation and character.

ONE GREAT PLAYGROUND

The Canadian parks are like a string of jewels, not made up of different stones but of gems of the same kind, yet each with its own lustre and colour and form. To discover the special beauties of each, to compare similarities, to distinguish by fine perceptions the special quality and individuality of each different section of the mountains is part of the pleasure in going from one park to another. All the mountain parks form part of one great playground as do the Swiss and Italian Alps, but just as to know Lucerne is not to know Geneva, Lake Como, Zermatt or Interlaken, so to know Banff is not in any real sense to know Lake Louise, the Yoho, Waterton, Jasper or Glacier.

Certain broad distinctions may be learned at once by any one who is at all observant. The difference for instance between the scenery of the east slope of the Rockies and that of the west slope, between the Rockies themselves and the Selkirks. On the east slope the ranges lie one behind the other in almost parallel lines, the farthest east showing most clearly the effects of the great western thrust in folded and twisted strata which often stand literally on end. Approaching the Divide the mountains become more blocklike in character and the Cathedral type becomes common. On the western slope the descent is sharper, the valleys are more contracted, the forests denser and several forms of plant and bird life appear not found on the eastern slope.

The greater age of the Selkirk Range is at once easily apparent. In the course of centuries their harsh contours and upper summits have been worn down and rounded by the thumb of Time and, though once the higher range, they are now from 1,000 to 2,000 feet lower than their more youthful neighbours. They lack, too, the sharp spires and pinnacles and castellated summits which make the Rockies so picturesque. While the Selkirks are slightly lower in average height than the Rockies, the individual peaks usually rise higher above the valleys than in the case of the Rockies as the elevation of the valleys in the Rockies is from 500 to 1,200 feet higher than those of the Selkirks. The Selkirks, however, are pre-eminent in the wonderful luxuriance of their dark green forests and in the extent and mass of ice which lies upon their summits throughout the year. Precipitation in these mountains is extremely heavy, the average being 56.68

inches of which more than 75 per cent falls as snow. As much as 50 feet of snow has been recorded in a single season. This great mass of snow compressed into ice forms a thick cap over all the peaks reaching down practically to timber line. One of the delights of almost every landscape in the Selkirks is the vista of dazzling white summits rising directly above the green forests against a brilliant blue sky. Everywhere these great snow masses are compressed and flow down the mountains in the slow rivers of ice known as glaciers. The number of glaciers in the Selkirks has never been computed, but from some of the peaks in Glacier Park over one hundred can be counted at once. All the other beautiful phenomena of an alpine world are also present—ice-caves, waterfalls, green valleys and uplands that are veritable gardens of wild flowers.

In the higher Rocky Mountains Range there is a much lighter precipitation and Chinook winds remove much snow from the eastern slope which would otherwise go to form glaciers, so that their grey, sharp-pointed peaks often rise gaunt and bare several thousand feet above timber line. On the loftier peaks, however, beautiful glaciers and permanent snowcaps are to be found, and in the Lake Louise district and many other places along the Great Divide one finds every charm of a truly alpine world. Characteristic, too, of the Rockies is the countless number of beautiful lakes with an infinite variety of colouring and setting such as holds the spectator almost breathless. The forests of the Rockies, while always beautifully green, are lighter in colour and less dense in undergrowth on the east. Tree growth rises to about 6,500 to 7,000 feet. The Rockies for the most part are formed of grey limestone with bands of purplish shales, while the Selkirks are composed of brilliantly coloured quartzites which add much to the beauty of the rocks.

Everywhere, throughout all the mountain parks, one finds the same combination of wild grandeur and loveliness, the same perfect harmony of peak and cliff, snowfield and glacier, alpland and forest, lake, cataract and stream which makes of the Rockies a playground comparable only with the Alps.

AN ENCHANTED WORLD

To one who has not known them it is impossible to describe the delights of the Canadian parks. From the moment the visitor enters

the eastern gateway of the Rockies he is swept into an enchanted world. The magnificence of the mountain ranges, the immensity of the scale in which they have been laid out refuse to be put into words. Something is left out in every picture or photograph. Only the eye can gather the sense of height and vastness, the infinite serenity and majesty, the blending of grandeur with loveliness, which thrill the beholder on his first glimpse of the Canadian Rockies. The endless succession of ranges billowing off to the distance as far as the eye can reach, the countless variety of forms, peak after peak rearing its glorious bulk more than a mile up into the radiant blue, the shifting play of light and shade, the indescribable variation of colour, the very opulence of the sunshine itself are a joy and a revelation.

It is hard, indeed, to believe this is not a fairer and purer world. The sky against the snow peaks seems bluer than elsewhere, the delicate fleeting tints that stain the peaks more diaphanous and the stars above their great summits larger at night and more luminous and splendid. In the Rockies, too, one realizes the full force of Wordsworth's line, "the sunshine is a glorious birth." It pours down in a splendid opulence of thin golden light bathing peaks and valleys in a sort of prismatic glory. The air one breathes comes blowing across hundreds of miles of pine forest winnowed from every stain of dust or impurity, breathing all the ozone and pure incense it has gathered on the way. So pure and clear is the atmosphere that the colours are thin and opalescent. The rich reddish purples characteristic of Scotland and the Alps are seldom seen in the Rockies. Delicate olive greens, pale lilacs, faint pinks come and go across the peaks like ghosts of colours as the light changes throughout the day, and above them move the deep violet shadows of passing clouds. In the late afternoon a blue haze gathers in the valleys and slowly climbs the heights, deepening in its intensity as Autumn approaches. Sunrise and sunset are magical transformations for which nothing anywhere else is a preparation. One moment the peaks will be cold, solid grey and white immensities, the next, a long finger of light will touch some towering summit and it will flush into airiest rose, soft and light as a pink thistle-down, so that one could believe a breath would blow it away to join the rosy clouds floating in the greenish azure sea above. Behind, another great head may change to gold, another to rosy purple, still another to palest mauve, glowing and luminous as

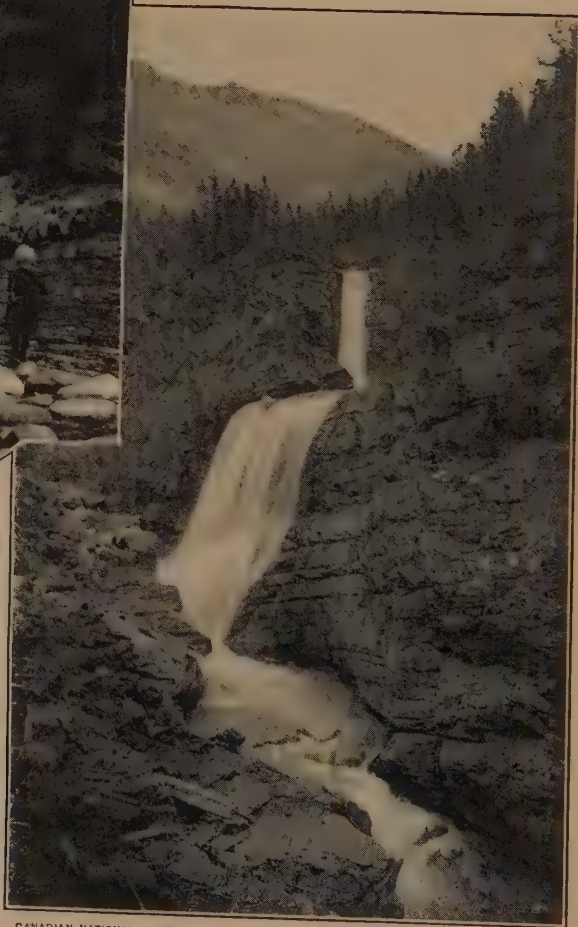
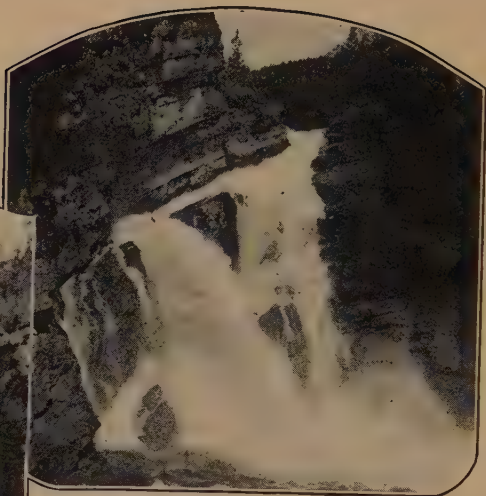
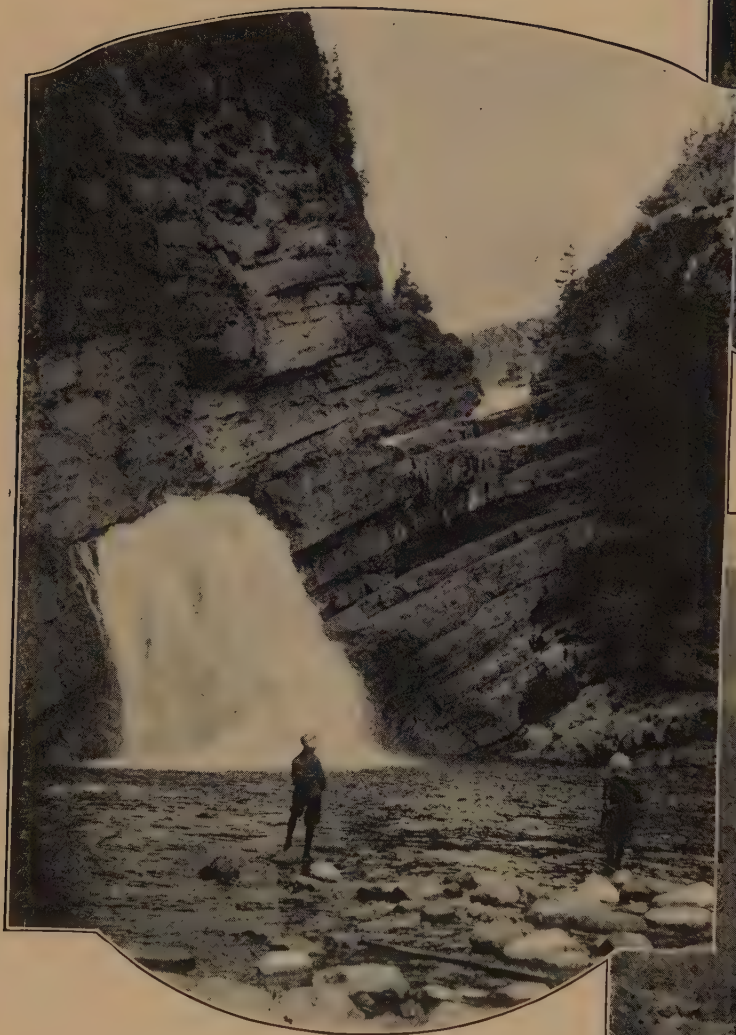
incandescent globes behind which the light has suddenly been switched on.

SEASONS IN THE MOUNTAINS

Opinions differ as to the most enjoyable season among the mountains. Spring with its rushing torrents and melting snows, its gay procession of flowers, brings the artists, but few actual tourists arrive before June. By the fifteenth of that month all the trails, except possibly one or two over the highest passes, are open. July and August are the best climbing months. Then the weather is more settled and the warm days make a bivouac at the foot of the snows possible at least if not exactly comfortable. September often comes in with a sudden chill, perhaps even a flurry of snow that sends the visitors hurrying home believing Winter is at hand. But those who are brave enough to remain will find that there are weeks yet of golden weather, days which for hiking or motoring are in fact the very pick of the year. The hills are gay with colour; the tang of frost in the air brings one back at night with a razor-edged appetite and a keen appreciation of the warm fire crackling on the hearth. There are those who claim that Winter is the finest season of all. Then the great peaks, snow clad from head to heels, shine in the sun like the towers of some celestial city so that the eye can hardly bear to look upon them. Clear sharp frosts followed by Chinook winds create a veritable fairyland. Huge stalactites hang from the spruce trees; great snow wreaths of exquisite beauty gather in the still air on every bush and tree. The dry windless air and sparkling sunshine make all kinds of exercise a delight. There is skating, snowshoeing, ski-joring, ski-ing, ice-boating and tobogganing at Banff as well as a winter carnival which draws many visitors. At Mount Revelstoke Park the champion high jump ski-ing contests are held each year, and the world's record has been broken here more than once.

THE PARKS OF ALBERTA

The scenic parks of Alberta are three in number: Waterton Lakes Park in the southern Rockies; Rocky Mountains or Banff Park in the central Rockies; and Jasper Park in the northern Rockies, extending from the foothills to the Yellowhead Pass.



*Twin Falls Hell Roaring Creek.
Cameron Falls, Alberta.
Waterton Lakes Waterfalls.*

WATERTON LAKES PARK

Compared with some of the other great playgrounds Waterton Lakes Park with its 226 square miles of area is a small reservation, but its scenery is so compact, and it crowds so much that is attractive into a small compass that one can spend a whole summer here without exhausting its opportunities for enjoyment.



Mount Blakiston—Pass Creek. Waterton Lakes.

The park lies in southern Alberta just inside the first range of the Rockies and runs down to the International Boundary where it adjoins the United States Glacier National Park, forming with it an international playground which is probably unique in the world. The two parks, in fact, have been so closely tied together by Nature that it is difficult to realize where one leaves off and the other begins.

INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARIES IN NATURE

The fact that the International Boundary is but an imaginary line is indeed impressed on one with peculiar emphasis here. Beautiful Waterton Lake thrusts its blue arm across the line, and visitors to both parks travel up and down its lovely shores taking fish indiscriminately out of American or Canadian waters, recognizing only one country of enjoyment as the fish themselves do. The wild life passes back and forth between one country and the other with no heed to international distinctions. The black bear may have his domicile up on Boundary Creek summit on the Canadian side, but he will wander down every morning and gather his breakfast from Uncle Sam's domain without bothering his head about boundaries, while the squirrels and chipmunks scamper across with nuts on which there are no tariff restrictions. The Canadian visitor who stands at the north end of Waterton Lake is lost in admiration of the vista formed by the splendid peaks at the southern end with no thought of jealousy that they are in another country, and standing here one can scarcely help getting a new vision, a sort of prophetic glimpse of a possible civilization united by common ideals and common emotions, by a mutual pride and love of what is beautiful, by a common passion for its preservation and a comradeship in its enjoyment.

The entrance to the park is one of those delightful surprises prepared by Nature in so many places in the Rockies. From Pincher Creek or Cardston, towns in southern Alberta reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway, a good motor road of about 35 miles brings one to the park. Along the entire west, growing more distinct with each mile as one approaches, stretches the outer wall of the Rockies. Of a sudden the road swings westward and a green and smiling valley opens out towards the plain, and following its turnings past shallow lakes and bright meadowlands, almost before you know it you are within the outer range, the great peaks all about you and the beautiful vista of Waterton Lake is opening to the south.

None of the peaks are of first magnitude from the alpinist's point of view; in fact the park does not seek to astonish by producing the maximum in anything, but it has a sort of finished charm and loveliness that steals your heart before you are aware, and there are those

who affirm that they find this the most beautiful region in the Rockies. The only thing of whose size the park is at all conscious is the trout. The so-called lake trout found there reach 50 pounds.

There are a number of fine trails in the park, well made and well kept, which lead to many interesting regions. Bertha Lake is a charming spot high up on the shoulder of one of the finest peaks that wall the western shore of the lake. The trail zig-zags across the face of the mountain affording more and more exciting glimpses of the lake lying far below, until at last one stands on a little rocky eave-trough and looks east over the intervening range and sees the prairie country spread out for miles in a patch work of miniature fields, and south down into the Glacier National Park of the United States. Dropping down on the other side you come to Cameron Lake, a milky green body of water, still as a mirror in which the surrounding peaks are reflected with great beauty. Northward there is also a beautiful region with good fishing and trails which are a delight to travel.

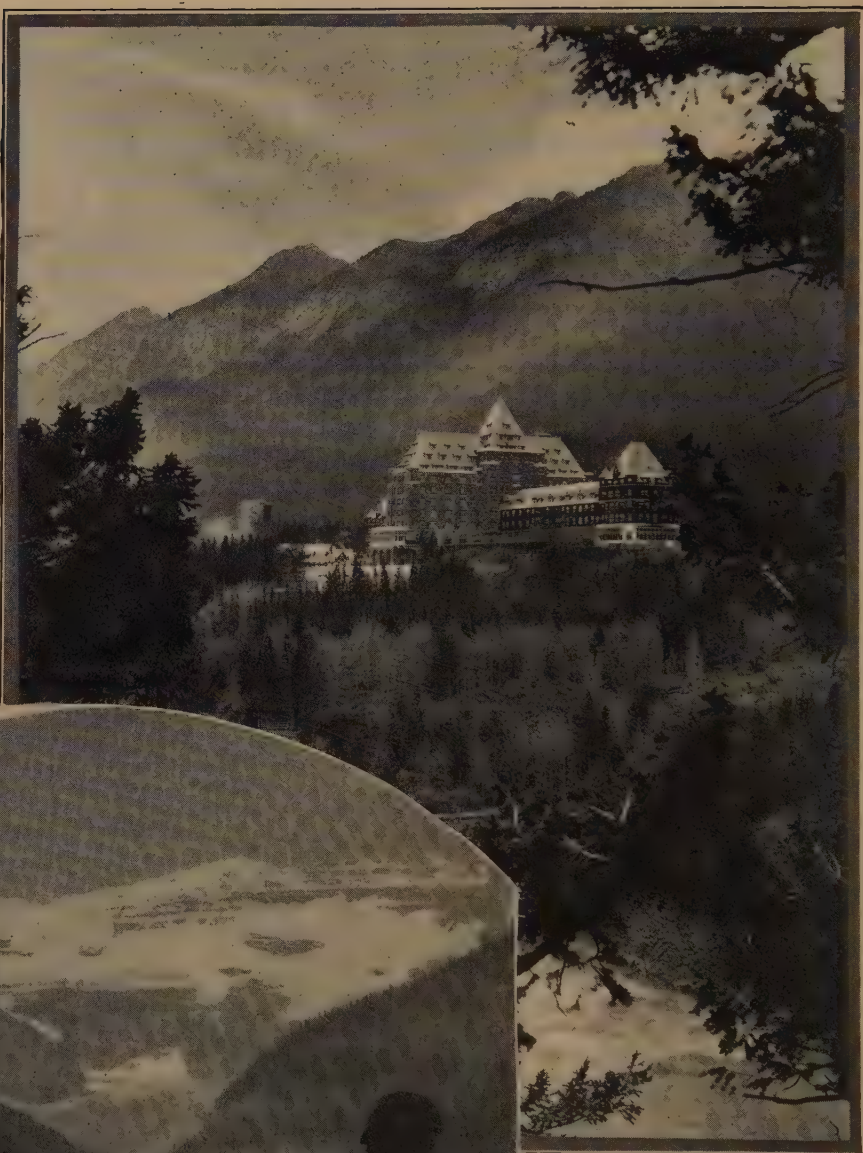
There are no mountains in the park which reach 11,000 feet, but one remembers here that the charm of mountain scenery lies not so much in altitudes as in a beautiful harmony of lines and masses and colours. This Waterton Lake has in abundance the bright colouring of the rocks, distinctive of this section of the mountains, adding much to the charm of the landscape.

ROCKY MOUNTAINS NATIONAL PARK

Rocky Mountains Park, or, as it is often called, Banff Park, lies on the eastern slope of the Rockies and stretches from the foothills to the Great Divide. This great playground covers about 3,000 square miles and includes regions of Alpine beauty probably unsurpassed in the whole world. Banff and Lake Louise are the two chief centres for tourists, each of them charming in its own way although widely different in atmosphere.

Banff has a charm all its own and its name has been synonymous with beauty among nature lovers for many years. Nestled in the green Bow Valley, in a circle of lofty and impressive peaks, it has a glamour and fascination to which one unconsciously yields. While none of the peaks are truly Alpine in character Mounts Rundle and Cascade are both well over 9,000 feet and form an impressive vista

The view from Banff Springs Hotel is superb. It is in a setting impossible to describe. There is height, and breadth and depth, for here Nature has given contrast rarely seen in any panorama. Valleys are discerned for miles, walled in by mountains on all sides, and streams flow through banks beautifully treed as the slopes of these Great Hills.



CANADIAN PACIFIC



Burton Holmes and friends, silhouetted against Lake Louise. The first impression here is one of discovery, for a tranquillity and beauty pervades all space which is unbelievable.

from almost every direction. A new-comer who sees the view of the Bow valley from the balcony of the Canadian Pacific Railway Hotel is inclined to think that there can be nothing lovelier in the whole mountains. It is hard, indeed, to imagine anything more satisfying, more perfect in its composition and proportions. Below the green lawn of the terrace the cliffs drop away into sheer space, and beyond, between Tunnel Mountain and Mount Rundle, the valley opens as far as the eye can see, walled miles away by a line of white tipped peaks. On its floor winds the Bow River which has come frisking madly down from its cradle of glaciers along the Great Divide. Just above Banff it settles down for a few



Where the trees bow to the Bow Banff.

miles, however, into the sedatest of streams affording delightful opportunities for boating and canoeing. Almost opposite the hotel, however, it quickens its pace into a series of rapids and leaps in a beautiful fall, then taking the darker waters of the Spray into its embrace, winds eastward to the plains.

Banff is not a place for the quiet life. Perhaps nowhere else in the mountains is the play spirit so fully expressed. Its streets are thronged with a gay medley of tourists—guides, Indians, Alpine climbers and “mounties,” as the famous Canadian Mounted Police



LAKE LOUISE

*Winds, with the rains and sun
Fashioned this shrine,
Man's work has just begun.*

—CHARLES FARWELL EDSON

are called, as well as visitors bent on enjoyment from all over the world. On its main avenue you may see a luxurious motor limousine arriving from New York or a pack train just starting out for the wilderness, and though East be East and West be West, the twain meet here in the democratic companionship of pleasure which is possible only in the great out of doors.

Forty miles away lies Lake Louise, superb among all the lovely jewelled lakes of the Rockies that startle the beholder into breathless wonder. Poets and painters have sought to express the glory of this little lake lying high among the arms of the majestic snow peaks, but neither pen nor brush can ever convey the indescribable glory of its colouring and setting. The wonderful brilliance of its emeralds and sapphires shot with marvelous undertones of gold and pearl hold one entranced for hours. It has in addition that fine perfection, that absolute harmony of proportion which places it among the great masterpieces of landscape in the world. The sweetness, the strength, the loveliness and yet the mystic loneliness of Nature are perhaps nowhere made more visible. The scene is full of "that shadowy mystery for which the imagination perpetually longs," and gazing at it one becomes lost in a sense of unreality until the mountains and the forests and the lake itself seem only a creation of dreamland that must vanish at a breath.

Here, perhaps, more clearly than anywhere else the effect of sheer beauty is made evident. Most visitors gaze at the lake in silence. Adjectives seem mere fripperies of speech, irreverence before such supreme loveliness. One writer, a foreign correspondent traveling with a Royal party, who had climbed before breakfast to little Lake Agnes, the highest of the three lakes in the clouds, responded to the environment in what was perhaps the most fitting way. Traveler over a great part of the world as he was, when he stood on the rocky ledge and saw the three jewelled lakes lying below, like three notes of a chord, blue, bluer, bluest, and across to where the sunrise was just tipping the snow-crowned heads opposite with fire and flushing the glacier to rose, he dropped to his knees—"My God," he said, "a man just has to kneel to it, it's too wonderful!"

Lost in such contemplation, one here realizes that beauty itself is a kind of energy, a dynamic force from which we little human creatures can draw happiness and life—that more abundant life which reaches out beyond mere pleasure to what we call joy. One recalls



MORAINE LAKE AND THE VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS

This lake, nine miles from Lake Louise, has a unique background of Ten Peaks, originally named after the ten numerals of the Siney Language, but several are now named after mountaineers who made first ascents. Moraine Lake does not always call forth the warm responsive friendliness of other Lakes, for it often appears austere and remote.

those lines of Richard Jefferies, "the hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live, so that the longer we stay among these things so much the more is snatched from inevitable Time."

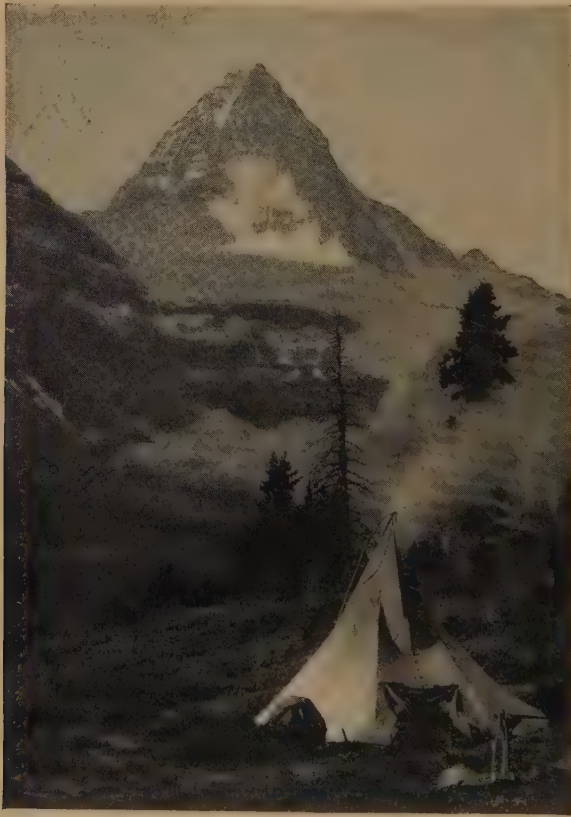
Nine miles away is Moraine Lake, wild, majestic and lonely in the rugged valley of the Ten Peaks a spot of primitive loveliness, untouched as yet by the hand of man. About the left shore of the lake stands a half-circle of frowning peaks, scarred and furrowed by glaciers, bare of vegetation and capped with snow, known as the Ten Peaks and originally named for the ten numerals of the Stoney language, with the Tower of Babel standing as a sort of outpost at their head. The right shore is low with long swamp grass and willows and bright with flowers. The lower end is obstructed by a thick band of morainal deposit left by the ancient glacier which once filled the bed of the lake.

When you have drunk your fill of the beauty of the lake, a walk or ride of less than an hour will bring you to Paradise Valley, loveliest of all the valleys of the Rockies, with a green expanse of meadow through which wind silver streams that have their source in the great Wenkchemna Glacier at its head. Half way down the valley these joyous, tumbling waters unite to form Wastach Brook that descends in a cascade formed like a natural stairway, which is known as the Giant's Steps. At the base of Mt. Temple, like a blue flower dropped from the battlements of heaven, lies little Lake Annette, a sheer mile from the lofty summit above. Myriads of wide-eyed anemones and purple asters spangle the meadows and add to the beauty of the picture, while a stray chickadee flits among the spruces and persuades you that this is an earthly and not a heavenly Paradise. The unsullied beauty and innocence of the landscape makes its name particularly appropriate and suggests that happy valley "which, on the finest day of the happiest springtide of the universe, received the first man."

THE JOY OF THE TRAIL

All these places can be seen by the tourist who travels in a luxurious pullman or motor car, but no such visitor gets the full beauty of the National Parks. In the mountains, as everywhere else, Pan does

not come for the calling; it is only when you leave the frequented centres and take the trail to the solitudes of the great hills that you get the full significance of their meaning. More and more in the Canadian parks each year this is being realized and true Nature lovers no longer feel that they have seen the Rockies when they have hurried through, spending a few hours at Banff, Lake Louise, Paradise Valley or other places along the main tourist lines. The great extent of the Rockies makes the choice of a trail trip almost unlimited. A man may set out in a dozen directions and be lost for weeks to any sign of civilization.



Mt. Assiniboine.

One of the finest peaks, Mt. Assiniboine, can be reached only on foot or by pack train. It lies about forty miles south of Banff or a good day's journey. The peak is one of the most difficult in the park and is often called the Matterhorn of the Canadian Rockies from its

similar configuration and the frequent storms that descend upon its head. Nearby there are other fine peaks, some of them as yet unclimbed, and to the south is the splendid region dominated by the Royal Group, which is as yet scarcely known. To the southeast lie the Spray and Kananaskis Lakes, where the finest trout in the park are found, dolly vardens, and cutthroats in all their speckled and silver beauty.

To the north of the park there is a vast, little known region with three passes through which one may penetrate to the fine groups that lie between Jasper and Rocky Mountains Park, a three weeks' trip by pony back, through the culminating region of the main range, and past the great Columbia Icefield which covers about 125 square miles. Each year now an organized party leaves Jasper on the first of July and sets out for Field, returning on the first of August, spending about 21 days on the way, bringing this interesting expedition within reach of many more mountain lovers.

Year by year, indeed, the enjoyments of the Canadian National Parks become possible to wider numbers. Once only the wealthy man could hope to enjoy a long holiday in the mountains, but gradually smaller hotels, bungalow camps, motor campsites and organized trail trips have come, so that now a man may spend a whole summer in the Rockies, if he desires, at moderate cost. The Alpine Club of Canada has also done much to make the splendid sport of mountain climbing possible to increasing numbers, and their camps each year enable several hundreds to climb some of the large peaks, impossible for the amateur without the services of Swiss guides.

JASPER NATIONAL PARK

Jasper, the largest of all the Canadian reserves, is an immense region of primitive wildness covering 4,400 square miles. The Athabaska River, the historic route of the fur traders across the mountains in the old days, is a central feature of the park. Born in the glaciers along the Divide, it flows down in a wide and noble valley through the centre of the park, a valley which forms the route of the Canadian National Railway line for a great part of its way.

Perhaps no region in the Rockies is so rich in historical background. Along the Athabaska Trail for over 100 years went the early explorer, scientist, trapper and fur-trader. The Athabaska Valley too saw the dramatic struggle between the two great fur companies,

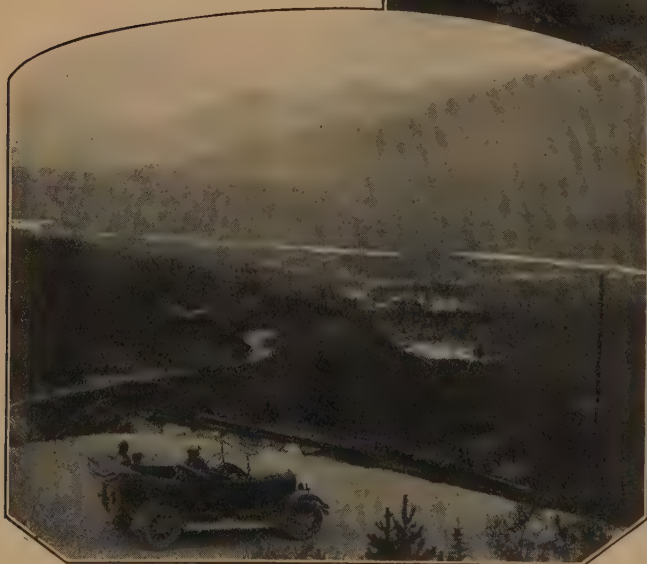


Jasper Park Lodge is of rustic architecture and contains many unique decorative features. The lounge, dining room, card rooms and others are in this main lodge, as well as bedrooms. One of the chief attractions, however, is the log cabins, varying in size, which guests may have as a little home, for fleeting hours or days.

Pyramid Lake, Jasper Park, lies close to the foot of Pyramid Mountain. A view from the Cavell Motor Road.



CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS



*The narrow world with a low-hung sky
Like a little tent around it
Too cramped I find for a home of mine
Too puny have I found it.*

*Since I was ever a vagabond,
A vagrant-foot and rover,
O give me the width of the skies to roam
When my earthly days are over!*

—On the Open Trail, ARTHUR STRINGER.

CENTRAL PART OF JASPER PARK
PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

SCALE OF MILES
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

SCALE OF KILOMETRES
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 12 14 16

NOTE
*Numbers of survey stations
shewn thus*

[illegible]



CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

MOUNT EDITH CAVELL—JASPER PARK

This massive pile in the Astoria Valley, was named in honor of the heroic nurse, who sacrificed her life in service.

the Northwest Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, for the control of the rich fur traffic within the mountains. For many years the fur brigade, or "Mountain Express" as it was called, made its annual trip from the eastern headquarters across the snows of the Athabaska Pass to "Boat Encampment" on the Columbia, a journey that required from three to four months. Here they were met by the Vancouver brigade which came up in boats from the Pacific. The western party brought the rich packages of furs collected from the New Caledonia Posts, as British Columbia was then called. The brigade from the east brought mail, clothing and supplies of various kinds as well as goods that were used in trading with the Indians. The hardships of these early journeys can scarcely be realized today.

Among others who crossed by this trail was David Thompson, the explorer after whom the Thompson River is named; Gabriel Franchere, author of "Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America"; Ross Cox, author of "Adventures on the Columbia River"; Alex Ross, author of "The Fur Hunters of the Far West"; Father de Smet, the Belgian missionary to the Indians, author of "Oregon Missions" and "Life, Letters and Travels"; Paul Kane, the artist, David Douglas, the Scotch botanist and many other travelers who left no record of their adventures.

Entering the park from the east, one sees the menacing steel grey precipices of Roche Miette Range. They are barren of vegetation—a desolation of primeval rock hewn into rugged towers and bastions like some ancient "keep" of medieval days. And in truth these stern hills are the keepers of the ways; behind their far flung ramparts there lies a secret, and the secret is Jasper the Beautiful. There it lies, deep set amid the encircling heights, bejewelled with lakes, girt by mighty forests—Jasper the altogether lovely! Yet, as one draws near, it is not the sweep of the valley nor the sheen of the lakes that chiefly claims the eye—but the surpassing splendour of Mount Edith Cavell, the everlasting memorial of a spirit that cannot die. As one looks towards its unsullied purity, its passionless calm, one remembers the last words of her whose martyrdom it commemorates, "Standing before God and Eternity, there must be no bitterness." In truth there is healing for mind and body in the presence of such beauty.

Arrived at Jasper, alternative delights confront the visitor. Which one he will choose depends on his temperament and his time.



CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

BROTHERHOOD OF THE FOREST

*I give who loves the wood my hands,
For here is one who understands;
Who loves the wood I give my heart,
For there responsive echoes start;
We meet in this sweet brotherhood—
We meet as Brothers of the Wood.*

—DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

If for him it is a matter of a few days only; if he be of the disposition which delights to receive impressions rather than strenuously to seek them; if nature has designed him on lines not suited for climbing—then he will probably betake himself to the Lodge, which is unique among all Canadian hotels in structure and decoration and behind none of them in comfort. From the Lodge the traveler has access to the whole Kingdom of Beauty which is Jasper Park. He may go forth on foot, on horseback, or by motor, for many lovely regions are within a day's reach.

But if the traveler has the time to give—the heart to go, and the frame to endure, there is another and a greater joy for him, for Jasper is only the gateway to adventure. There is something in the heart of a man which stirs with longing to be up and away. And the thing is possible. The thrill of the quest and the rapture of discovery are possible for anyone who hears the call of the trail. Let a man commit himself to the venture and there await him the greatest days of his life.

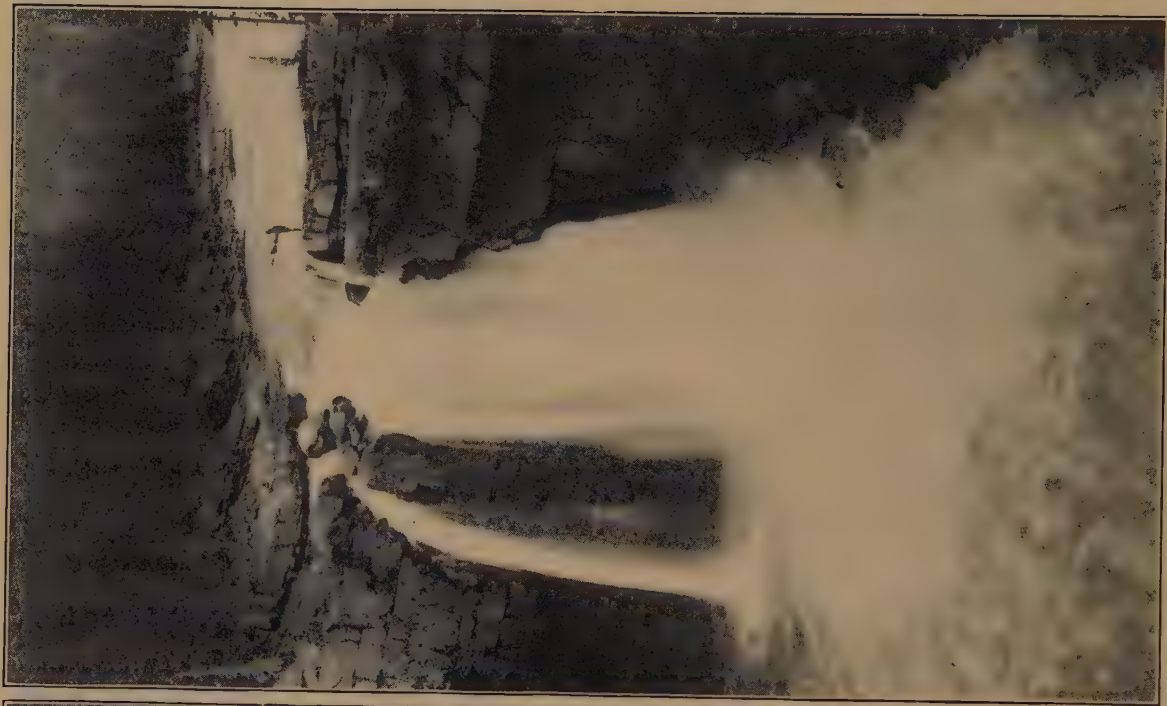
REGIONS OF LOVELINESS CALL.

East, west, north, south there are regions of loveliness calling, some of them as yet where never a white man has gone. He can gather his string of ponies and set out on the trail, a pilgrim to the blessed country of wilderness and be sure that he will not be disappointed. He will pitch his tent by a brawling stream tonight, and tomorrow it will be silence of an Alpine meadow and the stars looking down on a tiny camp fire blazing in the midst of all that grandeur and loveliness. Oh! no man truly knows the spell of the mountains until he has turned his back on the tourist ways; left the hotels and the parlour cars; cast aside the very habiliments of convention; has mounted his horse and gone out to seek for himself the secret which, from of old, has been locked in the silence of far spaces.

The fact that Jasper is a wild life sanctuary is soon evident to all visitors to the park. Wild deer peep shyly out from pine coverts, wild sheep and goats wander upon the high slopes, and once in a while one is even surprised by a glimpse of a black bear running off through the bushes, for the bears of Jasper Park as yet do not seek intimacy with strangers. Many of the mountain lakes and streams abound in trout and the angler may take 15 without even a license.



CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS



Moose Canyon Falls and Lower Falls of Snake Indian River, Jasper.



CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Beyond the boundaries of Jasper National Park is one of the finest big-game territories on the North American Continent. A party rarely returns from a hunting expedition without its quota of heads and skins.





CANADIAN NATIONAL PARKS

MOUNT ROBSON

*Writ on the rocks of time
God tells His tale;
Man files in books his rhyme.*

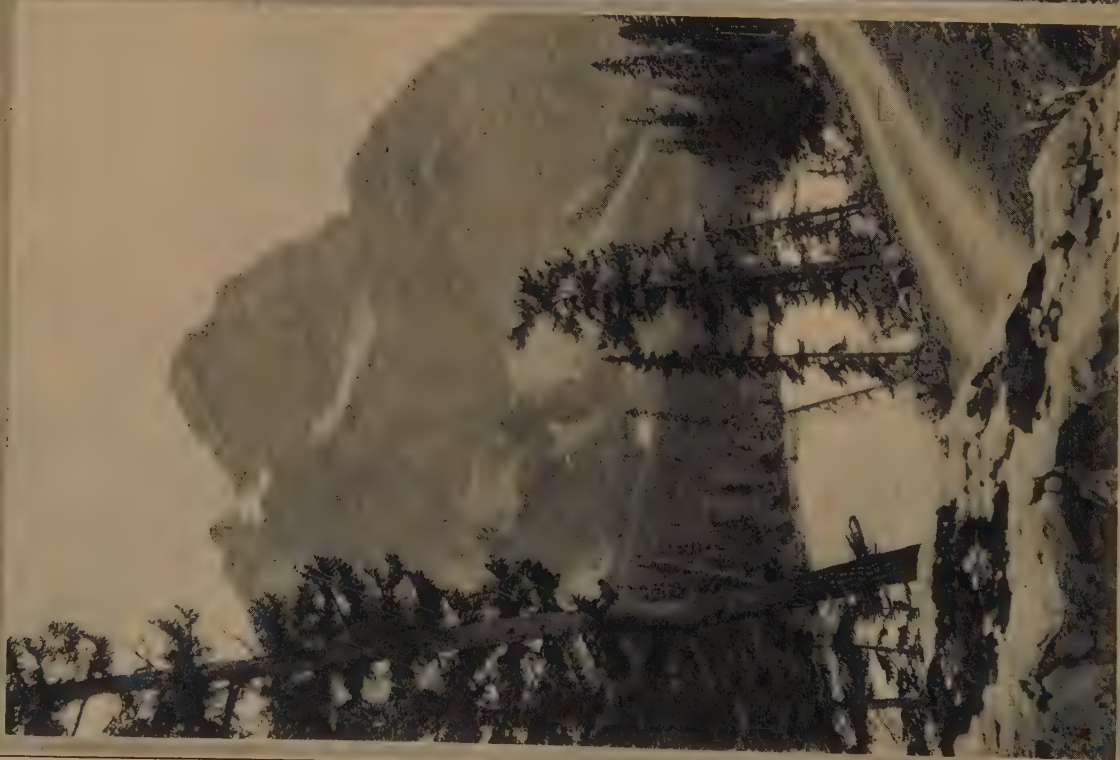
—CHARLES FARWELL EDSON.

There are three outstanding regions open to the traveler rivalling each other in wonder and beauty. The first of these perhaps is Maligne Lake, the largest lake yet discovered in any of the National Parks, a lake that is to other mountain tarns what the great orchestra is to chamber music. Returning, there is the marvelous Shovel Pass, a mile above sea level with white snows on either hand and a garden of wild flowers at your feet.

From the summit of the pass you gaze over the Athabaska Valley into the mysterious Tonquin Valley walled in by the "Ramparts," another of the most interesting regions of the park. This is an ancient and lonely valley, discovered within the past few years, whose silences have as yet scarcely been broken by the few yearly visitors who have ventured to its solitudes. It lies high up on the eastern side of the great escarpment, the long line of natural fortresses, that guard the Divide and the journey thither is as fine as is the end itself. The man who takes a mountain pony and follows the Whirlpool Valley to Surprise Point will catch a glimpse of the inner heart of the mountains that he can never forget. Glaciers, snowfields and waterfalls in every direction; little brawling streams hastening down from their boulder strewn beds to make music throughout the day; wild flower gardens that wash with waves of colour the grey walls of the rocks; and distant glimpses of shining peaks and green ice that send the breath up to the throat.

OLD MOUNT ROBSON ENDURES

On the western boundary of the park stands old Mount Robson, monarch of the Canadian Rockies, hundreds of feet of powdered snow on his ancient head and three great glaciers clinging perilously against his rugged sides. From Robson station a trail leads up the valley of the Thousand Falls, with the music of tumbling waters on every hand, and through the green gloom of the luxuriant forest. At the end of the trail lies Berg Lake, blue as the eye of a child with the glistening green-white glassy wall of Berg Glacier hanging straight down into the lake. From time to time great blocks come tumbling down its rowelled sides and plunge into the blue water where they sail about like miniature icebergs. Overhead the clouds wreath and unwreath themselves around the majestic head, lost sometimes for days at a time in enveloping folds, then shining out in an indescribable glory.



You may spend a whole summer, yes, many summers in Jasper and not exhaust its possibilities and when the day comes for return leave the mountains with longing and regret, for dull indeed is the man who does not feel in some measure the spirit of these glorious ranges.



Climbing Mount Robson B. C.

PARKS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

YOHO NATIONAL PARK

At the summit of the Kickinghorse Pass, on the Great Divide, the traveler passes from Alberta to British Columbia and from Rocky Mountains Park to Yoho Park. The steep descent down the western slope is made by way of a thrilling spiral tunnel which burrows through Cathedral Mountain, dropping abruptly by successive levels to the valley of the Kickinghorse below. The scenery on all sides is dramatic and impressive. To the north between two perpendicular walls of mountains opens a blue wooded gorge with a



CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

MOUNT BURGESS, YOHIO PARK

This rugged peak,—around whose summit purple shadows gather as if to say farewell to the day,—adds to the charm of Emerald Lake which gives a feeling of abandon, for it is not shut in as many Lakes. The only color in the crystalline depths of the lake are varied shades of green, and it is surrounded by trees—a friendly spot of sylvan loveliness.

mass of gleaming ice at its head. This is the Yoho Valley, one of the wonder spots of the Rockies. Cathedral Mountain, with its wonderful spires and towers, walls in the east. Across the river, rising abruptly from the valley, is Mount Burgess and to the south is Mount Stephen with its beautiful sugar-loaf head.

One of the best ways of seeing the valley is to take the trail at Field and climb up the steep pass of Mount Burgess to the wind-blown summit of Burgess Pass (7,150 feet) and take the upper trail along the crest of the mountain.



Lake O'Hara. Bungalow House

With each mile the scenery grows wilder and more impressive until one seems to be getting to the very heart of Nature itself. The stillness of the valley becomes almost a palpable thing and the traveler grows silent, aware of the long passage of the centuries and overawed by the majesty of the scene. About 11 miles up, a dramatic turn in the road suddenly reveals the Takakkaw Falls, a shining wonder of a waterfall five times the height of Niagara, apparently poured out from the very heavens like a libation to the unseen gods of the hills.

Directly opposite the foot of the waterfall there is a charming little camp where guests find a night's lodging and delicious meals.



LAKE O'HARA, YOHO NATIONAL PARK, B. C.

This Lake is acclaimed by many well known mountaineers the most beautiful in the Canadian Rockies. John S. Sargent, the famous artist, thought it surpassed Lake Louise in color and setting.

EMERALD LAKE

From the Yoho Valley camp another trail leads across the mountains to Emerald Lake, an unbelievably lovely jewel of water set in a jade green ring of forest. At Emerald Lake there is a charming chalet, a sort of cross between the tented camp and the luxurious hotel—with steam heated bungalows and running water and delicious home cooked meals. Unlike Moraine and Lake Louise, Emerald



Emerald Lake and Mount President

Lake has not a shade of blue in it. The water, the shadows, the wooded shores, and even, it is said, the trout themselves take on the prevailing hue. This is one of the quietest and most restful spots in the Rockies, a veritable haven of peace where one could settle down and forget forever the turmoil of the outside world.

LAKE O'HARA

South of Field lies beautiful little Lake O'Hara with a surface crisp as silk woven of peacock hues. The world has united in declaring Lake Louise to be the most beautiful spot of natural beauty in the Rockies, but there are artists who claim that little Lake O'Hara surpasses its more famous rival. If less absolutely perfect and finished in every detail, it has a shyer, more exquisite beauty softened by vegetation; a graceful waterfall tumbling down from the heights into its transparent waters adds the last touch to its loveliness.



CANADIAN NATIONAL PARKS



The trails around Hector, Field; and the district of Mt. Wapta are popular ones in the Yoho National Park. Takakkaw Falls dashes against the rocks in lacy patterns by leaps and bounds; and breaks into cascades before reaching the tranquil stream.

About a mile from this idyllic spot is another little lake, ice covered during the greater part of the year, with a glacier thrusting its cold nose into its blue waters. This is Lake McArthur, one of the coldest and loveliest of all the mountain lakes, lovely under warm July sunshine but, on a grey day, a place one turns from with a little shiver of loneliness.



Lake O'Hara.

KOOTENAY NATIONAL PARK

Two years ago the Canadian Government opened the first motor highway across the Central Rockies and the wonders of that glorious region were opened to the motoring world. Several years before the first section of the road had been built from Calgary, Alberta, to Banff. Later, another section had been carried as far as Castle Mountain, that natural fortress of rock familiar to all travelers along the Canadian Pacific Railway, and an extension constructed to beautiful Lake Louise, Moraine Lake and the majestic valley of the Ten Peaks.



CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

*Radium Hot Springs known to the Indians for their curative qualities.
 Marble Canyon—a miniature work of the elemental forces of nature.
 A scene in the Valley of the Kootenay, Canadian Rockies, where shadows and clouds play on
 mountains and streams as thoughts on the taut strings of memory.*

The route turns south from Castle Mountain, ascending one of the tributaries of the Bow to the crest of the Rockies which it crosses by way of Vermilion Pass. Thence it drops down the west slope into the Vermilion Valley and climbs again across Sinclair Pass before descending to the Windermere Valley. From Banff to the Vermilion summit the road lies in the Rocky Mountains National Park, from this point it enters a region little known and only partially explored. Primitive forest and wild life of many kinds are found on every hand. To preserve inviolate these things, which add so much to the interest and beauty of the road, a National Park was created extending for a number of miles on each side of the highway and designated Kootenay Park, after the Kootenay tribe of Indians found in this region.

A NIGHT UNDER CANVAS

From the eastern gate of the Rocky Mountains Park to Banff is 27.5 miles, from Banff to Invermere, the western terminus of the road, 104 more, a distance that could no doubt be covered in one long day. But the motorist who rushes through the Rockies is unwise as the tourist who "does the Louvre" in an hour. Your real nature lover, with the holiday spirit in his heart and his eyes open to the wonder of the universe, will refuse to be hurried through a region so rich in opportunities for new and thrilling experience. For the great advantage of motor over railway travel is that it permits the traveler to take his time. He may start when he will and stop when he please and there is no time-table to regulate his proceedings. Along the new highway there are countless invitations to linger. Here there is a garden of exquisite mountain wild flowers, there a glimpse of a greenish glacier clinging to some great peak, or some splendid panorama which startles to breathless wonder. There are canyons which say: "Come and see what water and time can do in the way of natural carving"; crystalline little tarns that challenge the lover of sport to try his skill against a gamey mountain trout. Best of all experiences is to spend a night under canvas, to watch the blue shadows gather in the valleys and the light fade from the great peaks, to sit about the camp fire with a little of the peace and serenity of the mountain world in the heart, while dim immensities crouch about in



SWISS PEAKS, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, BRITISH COLUMBIA

A typical Game Warden's cabin of the Canadian Rockies. Many of these log cabins are literally lost in primeval forests and are the only sign of civilization for many miles. Here these men guard the trees—those noble companions of man—against fire, as gems beyond price, for this and future generations.

the darkness like a caravan of slumbering dromedaries, and then to fall into a joyous sleep which is as good as food. To wake, too, and see the magical transformation of the dawn, the cold, grey solitudes turning to airiest rose or golden thistle-down as the fire leaps from peak to peak; to breathe great draughts of an air that fairly snaps with ozone, and afterwards to fall to on a gargantuan breakfast that would stagger a city dweller—this is to get the very spirit of the mountains and to know that it is a gloriously good thing just to be alive.

Near the western terminus there are some fine hot springs, as yet little developed, where travelers may enjoy the luxury of a radium bath after the long drive. The waters are among the most valuable from the therapeutic point of view in the country with a high degree both of radioactivity and radium content.

Just beyond the hot springs the road passes through Sinclair Canyon, a splendid gorge of reddish rock through which a footing for the road has been blasted. Beyond, the narrow Sinclair Valley suddenly opens, and below is seen lying the wide and beautiful valley of the Columbia with Windermere Lake smiling in the sun, while beyond rise the ancient summits of the Selkirks. From the Windermere Valley, the tourist turns south following existing British Columbia roads to Kingsgate and Spokane or north to Golden, British Columbia, as the case may be.

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

Within the great loop formed by the Columbia River in Canada, as has been said, lie the Selkirk Mountains which, in the opinion of many Nature lovers, are the most beautiful of all the ranges in the Canadian mountains. To these no snows are so white as the Selkirk snows and no clouds so radiant, no forests so darkly beautifully green. The cedar, the hemlock, the fir and the spruce grow together in the rich valleys, climbing in serried ranks to meet the blue ice, and softening every outline to a gentle undulation. The white foam of glaciers' froths above the tree tops and the harsh mountain faces are beautified by curved mounds and cornices of driven snow. In the valleys the vegetation is so luxuriant and abundant as to be almost tropical, and every high pass and upland valley glows with a profusion of wild flowers fit for the garden of a Titania.

Glacier Park is the most isolated perhaps of any of the Canadian National Reserves. It can be reached from the outside world by



MOUNT SIR DONALD AND THE ILLECILLEWAET GLACIER IN THE SELKIRKS

Mt. Sir Donald rears its grey head high above the green valley of the Illecillewaet, which derives its musical name from the Indian word meaning "swift water." Many travelers visit it, since it is only a short distance from the hotel. Glacier Park is one of the mountaineer's

railway only. Outside the little handful of settlement, which forms the headquarters of the park, the reserve is absolutely untouched with only a few miles of motor road available to the tourist. There are, however, many miles of interesting trails which lead in all directions up the valleys and over the snow-crowned passes.

ILLECILLEWAET GLACIER

The chief glory of the park is the Illecillewaet Glacier, one of the finest glaciers of the mountains, which seems to hang within a stone's throw of the balconies of the hotel. In reality its foot is about two



Illecillewaet Glacier and Glacier House

miles away. The glacier can be reached by an easy trail from the hotel either on foot or pony back, and with a very little effort one can climb out on its back and examine the deep fissures and seracs formed in its slow flow down the mountain's side.

The charm of the valleys in Glacier Park lies in their numerous waterfalls and rich vegetation. Asulkan Valley, perhaps the most beautiful of them all, is vocal with the sound of many waters. Seven silvery waterfalls, "thin veils of sheerest lawn" born high up in the snowfields, that lie throughout the year on top of the peaks, are in sight at one time.



MT. SIR DONALD AND THE COUGAR VALLEY

In this valley of the Cougar, flowers grow in rich profusion. They are found in many valleys and on the lower slopes, but it is the Alpine meadows that are literally carpeted with flowers of varied hues.



CANADIAN PACIFIC

ASULKAN GLACIER

Tributary to the valley of the Illecillewaet glacier is the Asulkan (Wild Goat) valley. On either hand are towering mountain slopes and precipices, exalted rock ledges from which spectacular waterfalls leap from great heights, overhanging snow crests which often send roaring avalanches sweeping all before them into the valley below and far up the opposite side. At the head of the valley lies the Asulkan glacier. It is of the piedmont type, created by three commensal streams of ice.

—A. O. WHEELER.

About seven miles up Cougar Valley is a remarkably interesting series of caves, extending for almost a mile underground. These have been formed apparently partly by seismic disturbance and partly by the erosive action of Cougar Creek, an eccentric stream with a penchant for the underworld. Three times in the course of a mile the river disappears into the bowels of the mountains, and its waters can be heard roaring and rushing far below through the rocky chambers and passageways it has created in the course of many centuries.

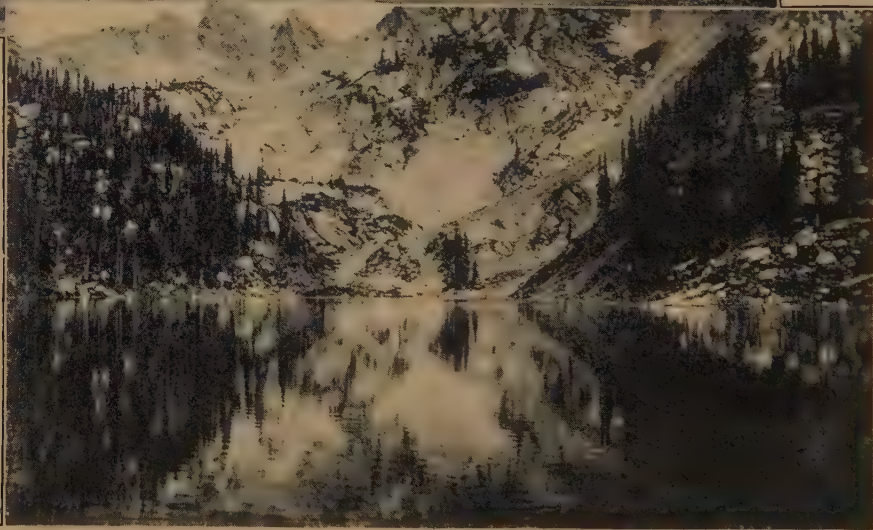
Glacier House has been for many years a centre for enthusiastic alpinists. Swiss guides are stationed there throughout the season, and many an amateur in the noble art of climbing mountains has tasted "first blood" on Sir Donald or some of the other fine peaks close at hand. Others, only slightly less strenuous, prefer to reach the heights by pony back and for these there are trails leading across high summits like Baloo Pass, which afford the wide panoramic views, the feeling of being on top of the world, which are part of the pleasure of the mountain climber.

MOUNT REVELSTOKE NATIONAL PARK

Mt. Revelstoke Park is unique among the other Canadian National Parks in that it is wholly a mountain top park. It lies on the wide plateau which stretches across the summit of Mt. Revelstoke and to the icy summits of the neighbouring Clach-na-Coodin Range. The general character of the landscape is that of the high Alpine meadows found at timber line—gently rolling uplands, covered with bright green herbage and scattered groves of balsam and fir. Mountain wild flowers, as one would expect, are found here at their loveliest. They grow everywhere in rich profusion—violets, daisies, lilies, marigolds, lupins and the red mountain heather—veritable gardens of flowers spangling the meadows with colour, blue and white, gold and rose.

The park has attracted attention in winter through the excellence of its ski-jump. This is declared to be one of the finest in America equalling, in the opinion of experts, the famous Blumendal Hill in Norway.

The drive from Revelstoke up the mountain to the park is one of the most inspiring in the mountains. For fourteen miles it climbs up and about the peak, through virgin forest or along the verge of



PHOTOS. FIELD

MOUNT REVELSTOKE NATIONAL PARK

*Columbia River near
Wilmer.*

*Miller Lake and Mt. Begbie
in the distance.*

Lake Eva.

rocky ledges dropping sheer away below. With each hundred feet of ascent the view grows more impressive, the whole combining a panorama worth coming many miles to see.

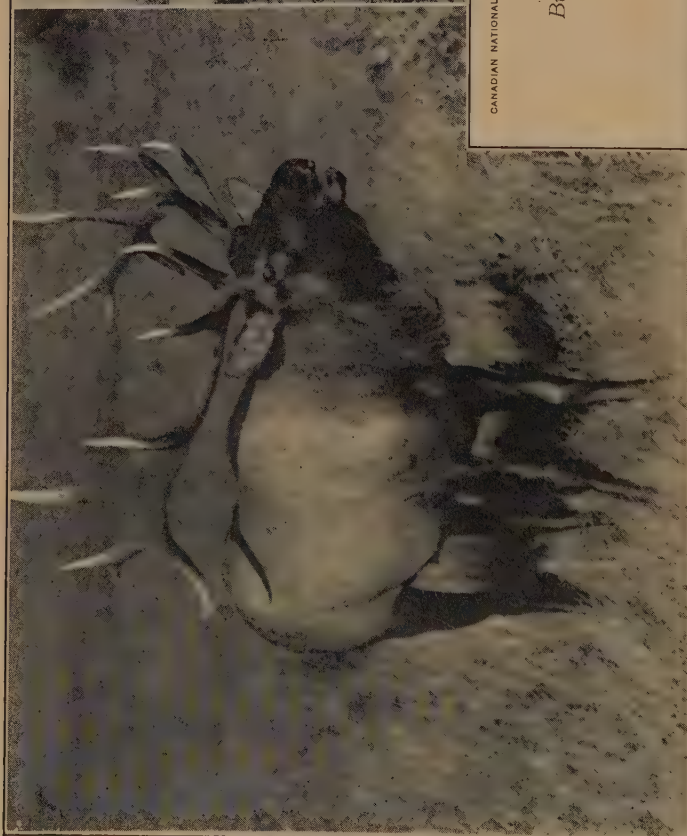
BUFFALO NATIONAL PARK

On the main line of the Canadian National Railways, about 125 miles from Edmonton, lies the great reserve which is the home of the Canadian Government buffalo herd. Its rolling plains slope down almost to the railway itself, and even from the train you can catch a glimpse of dark brown bodies moving slowly across the prairie or outlined against some distant bluff, and recapture for a moment something of the spirit of those days, now gone forever, when the buffalo roamed wild over a great part of this continent.



In Buffalo National Park.

If you come near the buffalo in an automobile they will gaze at you without unfriendliness, but it is never safe to attempt to approach on foot. If you are lucky you may see a herd in motion, and you will be surprised at the swiftness of these heavy and lumbering creatures. A sudden alarm of some kind may strike fear into a herd and in two seconds they will be thundering down the slopes in a swirling, shaggy mass, the young vigorous males in front, cows and calves next and the older and heavier bulls behind, hoofs thundering, red eyes gleaming and husky throats breathing their angry protest



CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Buffalo National Park of Alberta in which is the Wainwright buffalo herd.



which is somewhere between the grunt of a pig and the bellow of a bull. Sometimes a cow and calf will break away from the rest of the animals, but usually the buffalo act "en masse," evidently trusting to the solidarity of the herd for safety.

The park is an attractive reservation of rolling prairie. Mott Lake, in the centre of the reserve, is a large and beautiful sheet of water with many islands, about whose shores hundreds of wild fowl find a breeding place. The trip to the park can be made in less than two hours from Edmonton, and no more interesting and pleasant place for a day's holiday could well be found on the prairie.

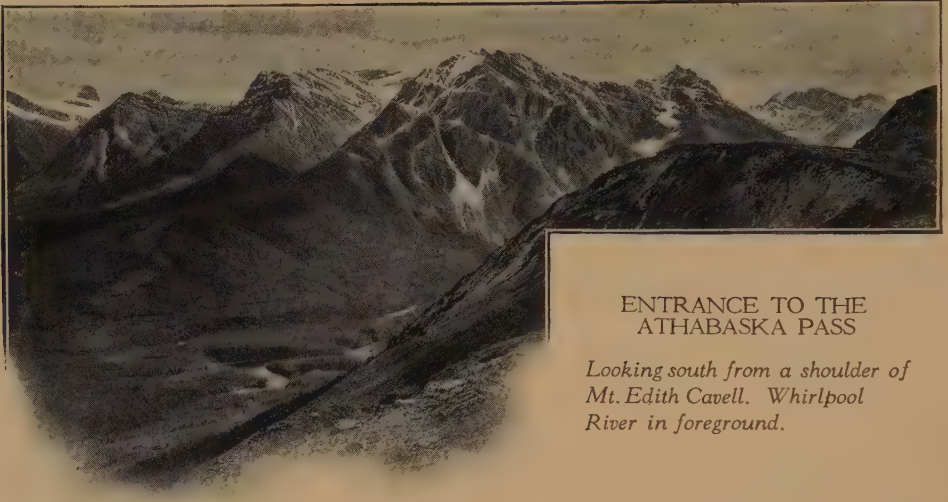
ELK ISLAND PARK

At Elk Island Park, 37 miles from Edmonton, there is another herd of buffalo numbering about 430. This reserve is much more thickly wooded and it is interesting to see that these animals, more sheltered from the sun, are developing the darker coat and somewhat larger outlines of the so-called "wood buffalo", found now in a wild state only in the far north in the region of Great Slave Lake.

NEMISKAM PARK

In southern Alberta, 60 miles south of Medicine Hat, is the so-called Nemiskam Park, where the Government is seeking to save the antelope from extinction. As everyone knows, this beautiful and interesting animal, as sensitive and swift as the greyhound, and unique representative on this continent of its peculiar family, is disappearing so rapidly that it can be only a matter of a few years until it will have gone the way of the great auk and the passenger pigeon.

Antelope require certain minute plants for their dietary not universally found. After repeated failures in Buffalo Park to breed captured antelope, the Canadian Government adopted the ingenious expedient of enclosing them without their knowledge. A few years ago a band of 50 was found feeding in the neighborhood of Foremost, Alberta. Officers were despatched to the scene and with as much speed and quietness as possible a fence was erected enclosing nine square miles of territory and the herd itself. Here it has since lived in perfect health and apparent happiness, increasing in numbers each year till it is now over five times its original size.



ENTRANCE TO THE
ATHABASKA PASS

*Looking south from a shoulder of
Mt. Edith Cavell. Whirlpool
River in foreground.*

ON THE ATHABASKA TRAIL

By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

*My life is gliding downwards; It speeds swifter to the day
When it shoots the last dark canyon to the Plains of Far-away,
But while its stream is running through the years that are to be,
The mighty voice of Canada will ever call to me.
I shall hear the roar of rivers where the rapids foam and tear,
I shall smell the virgin upland with its balsam-laden air,
And shall dream that I am riding down the winding woody vale,
With the packer and the packhorse on the Athabaska Trail.
I have passed the warden cities at the Eastern water-gate,
Where the hero and the martyr laid the corner-stone of State,
The habitant, coureur-des-bois—and hardy voyageur.
Where lives a breed more strong at need to venture or endure.
I have seen the gorge of Erie where the roaring waters run,
I have crossed the Inland Ocean, lying golden in the sun,
But the last and best and sweetest is the ride by hill and dale,
With the packer and the packhorse on the Athabaska Trail.
I'll dream again of fields of grain that stretch from sky to sky,
And the little prairie hamlets where the cars go roaring by,
Wooden hamlets as I saw them—noble cities still to be
To girdle stately Canada with gems from sea to sea;
Mother of a mighty manhood, Land of glamour and of hope,
From the eastward sea-swept islands to the sunny western slope,
Ever more my heart is with you, ever more till life shall fail,
I'll be out with pack and packer on the Athabaska Trail.*

UNDER-SONGS

By ARTHUR J. STRINGER

*In summer have you ever dreamed alone,
Beside an inland stream that fell o'er stone
And tumbled tree, in tinkling water-falls,
While from a meadow came the distant calls
Of piping birds across the wind-blown flowers,
Where deep-toned bees buzzed thro' the lazy hours?
There, buried 'neath the daisies' waving heads,
Down in the clover's spangled whites and reds,
Did you e'er read a book you loved full well,
That told of golden dreams the poets tell,
Until the woodland sounds and tinkling brook
Mixed with the music of the poet's book?
And have you turned to that same page again
When earth had lost the old familiar strain,
The mingled sound of stream and bee and bird?
Then, was there not in undersong still heard
The mellow pipe and flute of woodland notes,
In lingering echoes, from those silent throats?
And did you not still hear the tinkling stream
Sound thro' the music of the poet's dream?*

MORNING IN THE NORTHWEST

By ARTHUR J. STRINGER

*Grey countries and grim empires pass away,
And all the pomp and glory of citied towers
Goes down to dust, as Youth itself shall age.
But O the splendor of this autumn dawn,
This passes not away! This dew-drenched Range,
This infinite great width of open space,
This cool, keen wind that blows like God's own breath
On life's once drowsy coal, and thrills the blood,
This brooding sea of sun-washed solitude,
This virginal vast dome of opal air—
These, these endure, and greater are than grief!
Still there is strength, and life, Oh, life is good!
Still the horizon lures, the morrow calls,
Still hearts adventurous seek outward trails,
Still life holds up its tattered hope!*

BANFF IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

By ETHEL C. McDONALD, A.C.C.

Twilight—always long in Banff, where the days reach far into the night—is an hour of poetry and mystery, but it is doubly so when watched in a picturesque setting.

This twilight gave an added charm to the Stoney or Tschantoga Indian Encampment, for the evening, early in July, here described, was the close of Indian Day. The Indians, about four hundred in number, had come up from Morley for their two days of sport.



Stoney Indian. Banff.

The tepees were in an immense circle, others were grouped together inside and many were painted, lending a lovely dash of color to the scene. Soon after the races were over camp fires were lighted here and there—tiny beacons of these Indian homes. The meal was cooked outside some tepees, inside of others, as told by the smoke curling into the still night air through the opening at the top of the tepee. Squaws here and there came out of the woods with bundles of fagots; others carried water from the mountain stream, while the

little children romped and played on the green sward. Ponies were tethered among the trees and many had their meal with their masters. Squaws sat at work on their bead embroidery, while the older ones did the chores.

A peaceful, tranquil, happy scene these Indian people made. The long twilight, in this land where the northern lights often play hide and seek with the stars, deepened; the figures became more shadowy; the fires grew brighter and the little fires in the heaven's vault of blue grew brighter too, as the dusk gave place to the night.

A parade in which the majority of the Indians take part is held each morning; the tribe is all mounted and many splendid horses are used. The horses are resplendent in their gorgeous trappings of bead-work, ermine and gay headpieces; they trot and prance as if to jingle their bells as much as possible, that the onlookers may be fully aware of their picturesque appearance.

The head-dresses, beaded vests and coats of the men, the dresses and headpieces on many of the women are very lovely. Tiny papooses, not aware of their mothers' joy and pride in having them share in the day's festivity, have their place in the procession. They are carried in moss-bags on their mothers' backs, and their little shining faces seem to reflect the happiness of all these "people of the woods" in being back again with their friends, the white men.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police are as much a part of Banff as the mountains which surround it, and their bright red coats add a lovely dash of color to any scene. Should an occasion arise, which is seldom, that one of a police force is needed, it is a constable of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who inquires into the matter. He keeps law and order in the Parks.

The Spirit of Adventure, innate in every Anglo-Saxon, makes a direct call and appeal to those who join the force. These men do not mind hardship or banishment from civilization, for in the early days they were often in sparsely settled communities, or helping to quell Indian riots in isolated districts.

Bishop Stringer, who succeeded that great Church of England hero, Bishop Bompas, in mission work in the far north, complimented the Mounted Police in these words: "The tough finds his row a hard one to hoe, and this in a great measure is owing to the excellent



Trees dumb sentinels of a Universal God.



Sinclair Canyon.



CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS



The Entrance Gate at the Western end of the Banff-Windermere Highway, and scenes along this road.

management of the Members of the R.N.W.M.P., whose work in the wild sections of the north-land cannot be over-estimated. It is not the numbers of them, nor is it the force of their authority; it is a subtle something which enters the mind of the wrong-doer whenever he



R.C.M.P. on guard. Mt. Rundle in background.

meets the eye of the man wearing the red jacket. Why, an ordinary constable, wearing no badge of office beyond his small badge and red coat, strikes terror to the heart of the roughest. It is the dignity and the determination of the police, and the splendid esprit de corps of the force. The mounted police, it may be asserted, have been the safety and pride of the whole north country."

THE BANFF-WINDERMERE ROAD

The Banff-Windermere Road could be termed the Road to the Eternal Snows, for it goes through the heart of the Canadian Rockies. The Motorist's Dream—a Grand Tour of the Western Hemisphere—

AUTO · CIRCLE · TOUR · OF · THE · CANADIAN · ROCKIES

VIA FAMOUS BANFF-WINDERMERE ROAD - A HIGH CLASS GRAVELLED HIGHWAY ACROSS THE MAIN RANGE OF THE ROCKIES; NOW COMPLETED AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

ROUND TRIP = 567 MILES.

Note: Mileage from Calgary - going Westerly - shown thus 567



became an actuality when this highway was opened in 1923, for it had been the missing link of the California to Banff Bee-Line Highway. The opening of the road marked an epoch in the Rockies, for it gave access to all through these Great Hills. The Old Whiskey Trail, which ran between Fort Steele and Banff—used only by those who took their own guide and pack train—was replaced and needed no longer.



Trail riders. Canadian Rockies.

This Grand Circle Tour, of which the Banff-Windermere road is a section, covers a four thousand mile system of highways which visualizes the most beautiful and stupendous works of Nature; the Canadian Rockies, the Grand Canyon of Arizona and the vast silent wastes of the mystic desert.

The greatest point of interest on the entire road is Marble Canyon thirty-five miles west of Banff. The entrance to the canyon cannot unknowingly be passed, for Marble Canyon Camp is standing beside the road. The approach to the canyon is through a primeval forest. The trail gradually ascends and after a short distance one looks into

the canyon, a narrow gorge chiseled out of the solid rock of blue marble. A stream dashes through the small aperture and the effective coloring of marble and stream at the end of the canyon is superb. This canyon, for sheer beauty and uniqueness is on a par with the Grand Canyon of Arizona; only this is a miniature work of the elemental forces of Nature.

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

By ROBERT J. C. STEAD

*"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,"
Of old the Psalmist sung,
And we who clutch the worldly prize,
With Earth's distractions wrung,
Still turn our fevered fancy's gaze
Where snowy summits greet the day,
Where Nature guards her mysteries,
And Time becomes Eternity.*

*Where, changeless in eternal change,
The Rockies clip the clouds,
And glacial lakes and granite range
Sleep, in their snowy shrouds;
Where silence hushes discontent,
And petty fears are lost in space,
The Builder of the firmament
Still meets His people, face to face!*

*O barren cares that bitter life,
O hopes unwisely dear,
O fruitless fallacy and strife,
O social, sham veneer!—
I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
Where mantling cloud or cornice clings,
To catch a glimpse of Paradise
And turn again to little things.*



©BYRON HARMON

Lake of the Hanging Glaciers.

*One of the most beautiful bits of
Mountain Scenery found in the
Canadian Rockies.*

CLOUDS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

By A. O. WHEELER

In early summer and late fall the cloud effects are magnificent. Great billows of white cumulus cloud hang over the peaks and collect along the crests of the ridges. Seen from the prairies the higher peaks of the eastern escarpment of the range are hidden in a dense bank of these white clouds. It is usually a sign of the Chinook wind and, at the break of winter, is looked for as a harbinger of spring. Prairie dwellers think of fierce winds and snow storms raging beyond this aerial barrier, and bless their stars they are not there. Such, however, is not the case: piercing the barrier, a bright sun is found shining in the valleys, the silver streams are turning brown with rock silt and the pines are showing bright emerald green in their new spring attire, and are aromatic with the throb of life.

The study of clouds is one of deep and varied interest. You will see them suddenly appear along the face of a mountain, forming anywhere, as the warm air crosses a belt of cold shadow, the mouth of a gully or a body of ice, and as suddenly and mysteriously vanishing in the bright sunshine. Streamers of cloud will drape the summit of a high peak all day long, giving it the appearance of an active volcano. This effect is often seen on Mt. Sir Donald near Glacier House, and then the Swiss guides say: "Ha! Ole Sir Donell, he smoke him pipe."

Although these clouds look so beautiful and so inviting, traveling in them is not a pleasant process, and has the feeling of a wet blanket, sending chills creeping down one's marrow-bones. It is an eerie sensation and magnifies the close surroundings to altogether undue proportions, so that a pinnacle looks like a peak and a short drop like a bottomless precipice. On wide snowfields the cloud blanket is very embarrassing for keeping direction and it is often necessary to shout and use the return echo to guess where you are.

Storm clouds on the other hand are very objectionable. Sometimes they are highly charged with electricity. Then the nearby rocks begin to hum, ice-axes to buzz, and, if you remove your hat, your hair will stand straight up on end. When surveying, I have several times received a severe shock through touching the screw of a mountain transit-theodolite while it was buzzing. There is no real

danger in this sort of cloud, but thunder clouds highly charged with electricity, which burst forth in lightning flashes, are very dangerous and have been known to cause a loss of life to mountain climbers. Think of a bad thunderstorm in your home locality, with the crashes directly overhead; now move up to the summit of a high peak, where the clouds that caused the storm are actually at your level. The result is that you are in the middle of it, and you can well imagine how terrific it must be. It is not an unusual occurrence, when at the summit of a peak to see a fierce thunderstorm in full display beneath you, while all around at your elevation the sky is clear and the sun shining brightly.

ON A MOUNTAIN PASS

By A. P. COLEMAN

If one halts by chance anywhere on a mountain pass, all sorts of thrilling things are going on around. Lovely flowers are opening eagerly to the sun and wind of spring—in mid August, with September snows just at hand, a whole year's work of blossom and seed to be accomplished before the ten months' winter Sleep begins. Bees are tumbling over them intoxicated with honey and the joy of life while it is summer. Even the humming-birds, with jewels on their breasts as if straight from the tropics, are not afraid to skim up the mountain sides, poise over a bunch of white heather, and pass with a flash from flower to flower. The marmots with aldermanic vests are whistling and "making hay while the sun shines," and one may see their bundles of choice herbs spread on a flat stone to dry, while the little striped gophers are busy too. Time enough to rest in the winter.

Everything full of bustle and haste and of joy, what could be more inspiring than the flowery meadows above tree-line when the warm sun shines in the six weeks of summer! The full splendour and ecstasy of a whole year's life piled into six weeks after the snow has thawed and before it falls again!

Higher up even the snow itself is alive with the red snow plant and the black glacier flea, like the rest of the world making the most of summer; and as you take your way across the snow to the mountain top, what a wonderful world opens out! How strongly the world has been built, bed after bed of limestone or slate or quartzite, pale grey or pale green or dark red or purple, built into cathedrals or castles,

or crumpled like colored cloths from the rag-bag, squeezed together into arches and troughs, into V's and S's and M's ten miles long and two miles high; or else sheets of rock twenty thousand feet thick sliced into blocks and tilted up to play leap-frog with one another.

And then the sculpturing that is going on! One is right in the midst of the workshop bustle where mountains are being carved into pinnacles, magnificent cathedral doors that never open, towers that never had a keeper—all being shaped before one's eyes out of the mighty beds and blocks of limestone and quartzite that were once the sea bottom. You can watch the tools at work, the chisel and gouge, the file and the sandpaper. All the workmen are hard at it this spring morning in August; the quarryman Frost has been busy over night, as you hear from the thunder of big blocks quarried from the cliffs across the valley; there is a dazzling gleam on the moist, polished rock which craftsman Glacier has just handed over to the daylight; and you can watch how recklessly the waterfall is cutting its way down, slicing the great banks of rock with canyons!

It is inspiring to visit the mountains any day in the year, but especially so in the July and August springtime when a fresh start is made, and plants, animals, patient glaciers, hustling torrents, roaring rivers, shining lakes are all hard at work rough hewing or putting finishing touches on an evernew world.

THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

By ETHEL C. McDONALD

The Alpine Club of Canada, founded by Arthur O. Wheeler, in 1906, has its headquarters in Banff, the Capital of Banff National Park and the key to these Great Hills. The Club House is on Sulphur Mountain, overlooking the village and the valleys of the Bow and Spray Rivers.

The objects of this mountaineering club are thus stated in the constitution: the promotion of scientific study, and exploration of Canadian alpine and glacial regions; the cultivation of art in relation to mountain scenery, and the education of Canadians to an appreciation of their mountain heritage; the encouragement of the mountain crafts, and the opening of new regions as national playgrounds; the preservation of the fauna and flora in their habitat; and the interchange of literature with other alpine and geographical organizations.

*A polar bear
could not find
water colder
than this mod-
ern water
nymph, where
glaciers tumble
into Berg Lake.*



MT. ROBSON

*"In the awed
silence of this
dim high place
One keeping vigil
might not fear
indeed,
If it befell him
that man of old
Who in the moun-
tain met God
face to face."*

THE PROVINCIAL PARKS—BRITISH COLUMBIA

By J. GORDON SMITH

MOUNT ASSINIBOINE PARK

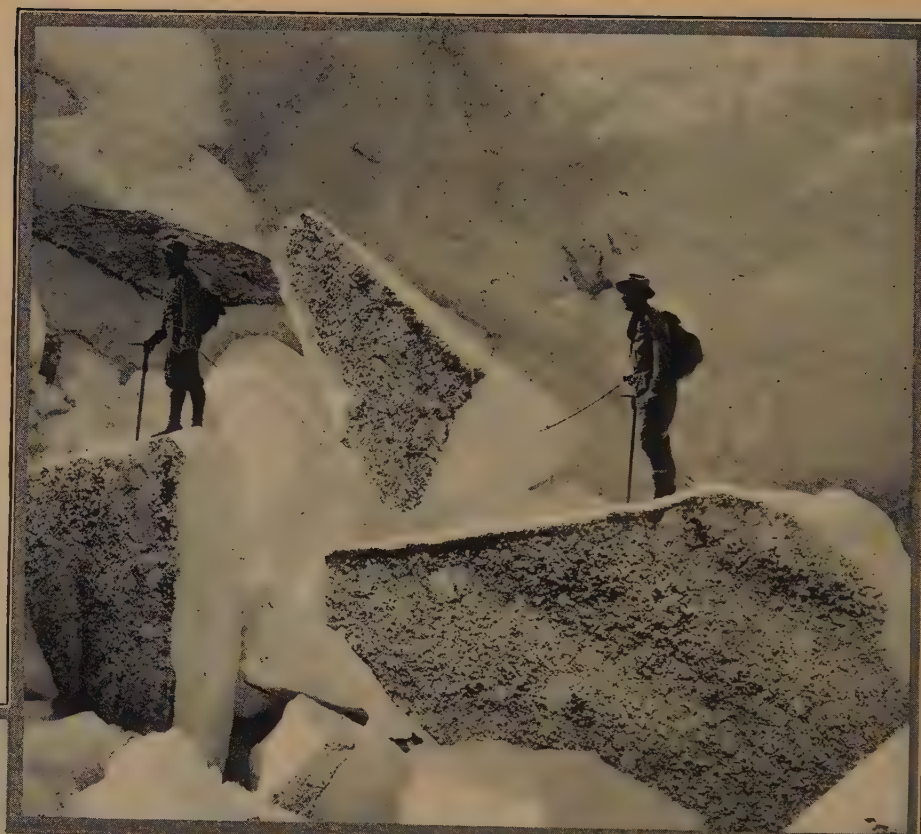
Mount Assiniboine Park covers 20 square miles in the Rockies with Mount Assiniboine as the dominating peak, 11,870 feet high, abutting on the Alberta border. Present access is by trails leading from Banff. Rocky Mountains Park of the Dominion Government adjoins on the east, and the trails lead from it into Mount Assiniboine



Lakes Gog and Magog. Mt. Assiniboine Park, B. C.

Park, which includes a region of mountain peaks, extensive glaciers, beautiful valleys, passes and gloriously colored lakes. It offers much to the mountaineer, for the peaks which rise from the hollow where picturesque Lake Magog lies surrounded by mountains are all good rock climbs, some yet to be scaled. The Alpine Club of Canada has a camp at northeast corner of Lake Magog. Walking tours from Banff are arranged each season.

Members of the Alpine Club of Canada climbing Mount Robson. Each peak calls "Excelsior" to mountaineers who know the lure of Alpine meadows, the hanging valleys and summits wrapped in an imperishable mantle of snow.



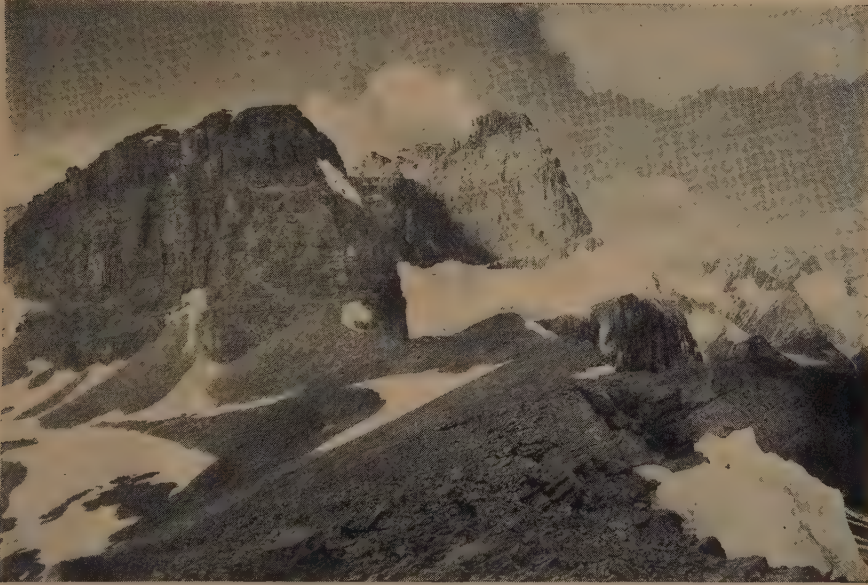
CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

MAIN GLACIER OF MOUNT ROBSON

There is a cleanness and virginity, an exquisite loneliness about many of the Rocky Mountain peaks and valleys that give them a peculiar charm. There is the feeling of having made a new discovery, of having caught Nature unawares at her work of creation, as one turns off from a scarcely-beaten route into one never trodden at all by the feet of white men; and this experience may be had in a thousand valleys among the Rockies.—A. P. COLEMAN.

MOUNT ROBSON PARK

Mount Robson Park covers over 840 square miles of superb alpland in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, dominated by the wondrously colored and majestic Mount Robson, 13,068 feet, set amongst a great array of other peaks exceeding 11,000 feet. It is easy of access.



In Mount Robson Park, B. C.

Mount Robson Park is a primitive alpine mass. It has not a great hotel such as Jasper Park has though two lodges furnish rough accommodations at Berg Lake. Few areas of the Continent, though, offer more allure to the lover of mountain regions. Robson has been scaled—first ascent was by Rev. G. R. B. Kinney, with Donald Phillips as guide, in 1909—and other peaks have been climbed, but many still await the mountaineer to conquer them. Robson Peak, Whitehorn, 11,101 feet, and some other heights, may be termed “mountaineer’s mountains”, difficult summits to reach and held in respect by alpinists. Resplendent is an easy climb. Ropes of five reach the summit in about seven hours. Mt. Mumm, at end of the Whitehorn Range, scarcely 4,000 feet above Robson Pass, with fine mural glacier and ice-fall on thither side, is also an easy climb, at first

through timber, then flowering alps and rock, being a riot of color.

The dominating massif of Robson has been apt to convey an impression that this park has one, and only one, central point of attraction, namely Mt. Robson; but a circuit of 100 miles can be made in a great mountain mass, with mighty snow-clad peaks, great glaciers, widespread snowfields, huge crystal ice-falls; rushing glacial

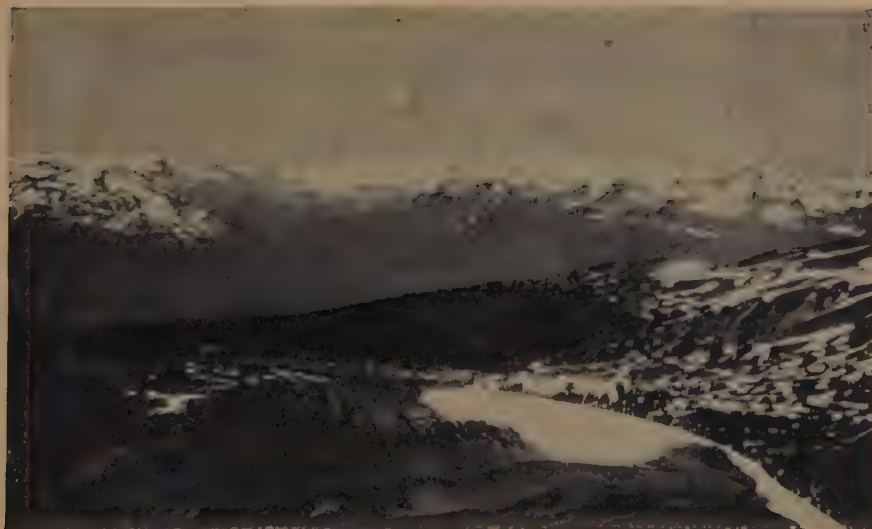


Mount Resplendent.

torrents, leaping waterfalls; green, flower-decked alplands; vast stretches of dark spruce forest; mountain lakes with colorings of brightest hues, one, Berg Lake, with a tumbling glacier beside it from which huge crags of ice fall at times into the lake—and many other features beyond cataloguing, game and flora as well as natural beauties and phenomena which tend to make it an ideal recreation ground. Rev. Mr. Kinney, writing of Robson, said: "This grand, isolated peak, cloaked with untold ages of snow, towers aloft thousands of feet above all neighboring mountains. Here is destined to be the 'Mecca' of the Canadian Alpine world."



Rainbow Lodge, near Garibaldi Park, B. C.



Garibaldi Park, B. C.

STRATHCONA PARK

Strathcona Park, an alpine area of great beauty, covers 800 square miles within a triangle in south central portion of Vancouver Island, reached by trails from end of the Island motor highway, reaching to Campbell River, and extended 11 miles beyond to Forbes Landing on Lower Campbell Lake, or by trails from the highway reaching to Alberni and thence to Sproat and Great Central Lakes. No road is yet built into the park area, and access is by foot over the trail, or with pack ponies. Nature is found in Strathcona Park in primitive state—a mass of majestic mountains rising row on row divided by deep and verdured valleys, with swift streams and rapids and falls; delightful lakes in depressions with varied colorings, reflecting the bordering mountains, and teeming with trout; glaciers, snowfields far above the eternal green of dense coniferous forests; canyons, gorges, waterfalls, and scenic beauties of many and varied kinds. Buttle Lake, largest of the lakes, lying north and south at southeast of the park, is $18\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, 1 mile wide, and is a beautiful spot, with bold promontories indenting the shore, glacier-fed streams falling in waterfalls and cascades, and primeval forest near the shore, broken in places by camping sites on many flats and slopes near mouths of tributary streams.

MT. GARIBALDI PARK

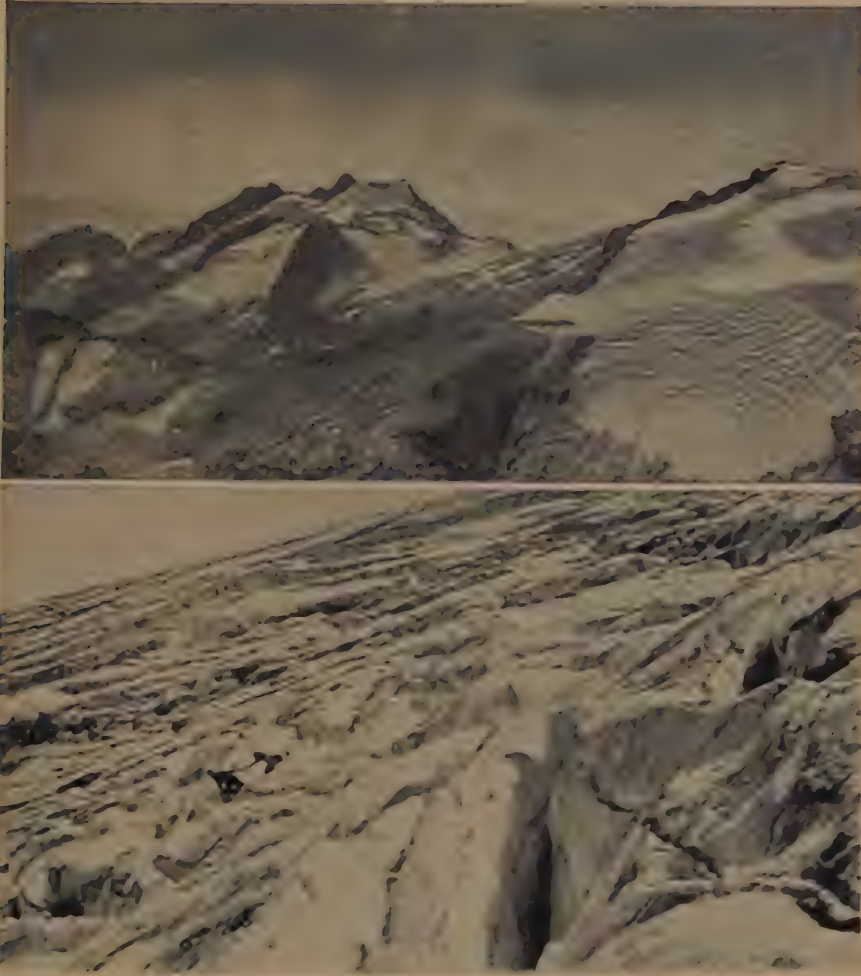
Mt. Garibaldi Park covers over 300 square miles of rugged upland with great peaks, glaciers, snowfields, exquisite mountain lakes and gaily-flowered meadows. It is easily accessible. "The Garibaldi Lake district" says H. E. Coulter, B.C. Mountaineering Club: "with its peaks and glaciers is unquestionably equal to Banff National Park and Strathcona Park in grandeur and variety of its scenery, and Black Tusk meadows—the heart of the district—are within a day's journey from Vancouver. The district offers all the glories and benefits of the Alps at Vancouver's very door."

KOKANEE PARK

Kokanee Park covers 100 square miles of mountain, glacier, lake, stream, forest, and other beautiful natural features, situated cen-

trally in that portion of West Kootenay contained within and bounded by Kootenay Lake and its West Arm on east and south.

Kokanee Park, a place of great beauty, has several serrated mountain ridges with many peaks, highest over 9,000 feet; seven main glaciers, the largest, Kokanee Glacier, covering 8 square miles



Kokanee Glacier and Woodberry Glacier, Kokanee Park, B. C.

on easterly and north-easterly sides of Kokanee Mountain ridge; over 30 picturesque and vari-colored mountain lakes, lying as high as 6,500 feet above the sea; many wildly-dashing mountain torrents, wondrous waterfalls—in fact a region where nature offers great allure to those who love it.



VICTORIA AND ISLAND PUBLICITY BUREAU

*One of Victoria's
picturesque views
from the Malahat
Drive.*

*A stream typical of
many in British Col-
umbia where canoe-
ists may revel in their
strength.*



VICTORIA, THE ISLAND KINGDOM

By FRANK GIOLMA

If you wish to see a little bit of rural England, come and drive through the Saanich Peninsula, and when you pass Old-World farmsteads with their irregular fields divided by high, hawthorn hedges or cobblestone walls, with here and there great Old World country residences, if you know the Old Land, you will feel sure that you are driving in a magic car that has, indeed, carried you across continents and oceans until you are in the very heart of rural England.

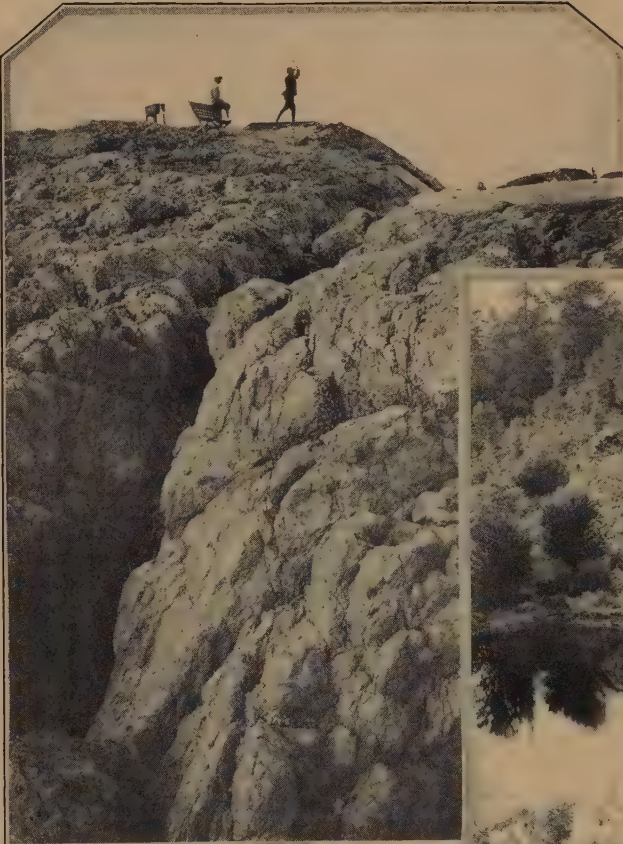
Or if you wish snow-clad peaks with shimmering green glaciers and mighty rushing waterfalls, come to Campbell River Falls, or to the hundred and one other mountain cataracts where millions of tons of water are flung day and night, year's end to year's end, over mountain precipices.

Or perhaps the mountain tops beckon, and you want to climb with Little Eyolf upward towards the peaks—towards the great silence. If so, Mount Arrowsmith or Mount Elkhorn with their diadems of eternal snow will prove irresistible.

Or if the primeval forest calls you, put on your hiking clothes and come into Strathcona, Victoria's National Park, a park set with a mass of majestic mountains rising row on row, piled up tier on tier and divided by deep and often sullen valleys through which swift streams rush, and down into which cataracts rear and fall. Here also you will find those placid mountain lakes, whose surfaces surely have never been ruffled, since the waters fell from the sky and filled them to the brim.

Although you are all the while shut off from the work-a-day world of today, as surely as if you were in the heart of an unknown continent, yet in reality you are never more than a few hours from civilization with its modern hotels and other joys.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, that artist in words, describes Victoria in the following way: "To realize Victoria you must take all that the eye admires most in Bournemouth, Torquay, the Isle of Wight, the Happy Valley at Hong Kong, the Doon, Sorrento, and Camps Bay; add reminiscences of the Thousand Islands, and arrange the whole round the Bay of Naples, with some Himalayas for the background."



VICTORIA AND ISLAND PUBLICITY BUREAU

A drive from a rock tee on the Victoria golf links.

The Sunken Gardens of the Empress Hotel and rose bower at the beautiful capital of British Columbia.

EASTERN CANADA

NOVA SCOTIA

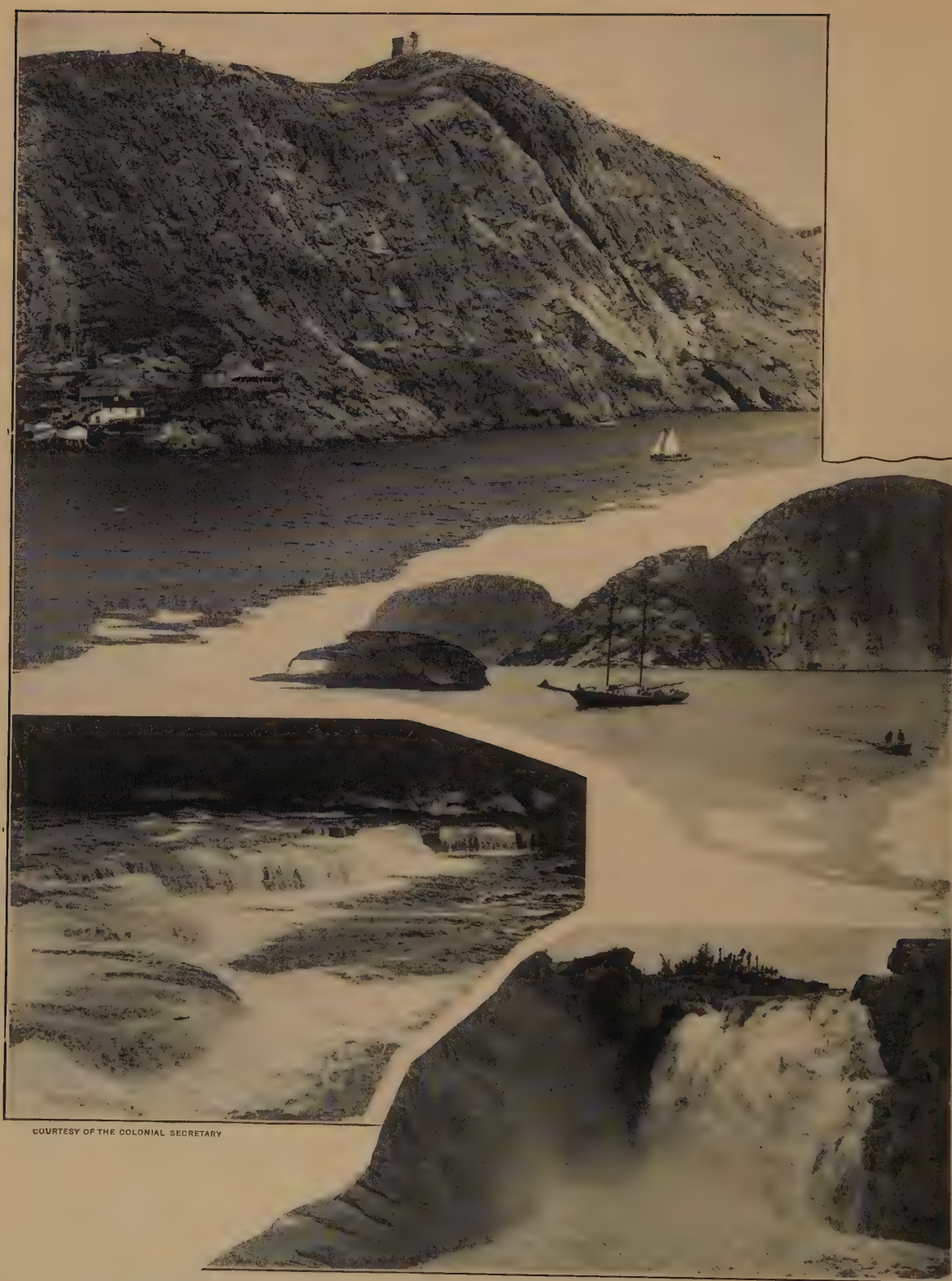
By VICTORIA HAYWARD

No call sounded by the pipes of this New Era is more insistent than that of the Canadian sea-coast. One sometimes wonders if Canadians as a whole even yet realize the important gift bestowed when Heaven gave to Canada so magnificent a coast line as that which the constant sword-play of land and sea traces from St. John, New Brunswick, to the Newfoundland-Labrador boundary. The map of Eastern Canada is "a study in charts" worthy of closest attention. For it is here the Dominion rings up the outside world.

But to get the real "lay of the land," the true spirit of its people, one must not be a stay-at-home, a mere map-student only, but a follower of the Piper leading by the 'longshore road through New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward Island. Canadians must be able to say, "these are our Maritime Provinces," and say it with a pleasurable, personal, as well as deep, national sense. And visitors from other lands must be able to become personally possessive if they are to enjoy the life etched quaintly enough of Grand Pré, of the Valley of the Gaspereau, of the bonnie Hielands o' Cape Breton. One hardly sets foot in any part of this long stretch without being at once conscious that the sea invades all the life of Bluenoseland, that the marine spirit is here in a beautiful, intimate sense, like the figurehead on a ship, both soul and mascot of the "half-island."

SEA COAST HOMES OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES

The open-door to an understanding of the sea coast life, its enthusiasms, its joys, its sorrows and its toils, is by way of the little sea-coast homes edging the 'long-shore road in out-of-the-way coves and harbours, remote from towns, cities and the big sea-ports. These little houses are as a voice in the land; as soon as one heaves in sight by a turn of the road or a dip of the land he instantly feels their personality. Their dimensions may be small, roofs low, windows few, doors narrow—all these things are overlooked because they all



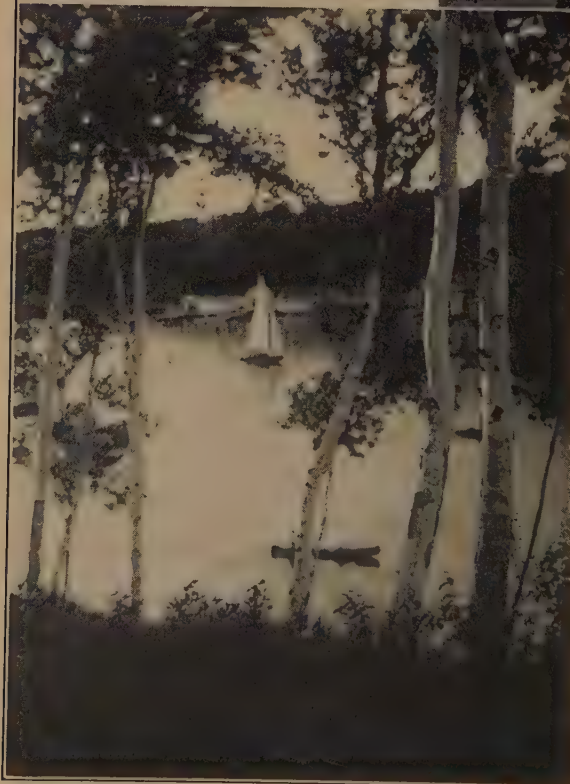
COURTESY OF THE COLONIAL SECRETARY

Newfoundland—the Norway of the New World, loved for its deep inlets and bays. Signal Hill at the entrance of St. John's Harbor, Newfoundland. Smokey Falls, Grey River, is noted for its scenery and splendid opportunities for the sportsman. Fishing is the chief occupation of the inhabitants in this settlement situated on Hermitage Bay. The Humber is one of many rivers in Newfoundland noted for its magnificent salmon fishing. Fish seen jumping the falls.

fit in with the whole, to make a sweet, lovable little place, where we might easily fancy ourselves living happily—the big world far away, the horizon of our wants satisfied by the vision and tang of the gray sea, and the fishboat putting out in the early morning, to come again with the sinews of the evening meal. There are many ways of approaching these sea-coast homes, but the preferable way is—*afoot*. The man or woman, who takes to the open road and puts up where he can when dusk comes down over land and sea, is the voyager likely to have the best adventures and to make the most discoveries. He discovers, primarily, that many tongues are heard in these little sea-coast homes—English, Gaelic, Breton and Acadian-French, and should he go far north enough, some “Huskie.” He will even find little colonies of Jersey Islanders in the midst of the English-Gaelic French stretches. Even so, the traveler coming to any of these sea-side doors in the evening light will never have to beg a place to lay his head. Hospitality is part of the unwritten code of these parts. An additional mouth to feed brings about absolutely no confusion. It matters not which language the housewife speaks. You may not be able to employ her Gaelic or she your English, but her heart is kind and friendly and the sea has taught her to be cosmopolitan. Her door is ajar to visitors; a small matter like languages will never close it. There are many common grounds on which to meet, and always “sign” language and a little ability on both sides to “act out” any situation going beyond the combined vocabularies adds spice. Indeed I think the “acting out” one of the chief charms, particularly in the little French homes.

CAPE BRETON

The interesting fact about Cape Breton is that it has preserved all the characteristics, the language, the customs of its Gallic and Gaelic settlers. Geographically, as well as ethnologically, there is a Gaelic Cape Breton in the north and a Breton Cape Breton in the south. They divide the land between them, and live in the same friendly fashion as did Scotland and France in the days of the Stuarts. Stepping into the northern part of Cape Breton is like adventuring in the Highlands of Auld Scotia. Stepping to the south is an adventure in Brittany.



NOVA SCOTIA PUBLICITY BUREAU

*Peggy's Point, Nova Scotia.
The North West Arm, Halifax.*

*How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music*

Evening at Lunenburg.

At Baddeck, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia.

*Creep in your ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.—SHAKESPEARE*

NEWFOUNDLAND

A casual glance at a map of Newfoundland reveals its striking resemblance to the map of England. And ties of blood and association that intimately bind this oldest Daughter of Mother-country trail down the centuries from the day that Cabot first sighted Bonavista until now. If you wish to step right into the atmosphere of a fine English society that is still "the Island's Own product," take the train to St. John's, the oldest colonial capital in the British Empire.

But the Island of Newfoundland has yet another claim to distinction in its scenery. There is nothing quite like, or perhaps quite equal to, the scenery of Newfoundland, in all America. It so strongly resembles the scenery of Norway that the island is frequently spoken of as "The Norway of the New World"; and its deep inlets and bays are just as frequently referred to as "fjords." But, in reality, Newfoundland scenery gains nothing by these comparisons. The time will come shortly when the scenery of Newfoundland will need no such extraneous supports. It will be sufficient for the voyager to say "I have just returned from Newfoundland" for his coterie of friends to know he has voyaged among scenes of superlative beauty.

The guide-books have a way of declaring Newfoundland to be "The Sportsman's Paradise," and, if you have ever taken your gun under arm and sallied forth after caribou, or had a thirty-pound salmon rise to your fly in either the Big or the Little Codroy Rivers, you can personally testify that the writers of those same guide-books do not exaggerate.

It is little to be wondered at, therefore, that the "Sportsman" from the New England States, from Canada and from Old England is a figure often chanced upon in the glens, and "beating the streams" of the Codroy Mountains, in the West. Nothing is quite so romantic as sitting by a deep pool, the one selected by your guide as "the very best," and watching for the supreme moment when "the big one" springs to life at the end of your line.

But the tramp to get to the pool has its romance, too. For the scenery of inland Newfoundland, its fields of daisies, its sheep in the lanes, the fog lifting and swirling like wraith-figures of light dancers about the brows of the mountains, all combine to create an atmosphere of enchantment, the more enchanting perhaps, that the numbers of its discoverers are not yet so many as to wear away the edge of exclusiveness.

QUEBEC

(Anonymous)

Standing as it does, perched on a rock and scattered up a cliff, Quebec occupies a position remarkable—temperamentally as well as topographically—amongst the cities of America.



Chateau Frontenac and Street Scene, Quebec.

Quebec was the birthplace of North America. It was already established when the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock. It has grown old so gracefully and so gradually that it has not found it necessary to obliterate the successive stages of its growth. It has kept beautiful, massive buildings that were the characteristics of an

older day when men built both massively and beautifully. With the name of Quebec are linked those of the heroic priests, soldiers and pioneers who established civilization in the new world—such as Jacques Cartier, Samuel de Champlain, Count Frontenac, the intrepid explorer La Salle, Bishop Laval, and the heroic missionary, Mother Marie de l'Incarnation. Also associated with the fame of Quebec are the memories of two illustrious soldiers, who finished on its soil the long struggle between two great nations for mastery of the New World—and who both died on the field of battle: the one English, James Wolfe, and the other French, the Marquis de Mont-calm.



Dufferin Terrace, Triple-Track Toboggan slide. Chateau Frontenac.

Quebec is one of the most interesting cities of America. It is the cradle of New France, and practically every foot of it shows traces of heroic deeds accomplished by men of courage and faith who exerted themselves, in a country full of mysteries and obstacles, for the cause of their religion and fatherland. Not only is it a city full of history, but also a city of beauty. With its citadel crowning Cape Diamond, with its girdle of old walls, with the mountains

which adorn its environments, with its spacious harbour made up of an extension of the blue green water of the St. Lawrence River, it is certainly very attractive and deserves more than a cursory view from all who admire the beauties of nature.

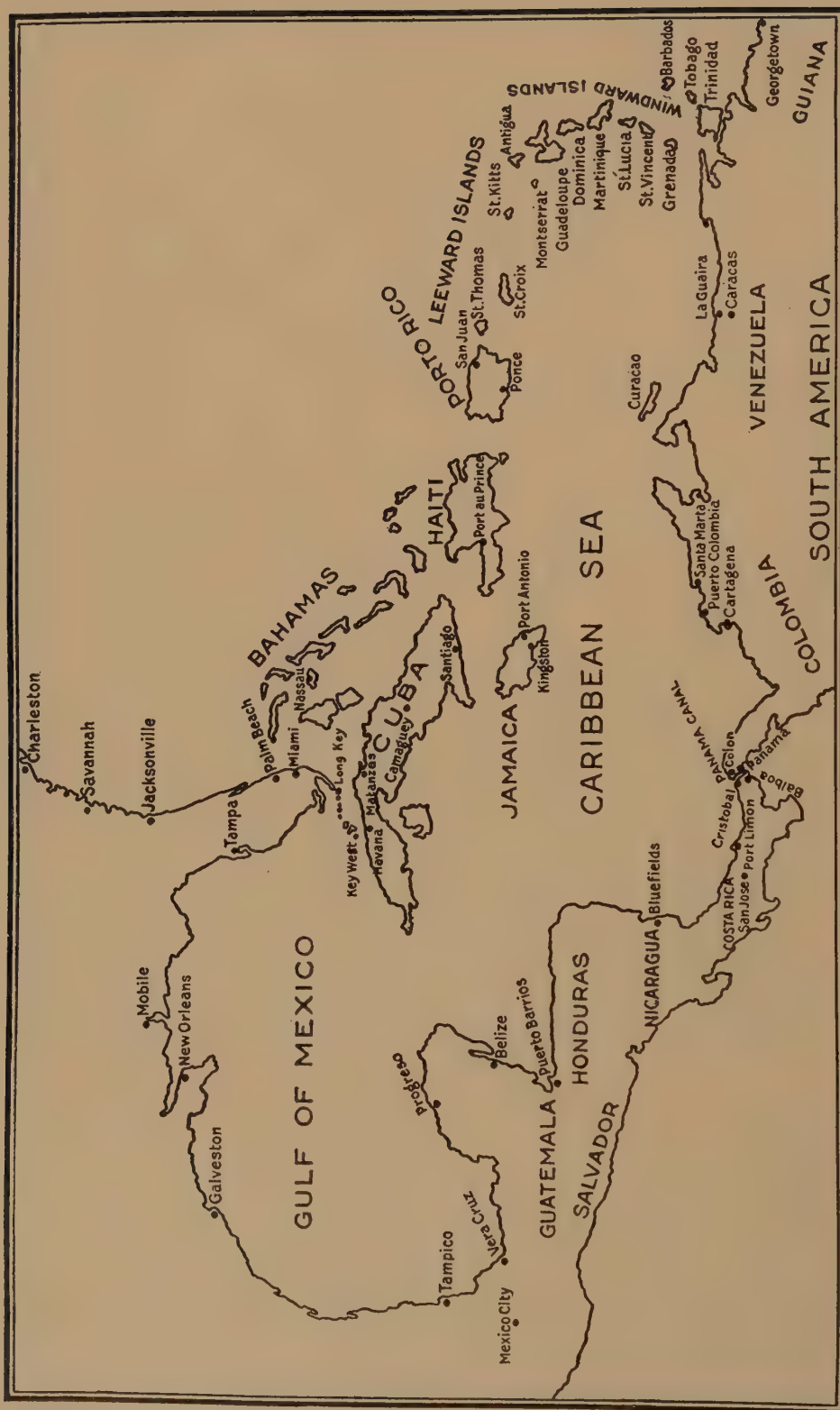
From Quebec, the tourist may pay a visit to the Beaufré coast, where flourishing parishes can be seen with, in the background, an impressive and picturesque landscape. Montmorency Falls and Ste. Anne-de-Beaufré are amongst the places worth visiting in that region. Besides these, there are parishes where traces of old settlement during the French regime are still visible in the shape of old-fashioned houses and ancient churches. Going down the St. Lawrence



Capes Trinity and Eternity. Saguenay River, Canada.

as far as Tadoussac, one may see on either side of the river both very picturesque summer-resorts, such as Les Eboulements, La Malbaie, St. Irénée, Cap-a-l'Aigle, and very rich farms of which the monotony is broken up by little neat white houses and beautiful shade trees. Such a trip would take the tourist to the majestic Saguenay, at the outlet of which is to be found Tadoussac, where a quaint old little church may be seen which is worth remembering from an historical standpoint. In fact, the Province of Quebec, is certainly a section wherein a student of history will find most to interest him.

Caribbean and South



Cuba—Pearl of the Antilles

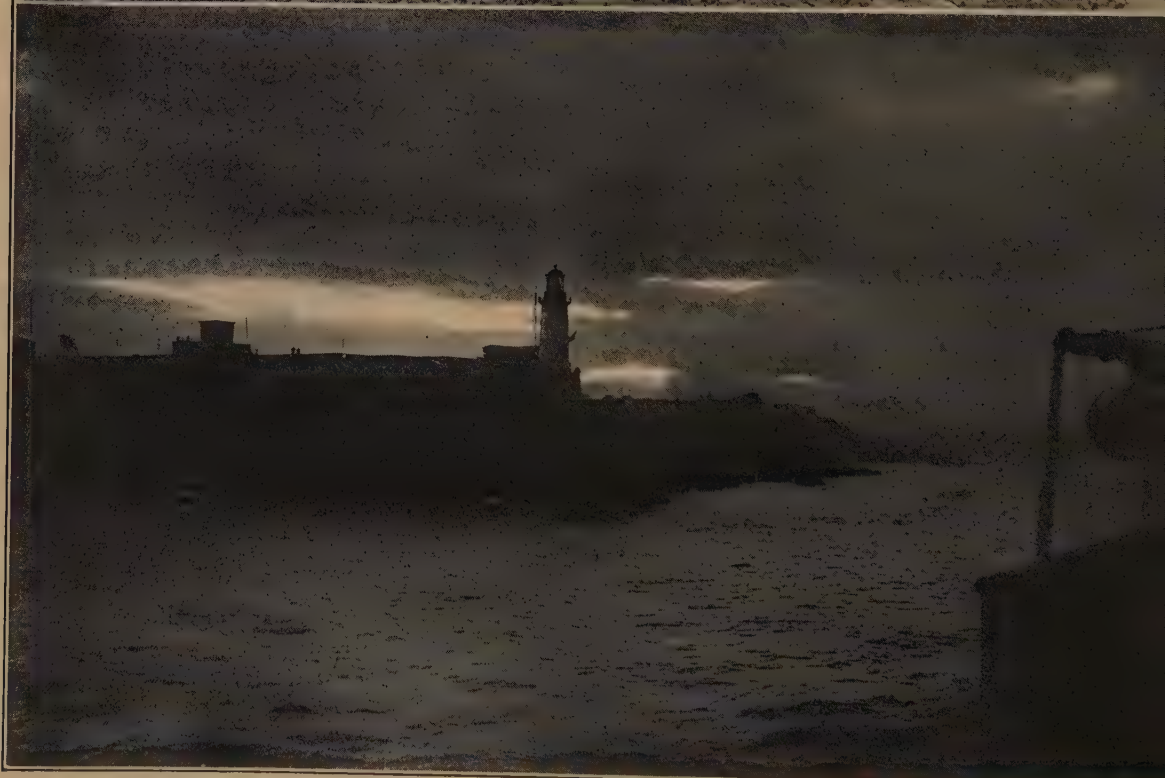
By COLTON P. JAMES

THE first glimpse of near-by Cuba is an exposé of coral. Coral coming up out of a blue, just blue—sea to make land and one of the great mysteries of the world. A coral-stone land—think how it was made, of its age, of its usefulness, of its anchorage down there in the depths of the sea, of its continual fight against that same sea, always trying to destroy!

One of the most venerable and dramatic "bits" of architecture in the world is old Morro Castle that pushes itself, a bit of coral-stone, out of the coral-stone point of land at the mouth of Havana Harbor.

Las Palmas, the pride of La Isla, has its place but Morro needs no crown of green! Rather his great foot planted in the green sea—holding against the continual charges of the white cavalry of Neptune—attains in struggle something nobler. No tree in the world, I take it, could ever stir one as does the contemplation of treeless Morro in its grim cliffs.

Now there is no doubt in my mind but that the mental picture we carry of the Tropics is a good one to carry and true, but it is one that must not be applied as we approach from sea. No land is so jealous of values as the Tropics. She leads up to her best by well-graded steps. She always conceals much from us—camouflages her real self; leads us on by a fine ribbon of curiosity and interest; but snaps connections easily. Those who follow with care find many rare doors open to them, doors of pleasure, of business, of power. No one, however, will ever find here a door closing upon the elemental—upon sea and sky and sunlight.



WHITE STAR LINE

Morro Castle, Havana, is always interesting, for imagination plays around it, whether seen by the light of the sun or moon.

Cuba always reminds one of the great "Exhibition Hall" with many rooms, and in the many rooms almost infinite "exhibits."

With the picturesque atmosphere of Old Spain, and with many houses and forts dating back three and four hundred years, the people of Havana have interwoven all those facilities and attractions which make up the life of a modern pleasure resort. Walk through the "old City" and you will see quaint, balcony-hung streets, incredibly narrow, and proclaiming in every line medieval Seville or Castille. Go out in the Vedado or Mariano and you will see residences and country houses of the most modern and palatial type, affording all recreations and sports dear to the heart of young America.

In the heart of the city you can live in Spanish style or in American style, just as you prefer. You can sample the delights of quaint foreign cooking or stick to the good old dishes you are fond of at home. There are operas and plays direct from Spain, as contrasted with American movies. In a word, the old and the new, the exotic and the familiar, this is Havana.

Cuba is a tropical island. This means a mild, attractive climate, luxurious vegetation of all kinds, and, best of all, with its season from November to March for the followers of the horse, bathing, tennis and other games, a paradise of outdoor sports.

At Oriental Park, just outside of Havana, is a race track of international renown. The season runs from November to March, and attracts many famous horses and their followers. The Cuban Derby, the Grand Prize of Cuba and the Grand National Handicap are also fascinating.

Let sugar and tobacco, climate and language, geographical position and harbors, architecture and a thousand such things, stand for the rooms. In language what a world! A new world is unrolled before adventuring folk in that magic word "Spanish." In "geographical position" what a pair of drawing rooms are the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico! How many distinguished men one meets here in these two most magnetic salons of sea-America. All the fine spirits of the olden days met here in Cuba—Drake, Cortez and Columbus. They talked all their trips over with La Senora. And in turn, her geographical position has opened to Cuba many rare pages of history. Not a dry-as-dust history of mere facts, but a history vibrant as a novel. Something that lives in the present.



WARD LINE

Palms appear more companionable than other trees for they grow in groups, or couples two and two. They are also more weird on a windswept night, when they wail as living creatures in the air.

Rural Cuba has a beauty all its own for the pastoral meadows are combined with vistas of inspiring grandeur.

Cortez may be but a name to us of the north, but to Cuba he was a living personality—a man who walked her streets.

Columbus Cathedral, sepulchre of Columbus, is not only a beautiful cathedral, but a place of traditions. The Abbey of La Isla, is mute witness of centuries of life and action.

In her harbors—Cuba's hundred harbors—what ships have not cast anchor? What sea adventurers of the East and West and now of the North and South have not "danced the hornpipe?"

The charm of Cuba lies partly in the fact that in her vast gallery from Penar del Rio to Oriente she shows canvases to suit all tastes, so that the visitor, business man, seeker after health, sportsman, is irresistibly drawn thither again and again.

BERMUDA—THE CORAL ISLE

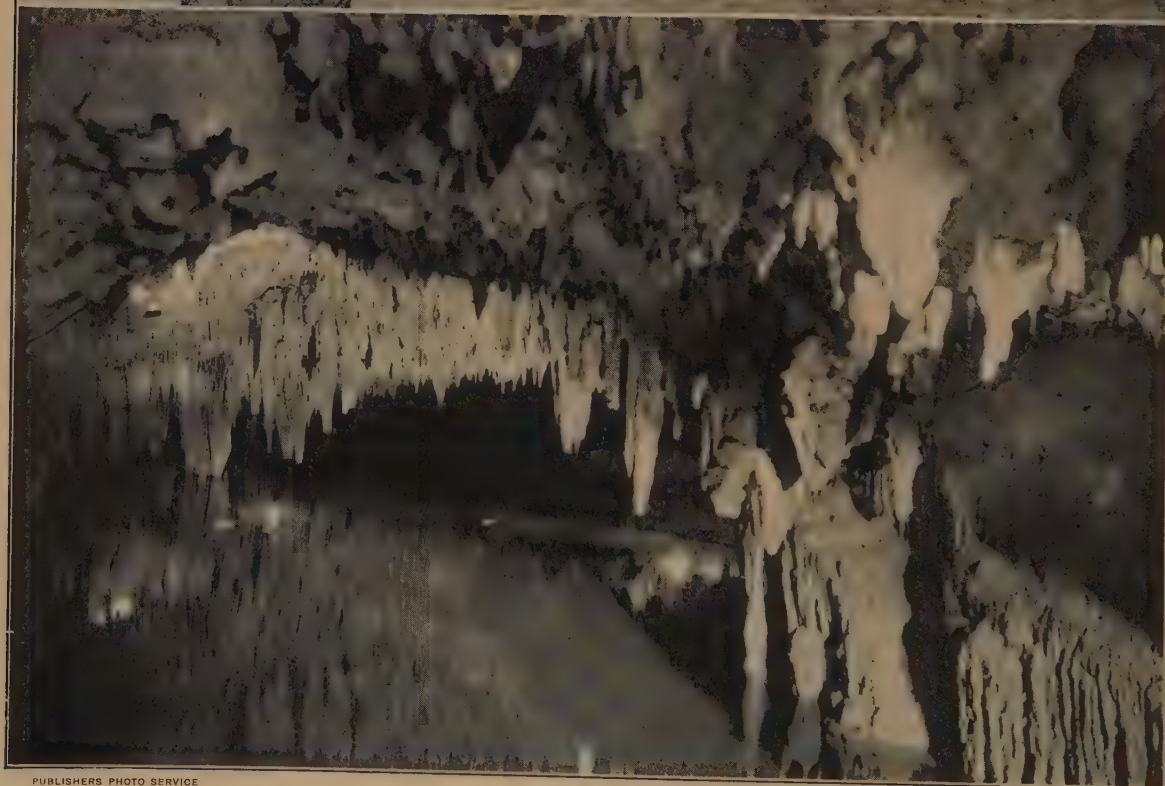
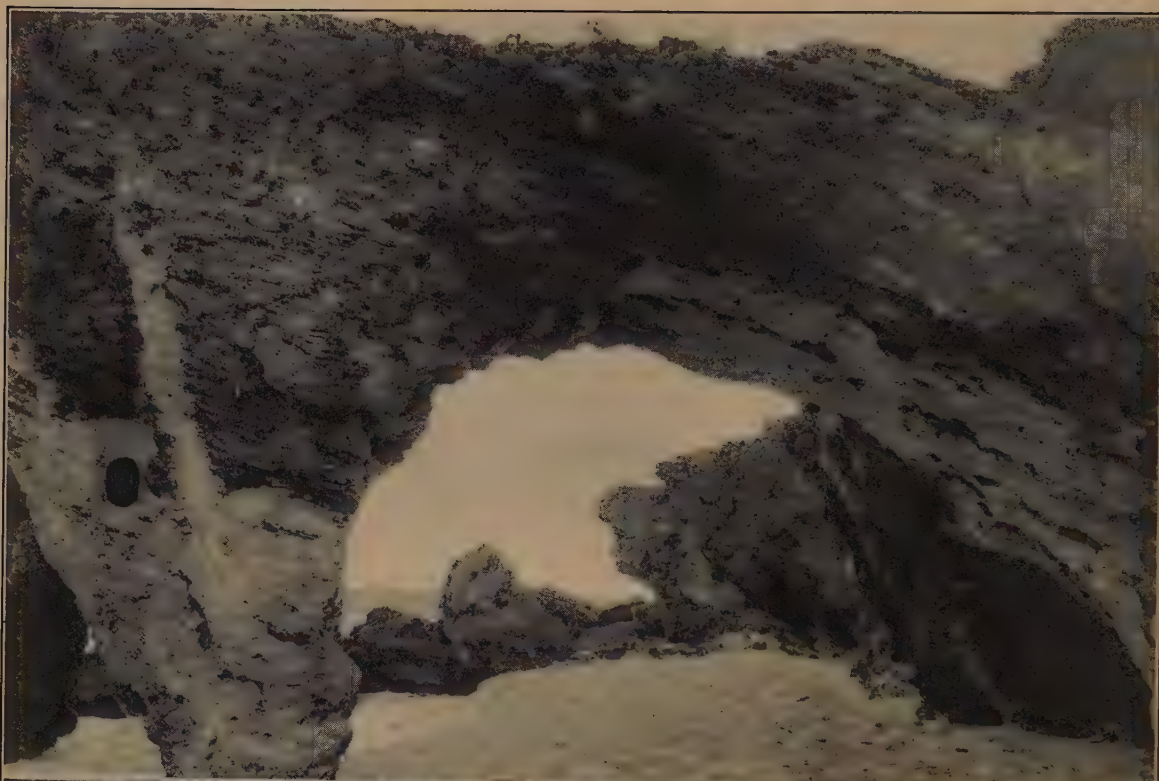
In the Atlantic Ocean, south of the Gulf Stream, six hundred miles east from Charleston, South Carolina, and about seven hundred miles to the south and east of New York, there has been growing for untold centuries on the top of a submarine mountain a cluster of coral islands. Their peaks now rise several hundred feet above the sea, and the whole presents a wonderful picture of hill and vale, covered with a semi-tropical growth, marvelously vivid in coloring, with magnificent ocean views and charming island vistas. A poem, written in 1681, addressed to this spot, is of interest at this date.

BERMUDAS

BY ANDREW MARVELL

*Where the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that row'd along
The listening winds received this song:
"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air;*

*He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;
From Lebanon He stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
.....
Oh! let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay!"*



PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE

Natural Arches are on the South Shore of Tuckers Town, Bermuda, and one could well imagine these the original design for bridges.

The islands of Bermuda are dotted with Crystal Caves—a rendezvous for the gnomes of children's books.

PORTO RICO—THE LAND OF SUMMER

By CLAUDIO CAPO

In Porto Rico it is always Summer. Trade winds are always refreshing and a temperature above 75 degrees in the summer is the exception rather than the rule. During the winter months the average temperature is fully ten degrees less.

"An American Switzerland," Theodore Roosevelt called Porto Rico after motoring through its hills and valleys. The scenery is all that this description suggests, yet it has a character all its own. The beauty of the island should be seen, not inadequately pictured in words.



Fort San Geronimo. Porto Rico.

Porto Rico was among the first countries in the New World to be settled from Europe. Spain sent out colonists immediately following the discoveries of Columbus. For 400 years the island was under Spanish domination, and the Spanish influence is everywhere in buildings, bridges, the roadways, the plaza about which each town is built, the churches and the people themselves.

To the desire for new territory, which led Columbus and his followers on, was shortly added the quest for gold and silver. Treasure laden ships, returning to Spain, made of Porto Rico for years the



PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE

The rocky coast of Porto Rico, (rich harbor) at San Juan was named by Columbus. It was invaded and conquered by Spaniards under Ponce de

center of the pirate's hunting ground. Here Drake (1595) and Kidd and other of their kind were familiar figures. At different times the English (1595 and 1597) French (1543 and 1556) and Dutch (1625) attempted to seize the control of the island from Spain; and to protect against such attacks the elaborate fortifications at El Morro (1554) San Cristobal (1631) and San Geronimo (1700) were erected. They are remarkably well preserved today and as government reservations may be visited with proper permission. Until recent years the whole city of San Juan was surrounded by a great wall, most of which still remains. The old sea gate stands today almost as when built in 1739.

MEXICO—LAND OF ROMANCE

By COLTON P. JAMES

Mexico has been called "The Egypt of the Western Hemisphere." Its legends, romance and history have come down to us from the time of Aztec splendors and the Spanish Conquistadores. But to this storied and colorful past is added a generous endowment of modern civilization. The country's present charm lies not only in the crumbling records of stone and mortar, but also in its beautiful cities, smiling landscapes and courteous people.

The glowing sunshine, the snow-capped peaks, the picturesque dress and customs of the natives, the Spanish architecture, the life and glitter of cosmopolitan centres—all combine to present a vivid panorama of never-failing delight. No European trip offers greater thrills than the majestic summits of Orizaba, Popocatepetl, Ixtaccihuatl and Toluca; the yawning chasms of the Tuxpan and Tamasopo Rivers; the ruins of Mitla, Palenque and Xochicalco, or the despoiled Pyramids of Cholula, the Sun and the Moon. All the wealth and beauty of tropical vegetation is to be found in the coast sections and in the high central plateau about Mexico City. As for climate, summer and winter are much the same in a large part of the country. Nature has been kind in her endowment, for the weather is one long spring in the higher altitudes, balmy during the day and pleasantly cool at night.

In this delightful setting the visitor finds that well arranged itineraries, comfortable modes of travel and competent guides



smooth the way, adding not only to his physical comfort but filling the days with absorbing pleasure.

Mexico is often spoken of as "a foreign land a step away," and travelers who know will tell you that it offers attractions quite as strange, quite as fascinating and distinctive as are to be found on many of the beaten tourist paths of Europe. The fact that many languages and dialects are spoken in Mexico gives some idea of the wide range of elements which unite to form this old land of the New World. Because of its diversity of appeal, Mexico is popular among all classes of travelers. The seeker after strange peoples and customs, the nature lover, the sportsman and the person who enjoys the glitter and romance of a Latin city have their desires all perfectly satisfied.

THE WONDERS OF YUCATAN

Lavish in its offerings from the dead ages and lying under the spell of antiquity, Yucatan is in its present-day life a sort of twentieth-century Utopia.

Admirers of the relics of former ages, instead of journeying to Italy, Greece or Egypt, can find today in Yucatan monuments of ancient architecture quite as interesting as those of the Eastern Hemisphere. The builders of these mute records were the ancient Maya Indians, whose descendants still constitute a majority of the inhabitants of Yucatan, and preserve many of the ways and manners of their ancestors.

These Maya Indians inherit their good habits from one of the world's oldest civilizations, one which dates back at least 2,000 years. The highly intelligent race which once inhabited the ruined cities to be seen today at Uxmal, Chichen Itza and other interesting places boasted engineers, astronomers and scientists. Their architects had mastered the secrets of the round corner and the keyless arch and their artists wrought designs quite as fascinating as those of Egypt. They occupied a vast territory stretching down into Guatemala and their reign only ended with the coming of the Spaniards under Montejo.

The rather flat, uninviting shore line at Progreso belies the attractions of the interior. While those who do not elect to land may enjoy excellent fishing, as the steamer lies far off the shallows at this point, the more adventurous can explore the city. A stop-over enables you to visit Merida.



The traveler of today, when he comes into this majestic country of beautiful scenery and ancient heritage, will feel himself under the charm of a civilization many centuries old. When he steps into the brooding quiet of some mighty chamber whose walls once sheltered kings, he cannot but experience the dignity that years bestow. With little strain upon his imagination he can visualize the march of events, the tyranny of conquest, and the mighty powers of which these ruins are eloquent evidence. He can reconstruct the horror of heathen sacrifices in lonely moonlit temples and can hear in fancy weird cries rising on the soft and mysterious night wind. Mexico and its ruins are a stimulus to grand and awe-inspiring thoughts—a country which had its arts and sciences at a time when North America was only a forest.

No Rosetta Stone has yet unlocked the mystery of Yucatan inscriptions. What marvelous facts of ancient history disappeared in the burning of 5,000 Mayan manuscripts by the invading Spaniards no one can even conjecture. We can only stand in awe-struck wonder before these silent proofs of former magnificence.

It is a hundred-mile journey from Merida to the coast city of Campeche, but for those not pressed for time well worth the effort. The Spaniards found Campeche an exceedingly war-like place, and in its many forts and battlemented walls, the visitor is strongly reminded of its eventful and even buccaneering history.

IN MEXICO CITY

Mexico is a gay city, joyous and carefree, and once you have come under her spell, you forget all your troubles and give yourself over entirely to vacation enjoyments. The way you spend your time will naturally be greatly influenced by your individual tastes, but rare is that traveler who does not experience a feeling of awed interest in the tremendously historic atmosphere that pervades this oldest city in America.

Before the Aztecs, the Nahuatlacas dwelt here, and before them the Chichimecs, the Toltecs, stretching back for countless ages into dim antiquity. The very foundations of the towering pile of the great cathedral rest on sculptured Indian images and blocks from the huge temple, where thousands of human beings, at one time or another, were offered in sacrifice to heathen gods.

It is said that three distinct civilizations lie buried in this city of antiquity. If you were permitted to do a little digging yourself, you might unearth a jade ornament, or a small statue or a dish.



Chapultepec Park. Mexico City.

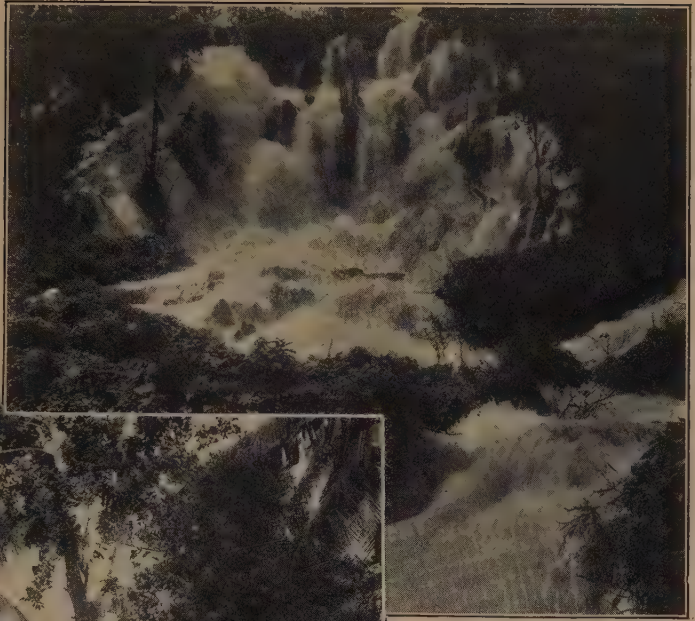
Even at beautiful Chapultepec Park, where the President of Mexico has his castle, you are on ground sacred to the Aztecs. As you sit on the café terrace and look over the smiling expanses of the Valley of Mexico, it is not hard to imagine Montezuma surveying his domains from this same spot.

THE DIVERSITY OF NATURE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

*Ah, what a master artist Nature is!—
Ever the same, yet just the same no more.
The poet's rimes are like old rimes of his,
The singer sings the songs he sang of yore,
But Nature paints each scene a different hue,
Models in different forms her million vales;
Nature is ever olden, ever new—
Artist whose inspiration never fails.*

The Roaring River Falls, Jamaica, are truly beautiful in their tropical setting of green.



Wayside scenes in Jamaica are usually void of hurry and bustle, depicting the leisurely life of the south.



TOURIST TRADE DEVELOPMENT BUREAU

Coastal scene, where the streams move slowly and the palm trees appear weary of holding themselves straight in the heat of the sun. Jamaica cannot be visualized as a low lying flat Island, for its mountains soar into the tropical sky; and blue are the waters of the Caribbean.



MUNSON S. S. COMPANY

"A cruise to the West Indies!" are words that sound as a call from the old Spanish Main—a call to clamber aboard a high decked galleon to scud over magic seas. One pictures here a life of leisure and pleasure in the warmth and sun; here are dreamy waters skirting shores where Nature has employed her most subtle artistry.—The golf course at Nassau lies in a tropical setting of palms.—The new Colonial Hotel at Nassau overlooks a tranquil sea.

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Books of Interest

TO THE TRAVELER IN AMERICA

ROMANTIC CANADA

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Limited

"Romantic Canada" aims to give, and from the hands of two women singularly fitted to give it, the story of Canada in the romance of its simple industries simply accomplished. It gives the story in word and in picture of all sorts and conditions of folk, as they are to be found in the faraway and little-visited territories of the Dominion. Author and artist have left the beaten track, for it is in the highways and byways that this particular Canada,

which is passing as we grow in population and as steel links territory to territory, the more easily and the more quickly, is to be found. The photographs and discussion of the hinterland of Canada are quite unique in the history of Canadian literature and photographic art. The publishers have been at some pains to make a book which in format is worthy of Miss Hayward's glowing text, and of the exquisite work of Miss Watson's camera.

THE SKYLINE TRAIL

Bobbs-Merrill Company

Spirited verse about the cowboy and the buckaroo, the riders of the range; lovely poems with the roses of Oregon, with Portland by day and night, with the miraculous beauty of Mount Hood; the praise of the trees and the lakes of the West; portraits of Westerners; vignettes

of the Rockies and of the Pacific; the joys and adventures of the gypsy trail.

These are the poems of THE SKYLINE TRAIL. Miss Davies sings of the Great Outdoors and every line of her verse is so free and so gallant and gay, it must have been written in the open.

BEAUTIFUL AMERICA

By VERNON QUINN

Frederick A. Stokes Company

A delightful description of the natural beauty and scenic wonders of America; told entertainingly with many Indian legends and bits of history. The mountains, lakes, seashore, famous canyons and waterfalls, the desert, mineral springs—favorite vacation-spots and little-known wonder places are included in this compre-

hensive volume, which covers all of the United States and Alaska. Especial attention is devoted to America's great playgrounds, the National Parks and National Monuments. An enjoyable book for the tourist or for the stay-at-home. Thirty-nine photographs, one in colors, and an attractive box.

TRAIL CRAFT

By DR. CLAUDE P. FORDYCE

With an Introduction by Stewart Edward White
Stewart Kidd Co.

Practical information on equipment for motor tours and mountaineering, the choice of a tent, building a cabin, first-aid methods, desert travel, outdoor cuisine, etc.

The Author, an enthusiastic out-doorsman and an experienced wilderness

traveller, is on the staff of Outdoor Life and is a member of the Sierra Club, the Colorado Mountain Club, etc. His acquaintance with the National Parks and the remote wilderness regions of the United States and Alaska gives authenticity to his words.

Books of Interest

THE CAROLINA MOUNTAINS

BY MARGARET W. MORLEY

Houghton-Mifflin

It is of that part of the Blue Ridge mountains that cluster about Traumfest that Miss Morley writes: that corner of America where in season the whole landscape is suffused with the glow of peach blossoms.

From the dainty and fragile beauty of these blossoms to the grim and stark realities of mountain life, she gives us a

truthful and interestingly written picture. The mountain school, the carnival, the "Robin Hood" of this region: the moonshiner, each are fascinatingly and accurately described. She also vividly presents the natural beauties of the neighborhood, and supplements her writing with two dozen photographs which she took herself.

CAPE COD—NEW AND OLD

BY AGNES EDWARDS

Houghton-Mifflin

The author of this interesting study of picturesque Cape Cod does not belong to that increasingly large number of summer tourists who are making their first acquaintance with the place. Her memory goes back to the period when Cape Cod was not covered with the network of automobile roads always choked with traffic, to the time when the annual pilgrimage of cape visitors was made by horse and buggy.

Thus it is that she is able to give to

the reader an account deliciously flavored with tradition, and consistently in the Cape Cod feeling. The various chapters of the book take up one by one the towns and settlements which dot the cape from Bourne to Provincetown, sketching briefly their history, and bringing to the mind of the reader (whether he has visited the cape or not) a vivid picture of each of these quaint villages as it is to-day. The book contains more than forty illustrations by Louis H. Ruyt.

MY FIRST SUMMER IN THE SIERRA

BY JOHN MUIR

Houghton-Mifflin

This is a book which tells of the first visit by the great American naturalist to that part of the California mountains where rise the Merced and the Tuolumne rivers. This was in the early days of his career, in 1869 to be exact. He had spent the preceding summer in the Yosemite region and had his eyes open to the beauties of the region. Accordingly when he was approached by a sheep-owner with the offer of work as overseer to go with a shepherd and a large flock as it moved

gradually higher through the successive force belts in the weather of melting snow, he accepted with alacrity. Accompanied by a large St. Bernard dog, he set out on the third of June and returned late in September.

The book is made up of extracts from his journal and is, as all readers of his other books are aware, filled with his personality and his overmastering love of nature. It is illustrated with numerous sketches made by the author on this trip.

DELAWARE AND THE EASTERN SHORE

BY EDWARD NOBLE VALLANDIGHAM

J. B. Lippincott Co.

"Charming little lands like charming little women excite love and loyalty," so writes the author of his home land. He writes, indeed, like a lover and reveals the elusive charm of this region which is distinguished by its variety of appeal. He tells of its story, its people, their aspirations, occupations and their recreations,

and of its cities, towns, houses, churches, social characteristics, education and the like. Entertainment, humor and mellow wisdom mark this through-going book on a fascinating section of our country. Special attention is given the Chesapeake with all it implies. 80 Illustrations and a Map. Handsome octavo.

Books of Interest

JOHN T. FARIS' AMERICAN TRAVEL SERIES

J. B. Lippincott Co.

SEEING CANADA

Colored Frontispiece

In 1920, 93,300 motor cars entered Canada from the United States, while in 1922 the number increased to 916,329. For the greatly increasing number wishing to know all about Canada, Dr. Faris has written this book intended to give

150 Photographs in Doubletone

complete satisfaction for the traveller, for the one who wishes to make his residence there, or the one who, finding travel impossible, desires to know Canada through books.

SEEING THE FAR WEST

113 Photographs.

Besides the famous landmarks of the Far West, like the Yellowstone, Yosemite, etc., this book also describes the lesser known, though almost as beautiful and interesting places, such as Salton Sink, Zion Canyon and places farther removed from the railroad. Dr. Faris connects many classic narratives of American ad-

Colored Frontispiece.

venture, such as Evarts' "Thirty-nine Days Wandering in the Yellowstone," with the places described. West from Colorado and Montana to California, and from New Mexico to Washington, the wonderland of the United States is opened to the book traveller.

SEEING THE MIDDLE WEST

91 Photographs.

The Middle West is a land of beauty and interest little known by the inhabitants of other parts of the country. It is thought of as a land of manufacture and agriculture, but its historical associations and scenic beauty also merit our interest.

Dr. Faris takes us along the Great Lakes through Minnesota, the Dakotas, River Platte, Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Mississippi, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and the Rivers of Ohio.

SEEING THE EASTERN STATES

90 Photographs.

The author's trips are not entirely made by train. Much of his travelling through Maine was done by canoe. By a wealth of anecdote and keen sense of historical values, he takes us through Maine, including Lafayette National Park and Mt. Katadin; New Hampshire; Vermont;

Massachusetts; the environs of Boston; from Long Island to Nantucket; the Valley of the Connecticut River; round about New York City; Hudson Highlands; from Troy to Buffalo; Niagara Falls; New Jersey; Delaware; Philadelphia, and Pennsylvania.

SEEING THE SUNNY SOUTH

115 Photographs and 2 Maps.

The sunny South is shown us through the following routes: The Valleys of Virginia and Maryland; up the James River; through North and South Carolina and Georgia; along the Chattahoochie and Savannah Rivers; the West Coast

and Everglades of Florida are described with Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Palm Beach, Miami and Fishing in Florida. Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Kentucky and West Virginia are visited in turn.

Books of Interest

Macmillan Co. (New York) Series

CALIFORNIA TRAILS

BY TROWBRIDGE HALL

The Old Spanish Missions of Southern California have always been a goal of pilgrimage for the traveler. They form one of the most interesting links with the Old-World past to be found in this country; even in their decay they are beautiful specimens of architecture; and the legends and stories connected with them and the ancient forms of religious ceremonial still observed under their roofs—for example, the Nativity Mystery played at Santa Clara—are full of interest for the student of folk-lore and a source of inspiration to the devout worshipper.

Information as to all these matters and many more is contained in a charming, eminently readable book for travelers,—“*Californian Trails*” by Trowbridge Hall. The author himself made the trip along “The Royal Road” (El Camino Real) which runs from San Diego in the South to Sonoma in the North, connecting the twenty-one lovely missions like a string of pearls.

As he sauntered on his pilgrimage—“sauntering” is a appropriate gait of

pilgrims, being derived, as he tells us, from Sainte-Terre, the French crusaders’ goal,—the author saw and heard all those intimate things that are the life of a place. Other items of ancient but still lasting human interest, he unearthed from the pages of Bancroft, Hittel and the Spanish Fathers.

Here they all are, woven into a fascinating record—from the first picture of medieval hospitality on the great estates of the early-missions, thru heroic legends such as that of Father Junipero, quaint folk-stories such as that of the Four Cats, wild melodrama such as that of The Pearls of Loretto,—to the last story of all, of the Bear Flag Revolution and the emergence of California into modern conditions.

All those who have sauntered or who expect to saunter along Californian trails will enjoy this book of the Old Missions. For the traveler at home, it will prove even more fascinating, with the descriptions made vivid by the many photographs.

THE DINGBAT OF ARCADY

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

This is a book of memories. It tells how Mrs. Wilkinson and her husband traveled on singing rivers and blue bays in The Dingbat of Arcady, The Royal Dingbat, and The Long Canoe and on

roads, brown, yellow, and white, in Frankie Ford and Rover Chug-chug. It is a most personal record of small, but sprightly adventures.

WHAT TO SEE IN AMERICA

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

“What to See in America” is a compact volume in which each state in the union has a chapter, and the most important cities are given additional chapters. The book is concerned chiefly with nature, history, industry, literature, legend, and biography.

Hitherto Mr. Johnson’s travel books

have dealt with certain localities; it is interesting and gratifying to have this general estimate of a whole country by so experienced a writer. The book is full of photographic illustrations of places famed for their natural beauty and historic associations.

DOWN THE MACKENZIE, Through the Great Lone Land

BY FULLERTON WALDO

Here is a brisk and entertaining account of the author’s experiences on a trip by rail and steamer through Alberta and down the Mackenzie to the Arctic Ocean.

Besides giving us an agreeable travel book Mr. Waldo has drawn an informing and convincing picture of the condition and resources of northwestern Canada.

TRAIL LIFE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

BY B. W. MITCHELL

The author has combined in this book the experiences of nine summers in the Canadian Rockies. Nearly the same people went on all the trips, the main object of which was not serious, scientific exploration, but "the high happiness of communion with unspoiled nature at her grandest." They had the joy of reaching some places and of seeing some scenes of

beauty and grandeur no one had seen before. Nor were their expeditions without adventure, as for example the day the author and "Robinson Crusoe" climbed Mt. Morris after goats. The narrative is illustrated by many excellent photographs and is written in a lively, personal and interesting fashion.

POEMS

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

The American Lumberman

TOTE-ROAD AND TRAIL

The new volume of verse by Mr. Malloch now ready for delivery, is the most important and entertaining that has come from his pen. It represents the ripe genius of nearly forty years' association, as boy and man, with the lumber business. It assembles in a single volume the best that he has written hitherto unpublished in book form. Here are verses that have gone into a thousand scrap-books and been spoken from hundreds of platforms, gathered into a beautiful volume whose publication is a literary event.

It is a book for all who love the open road, the out-of-doors, the philosophy of sunshine, and the thoughts and feelings of strong men and good women.

THE WOODS

The latest book by Douglas Malloch, "the poet of the woods," will bring pleasure to all who enjoy homely humor, cheerful philosophy, and sweet and simple song. It has been well said by one critic

that this writer "is singing his way into the hearts of the people." When it is remembered that his humor, philosophy and song are of the woods and woodsmen, then Mr. Malloch's latest book "The Woods," must come with a special and irresistible appeal to all who love the out-of-doors or are in any way concerned or interested in the forest.

IN FOREST LAND

So far as it is possible for the pen to transmit to paper the beauties of the "Forest Land," Mr. Malloch has done it in the opening pages of this book. In the quiet of the evening, in the moment snatched from a busy day, these verses will bear the reader into that magical and mystical region. He will hear the song of the wind in the tree tops and the drip of water over rocks and will catch glimpses of forest paths flecked with sunshine. As sweet as music, as uplifting as prayer, as cheering as sunlight—so will "The Forest" prove.

THE SPELL OF THE YUKON

BY ROBERT W. SERVICE

Barse & Hopkins

Service's first great book was originally called "Songs of a Sour-dough," and is thus known to thousands of readers in Canada and England. In the United States it is even better known by the title "The Spell of the Yukon." It has already become a classic. Here are poems of irresistible truth and power, which hold the reader enthralled.

The scene is the Yukon, and the characters are real men—men of flesh and blood who talk in direct and virile language, who have primal instincts and passions, who toil, sin, dream, accomplish and despair. Strong and outspoken are these poems—a man's message to men—yet fit for the reading of all, because they are true.

Books of Interest

TRAVEL BOOKS

Charles Scribner Sons

THE BOOK OF THE NATIONAL PARKS

With Maps and Illustrations

BY ROBERT STERLING YARD

This carefully studied outline of America's national parks system happily combines two accomplishments: that of describing the parks in a manner enabling the reader to appreciate their scope,

beauty and manifold uses and that of translating the practical findings of science into terms making for the reader's pleasure and profit.

OUR HISPANIC SOUTHWEST

With Illustrations by the author

BY ERNEST PEIXOTTO

The author has here done more than describe historic spots as they appear to the tourist, in that he has followed the trails trod by those intrepid friars and

pioneers: Fray Marcos, Coronado and others. This story of the old Spanish Missions is based upon diligent research in the archives of Mexico and Old Spain.

THE OPEN SPACES

BY JOHN VAN DYKE

Incidents of Nights and Days under the Blue Sky

This book is for all lovers of nature whether professional or merely philandering. Any reader will find it enthralling and bless the star in the West which led the author's family from the seaboard to the open spaces of the upper Mississippi.

The distinction of being an equal authority in the aesthetic and the outdoors field equally at home with culture and the wild is a rare one and in Professor Van Dyke's case due to an extraordinary sensitiveness to the beautiful.

RAINBOW BRIDGE

BY CHARLES L. BERNHEIMER

Doubleday, Page & Company

The great Rainbow Bridge, a natural arch of rock under which the capitol of the United States could be placed, was recently found in the unexplored territory in Southern Utah. Mr. Bernheimer has visited the Rainbow Bridge and has explored vast regions in the "Bad Lands"

of Utah and Arizona, east of the Colorado River. On his journeys he located, partly excavated and made ready for systematic research, a great many cliff ruins and ancient graves which, possibly, by one thousand years antedate those of Tutankh-amen.

THE GYPSY TRAIL

Compiled by PAULINE GOLDMARK AND MARY HOPKINS

New York: Mitchell Kennerley

An unusual anthology for campers and trampers, for all who follow the open road, or hear the call of woods and mountains, river, lake or sea. Here are the world's great poems on the life of the wild, and Nature's infinite variety and

charm. All the famous names of the past appear, from Blake and Herrick to Keats and Wordsworth; and the poets of the present, from Carman to Masfield and Yeats, with the younger generation, are finely represented.

Books of Interest

TRAVEL SERIES

The Century Company

THE LAKE SUPERIOR COUNTRY

BY T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

Author of "The Adirondacks." 8vo., 360 pgs. Illustrated

Adventures and observations of this veteran travel writer while exploring on and around the largest, wildest and most beautiful body of inland American water south of Hudson's Bay. Mr. Longstreth is a passionate lover of the great out-of-doors as well as a student of it, and this

book gives not only sound information about the region but gives it in a literary form that is a positive delight. The book is illuminatingly illustrated from photographs, many of them taken by the author.

AMBLING THROUGH ACADIA

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Author of "Loafing Down Long Island," etc. 8vo., 250 pages, illustrated

A most charming volume to read, a winsome one to see, and a useful one for any future wanderer in Nova Scotia. With an artist, William Heitland, who has made the delightful illustrations, and one other friend, Mr. Towne set forth, going first to Yarmouth by boat. They jogged along, by slow trains, on bicycles

and dinky motors, forgetting the daily newspapers, dreaming again of Evangeline, finding the Grand Pre and the roaring Bay of Fundy all they hoped, discovering quaint villages seldom visited, talking with old fisherman, making friends along the road.

THE YOSEMITE

BY JOHN MUIR

A beautiful book of this glorious wonderland of ours, done as only John Muir could have done it—with his sense of beauty and of grandeur coupled with his careful, accurate scientific observation; his deep, quiet joy in out-of-doors; his delightful narrative and touches of sturdy philosophy. Not only is it description and narrative, but the early history of the

region is given; an appendix contains legislation concerning the Yosemite; a table of distances and a list of maximum permitted charges for transportation. There is a Department of the Interior map, and a chapter tells How Best To Spend Your Yosemite Time. An exceptionally attractive book in appearance as well as in content. Illustrated.

THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA

BY JOHN MUIR

The Sierra Nevada is described, the glaciers, a near view of the high Sierra, the passes, the exquisite glacier lakes, the delicious glacier meadows, the Forests,

the River Floods, the Water Ouzel, the Wild Sheep, the Douglas Squirrel the Bee-Pastures, are some of the chapter-headings. Illustrated.

LOAFING DOWN LONG ISLAND

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

A narrative of the sort of unconventional travel near home almost anyone may achieve if he have but the courage and imagination—a walking trip down Long Island, sometimes alone, usually with a companion.

But not many of us could write such

an account of the experience, could give the humors and adventures of the road such charm, could convey so marvelously the very feel of localities. The book is a delight to the eye as well, having a generous number of sympathetic line drawings by Thomas Fogarty.

Books of Interest

THE LAND OF JOURNEYS' ENDING

BY MARY AUSTIN

The Land of Journeys' Ending is our own American Southwest, where so many migrations of people have ended.

The ear attuned to poetry with which Mrs. Austin hears, the splendid color her eye catches, and the wisdom of both mind and heart with which she understands have, together with her years of residence, study and exploration, made this a most beautiful and valuable book of the American Southwest.

Various chapters give us pictures of the

pueblos and their inhabitants, of the great life-giving rivers of the Southwest, of desert plant life, of the little Spanish-speaking towns within our borders, of the Navajoes, of the "whipping brotherhood"—relic of the Sixteenth Century—and of many other traces of the Spanish explorers and pioneers.

The book is not merely picturesque but authoritative: it is an important addition to Americana. An octavo, with fifty illustrations.

RANCH LIFE AND THE HUNTING TRAIL

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The well-known account of Roosevelt's own observations and experiences of the Western American cow-boy's and hunter's

life. The volume is a handsome quarto with a wealth of illustrations by Frederick Remington. Illustrated.

MESA, CANYON AND PUEBLO

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Author of "Pueblo Indian Folk Stories," etc.

8vo, 517 pages. Over 100 illustrations

"Mesa, Canyon and Pueblo" deals with the million square miles of territory of which New Mexico and Arizona form the center. Mr. Lummis has devoted the better part of his life to seeing it and studying it. For his researches in Spanish America he has been knighted by the King of Spain.

"Mesa, Canyon and Pueblo" is only incidentally history. Primarily it is a travel book, a book of wonders, dealing with the section of our country most strikingly different from all other sections.

TRAVEL SERIES

L. C. Page Co.

SEE AMERICA, FIRST SERIES

Books of great value and interest, both to travelers and to the general public. Not only are the works accurate and authoritative guides and histories in their chosen fields, but at the same time the beauty of the volumes, the abundance of the illustrations, and the style of the text make them of the utmost interest to those who have never seen with their own eyes the marvels and beauties described.

This series contains the works of George Wharton James: Arizona, the Wonder-

land; California, Romantic and Beautiful; Utah, The Land of Blossoming Valleys; New Mexico, The Land of the Delight Makers; also Colorado, The Queen Jewel of the Rockies by Mae Lucy Baggs; Florida, The Land of Enchantment by Nevin O. Winter; A Wonderland of the East by William Copeman Kitchin; Alaska, Our Beautiful Northland of Opportunity by Agnes Rush Burr; Virginia, The Old Dominion by Frank and Cortelle Hutchins, and others.

Books of Interest

INDIANS OF THE ENCHANTED DESERT

Little Brown & Company

The varied experiences of Leo Crane, former Indian Agent who administered the affairs of the Hopi and Navajo Indians of the Moqui Reservation for a longer period than any other white man, have resulted in the publication of "Indians of the Enchanted Desert." The book is a description of these Indians, particularly the Hopi, whom the author

describes as the remnants of a civilization still in decadent being, clinging to the pueblos that have changed little since the thirteenth century. The curious psychology, involved folklore and mysterious rites, such as the notorious Snake Dance, are handled with a clarity that could only be obtained through close contact and acute observation.

DOWN THE YELLOWSTONE

Illustrated from photographs

Dodd, Mead & Company

Mr. Freeman, who has lived more adventures than most men ever dreamed of, who has hunted and cruised all over the world, and whose especial hobby is voyaging down rivers—the Yangtze, the Irrawaddy, the Amazon, the Columbia, from source to mouth, for example—here recounts his adventures and observations during a trip from the source of the Yellowstone to the Missouri.

After preliminary chapters devoted to the Yellowstone National Park, the book describes the author's journey down the Yellowstone. The daily happenings, the adventures, the queer characters met en route, the historical sites, the scenery are discussed with a keen humor and relish that make this a delightfully interesting book of travel from beginning to end.

ON THE ROOF OF THE ROCKIES

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

Dodd, Mead & Company

"On the Roof of the Rockies" is an account of an expedition of the great Columbia Ice Field of the Canadian Rockies, where one finds the most striking Alpine scenery of the Western Hemisphere. Starting from Lake Louise last August (1924) the author and Byron Harmon, the noted nature photographer, with a party of three guides and sixteen pack horses, set out on a five-hundred-mile journey northwards along the Continental Divide into the Columbia Ice Field.

The expedition was eminently successful, some of the finest mountain scenery being photographed, including Bryce Peak, Mount Columbia and the view from the summit of Castleguard. Some very human experiences furnish a contrast to the grandeur of the scenery on the trip; one is not likely to forget the quaint humor of Soapy, the camp cook, or the various escapes of the pack-train, or the surprising department of the much-abused radio.

THE CALL OF THE MOUNTAINS

BY LEROY JEFFERS, F.R.G.S.

With 64 full-page illustrations

Dodd, Mead & Company

With sleeping bag and ice axe Mr. Jeffers has journeyed far throughout the United States and Canada, exploring the deepest canyons and climbing many of the highest mountains. To those in search of adventure he depicts the thrill of climbs amid the peril of storms and avalanches, of lightning and darkness. But this is not merely a book for the mountaineer, as the author writes, but equally for the traveler who would learn the scenic value of a region that he con-

templates visiting, and with descriptive charm for those who are able only to read of its beauty. The pictures shown are beautiful and highly interesting.

Mr. Jeffers is well known in the library world (New York Public Library); is secretary of the Bureau of Associated Mountaineering Clubs of America; Librarian of the American Alpine Club; Member of the Explorers' and Harvard Travellers' Clubs; English, French and Canadian Alpine Clubs.



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